August 11, 1934

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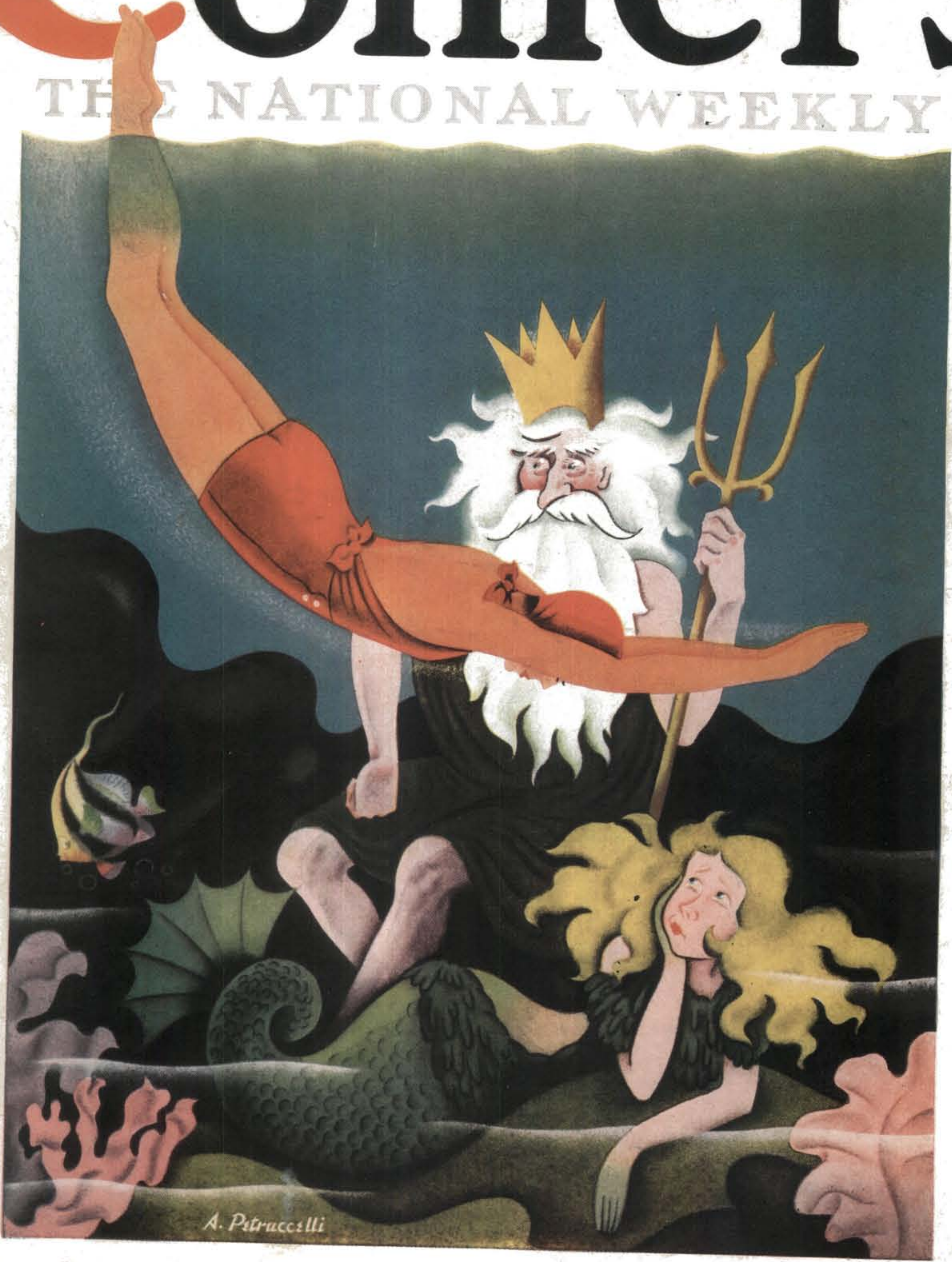
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Same Old Demon By Walter Davenport

UGUST 11, 1934

TEXACO
T
REG. T. M.

"It's the finest gasoline we've ever used!"

Naturally, we are proud of *Fire-Chief*—proud of the fact that it *actually surpasses* United States Government specifications for an "emergency" motor fuel.

We *could* tell you the technical reasons why Texaco *Fire-Chief* is better and how we are constantly improving it. But we know that you are *more* interested in what *Fire-Chief* will do for you in your car.

You can shoot ahead more safely in slow-moving traffic because Texaco *Fire-Chief* responds with "emergency" action. And when the road stretches clear ahead, you can step on the accelerator and feel the surge of smooth, anti-knock power which is yours with every drop of Texaco *Fire-Chief* in the tank.

Tourists—the people who roll up big mileage every year—with ample opportunity to compare the pick-up, power, speed and mileage of many gasolines—buy more Texaco *Fire-Chief* than any other brand! That's their way of saying—"It's the finest gasoline we've ever used."

Make your driving more enjoyable and more economical by using Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline regularly. It costs you nothing extra. Today—try a tankful at the Red Texaco pump. Check it for everything you look for in a gasoline. We know that you will say—"It's the finest gasoline I've ever used."

THE TEXAS COMPANY NRA *Texaco Petroleum Products*

Our chemists say—
"It's the finest gasoline we've ever made!"

TEXACO
FIRE-CHIEF
"EMERGENCY" ACTION IN EVERY DROP!

Our dealers say—
"It's the finest gasoline we've ever sold!"

MORE FOR THE SAME MONEY

THAT'S WHY THOUSANDS ARE SWITCHING TO PLYMOUTH

As far as prices are concerned, it doesn't really matter which of the three leading low-priced cars you buy. For delivered to your door, they all cost about the same.

Keep that fact very clearly in mind.

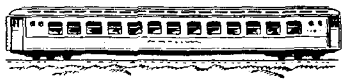
Now, what about value . . . the things you get for your money? That's another story. That's where a comparison of "All Three" will show you startling differences.

We would like to point out a few. They should interest every motorist who thinks about his safety, his comfort and the enjoyment he expects to get out of an automobile.

HYDRAULIC BRAKES FOR SAFETY

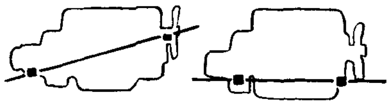
When you step on the brakes, you want your car to stop quickly and smoothly. You don't want to swerve to left or right. That is why Plymouth has Hydraulic Brakes. They're the safest ever perfected for any automobile. They're always equalized . . . can't be otherwise. They save you frequent relining jobs. *Plymouth is the only low-priced car that has them.*

ALL-STEEL BODY FOR EXTRA SAFETY



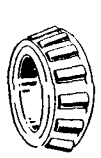
It stands to reason that a Steel Body . . . of steel reinforced with steel . . . is the safest kind of body to ride in. It's a self-evident truth. In these days of fast driving and crowded highways, you can't afford to ride in any other kind. But there's more than safety involved. Plymouth's all-steel body actually stands up better. It remains true, will not get out of line. Every joint is welded steel-on-steel. Even after many thousands of miles, doors still shut firmly—with a solid sound.

FLOATING POWER ENGINE MOUNTINGS

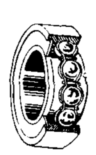


All cars now have rubber engine mountings of some kind. But don't let anyone tell you that these are the same as Floating Power. They're not. The use of Floating Power is the modern way to suspend the engine in perfect balance so that vibration cannot reach the passengers . . . so you can ride fully relaxed even at high rates of speed . . . mile after mile. It is a patented feature. Only Plymouth has this extra comfort feature in the low-price field.

THIRTY BALL AND ROLLER BEARINGS



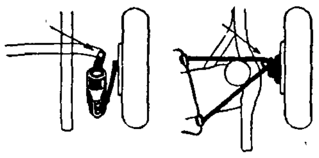
Roller Bearing



Ball Bearing

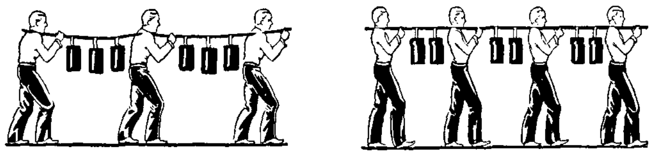
Roller bearings and ball bearings are marks of quality to those who know automobiles. The more anti-friction bearings, the better the car and the longer its life. Plymouth uses no less than 30 anti-friction bearings in its chassis. Distribution of anti-friction bearings throughout the chassis, as well as the total number, is highly important, too. Plymouth engineers have replaced plain bushings with anti-friction bearings wherever possible.

INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRINGING



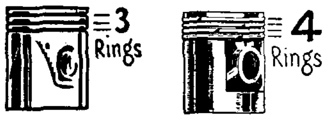
There are several types of individual or "knee-type" springs in use today. Plymouth has the scientifically correct type—one big coil steel spring on each front wheel. This is the same type that is used on the most expensive cars. Plymouth Individual Wheel Springing gives a much more comfortable back-seat ride. It smooths out rocky, rutty roads . . . so that bumps cannot jar or jounce you.

FOUR MAIN CRANKSHAFT BEARINGS



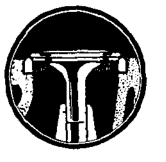
The crankshaft carries the piston and connecting rod assemblies of the engine. Actually, it is the backbone of the engine. Plymouth's crankshaft is supported by four main bearings. Other low-priced cars use only *three.* It is obvious that it costs more to do it Plymouth's way . . . and just as easy to see why this means much greater smoothness and longer engine life.

ALUMINUM PISTONS WITH FOUR RINGS



In common with more than 80 per cent of all motor car manufacturers, Plymouth uses pistons of aluminum alloy for their quicker "pick-up." Then, to maintain maximum compression, Plymouth uses four piston rings instead of the usual three. This not only gives you better engine performance but saves you money on oil. Plymouth is the only low-priced car with *four* piston rings.

SPECIAL VALVE-SEAT INSERTS



The necessity for frequent valve-grinding has always been a source of annoyance and expense to most automobile owners. Plymouth was the first low-priced car to adopt valve-seat inserts. These special inserts are made of an extremely hard alloy that is several times harder than the cylinder block. Owners report that Plymouth's valve-seat inserts enable them to use their cars up to 30,000 miles without requiring a re-grinding job.

We have mentioned only eight Plymouth features. There are a great many more. They mean greater safety, greater comfort, greater economy, every mile you drive.

So since prices are all about the same, think of values! Go to any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer and ask to drive the new Plymouth. Prices as low as $485 for the Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe Plymouth from $595. All prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change without notice. Time payments on Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

STORM over Europe. War clouds banked on the horizon. Thunderheads tower. Lightning flashes. The air is heavy with disaster.

Into this tense atmosphere tasting of coming storm we plunge in the company of Martin Fawley, international spy. Major Fawley is an American in the employ of Italy, but his allegiance belongs to humanity. He is "The Man Who Saved the World." With him we plumb the depths of nationalistic intrigue, seeking to find and stifle the motives of war, and pursue the lovely beacon of romance.

In short, E. Phillips Oppenheim has written another whale of a novel. It begins next week.

ONE of the last things Congress did before its members packed their bags and went home for a little pre-election skirmishing was to pass the Housing Act of 1934. It was also one of the best things it did. Not only for the man who wants to build a house or to recondition the one he has or to lighten the burden of the mortgage he is carrying—not only for him but for the nation at large.

This act demolishes at one blow the barrier that has stood between four million men who want work, on the one hand, and some billions of dollars, on the other. The dollars also want work. The thing that stood between was very powerful and perfectly intangible—fear. Now it's gone, and happy days lie ahead for the building trades and materials industry. John T. Flynn tells you about it.

THE morning after Johnny Whittier had proposed, and been accepted, he was feeling slightly dizzy. Love, Johnny told himself, is strange. Then he fainted. It turned out to be, not love, but paratyphoid—the symptoms are somewhat the same but only at the start. He emerged from this ailment with a full set of whiskers and a new set of ideas. In a very gay short story Phyllis Duganne tells you what came of his "Summer Foliage."

BARNEY McGUBBIN was wanted for murder. What's worse, the pal of the man he'd killed was on his trail. There was only one place in the world where he felt he would be absolutely safe—Russia. He cheated the electric chair all right, but fate caught up with him. Walter Duranty writes his story.

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS contributes the Short Short Story. Ray Tucker, Quentin Reynolds, Kathleen Norris, Marie Beynon Ray, to mention only a few, add other choice morsels. Come and get them.

This Week

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August 11, 1934

Cover by Antonio Petruccelli

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STANLEY PAUL
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●

Any Week

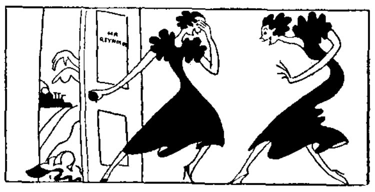
THINKING to slide by unnoticed, we mentioned not long ago having eaten a mothershed sandwich. We ate it in Tupelo, Mississippi, on the recommendation of a waitress who saw that we were having quite a time deciding what would be best for us. It was pretty good too. But we didn't know what it was made of and were in a pretty bad way when a number of letters came in demanding information. We commissioned Mr. Bill Sturtevant of Knoxville, Tennessee, who is supposed to know practically everything, to find out about the mothershed. Mr. Sturtevant turned out to be a little disappointing. After an investigation covering some two hundred and fifty miles through Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi he reports that "it's made of barbecued meat and should be spelled with a capital M as it is named for the man who invented it." This is the best we can do for the present. Mr. Sturtevant and an assistant, Mr. George Schweppe of Florence, Alabama, have advised us that they are both seeking more details.

FOR years we have been in high favor with Mr. Art Yun of New York City. We still are, says he, but he is now moved to remind us that he, a Chinese, can find no good reason why we should have two stories of Chinatown in one issue. "Do you know," demands he, "that New York's Chinatown is today almost half American? I mean that near fifty per cent are American-born Chinese? Give us a break once in a while, as you give the Japs a break by never printing Japtown stories. But because the Chinks never did a thing to say a word for themselves, the public still loves Chink stories and you guys plaster it on thick."

AND Mrs. Lillian Brooks Gatlin of Flomaton, Alabama, too, has her idea of what should and should not go on between the covers of a magazine. "I am," says she, "a very dumb, credulous old woman. I still believe in fairies and am sure there is a Santa Claus. I believe the doctor finds babies in a hollow log and brings them in his little black bag. But I find it quite impossible to believe in the perfect rectitude, the Galahadishness so to speak, of Mr. Kernochan in 'The Case Against Mrs. Ames.' There just ain't no such animal."

MR. WILLIAM W. CRESWELL of San Antonio, Texas, thinks something should be said about the fact that on the same day recently in his city Mr. Skeeter Claus, a well-known citizen of San Antonio recently convicted of murder, was given a two-year suspended sentence while Ed Saenz, a laborer who was found guilty of robbing a man of sixty cents, was sentenced to eight years in the penitentiary. You say it.

"GIVE us Quentin Reynolds every week," demands Mr. Carl M. Davidson of Danville, Illinois. "Yeah, and twice a week if you can." Mr. Davidson, a sports writer himself, says that Mr. Reynolds is "the best that has come along. Where did this fellow come from? Is he a former newspaper-man?" Mr. Reynolds is a Brooklyn boy from hard by the Gowanus Canal. After learning all the tricks in Brooklyn, he played football at Brown University. Wrote sports for the Hearst papers. Served that string in Berlin, Germany, where he learned two hundred and seventeen stein songs. Is very young, very large, very vigorous. Has red hair, a red face and red hands. Begins to undress as he starts writing. By the time the piece is finished, shades have to be pulled down.



"YESSIR," writes Mr. Sam Sapolio of St. Louis, Missouri, "there are big signs of improvement every day now. I see where President Roosevelt is coming out for a shelter belt of trees a hundred miles wide, reaching from Canada to Texas. These will give us something to sit under and find fault with the New Deal because they ain't banana trees."

WE'VE been so busy that what happened at our colleges during the commencement season completely missed us. But Mr. Edward E. Gallagher of Baltimore, Maryland, says he clearly saw design on the part of college presidents to coerce the Roosevelt Administration into "doing something financial for the thousands of students who were graduated into a world where there are not nearly enough extra jobs to meet the demand. Do you know," says Mr. Gallagher, "that the Roosevelt Cabinet alone got twenty-one degrees?"

WELL, that's not so hot.

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"I WONDER IF I CAN GET BY"

HOW many times have *you* asked yourself the question, "I wonder if I can get by without shaving?" And yet when there is any doubt you should have but one answer—"No!" Embarrassing or unfortunate experiences have taught us this.

Really now—isn't a man foolish to risk the respect of others by neglecting to shave? Employers won't tolerate it. Women dislike it. So why handicap yourself by trying to "get by" without shaving.

Just slip a Gillette "Blue Blade" in your razor—and you're through shaving in a flash. This blade is sharp—amazingly sharp—made so by processes exclusive with Gillette. Grinding, honing and stropping operations are entirely automatic—controlled to microscopic limits of accuracy. The steel used by Gillette is the finest obtainable and is tempered and hardened to perfection in electric furnaces where the temperature automatically changes in accordance with the requirements of the metal.

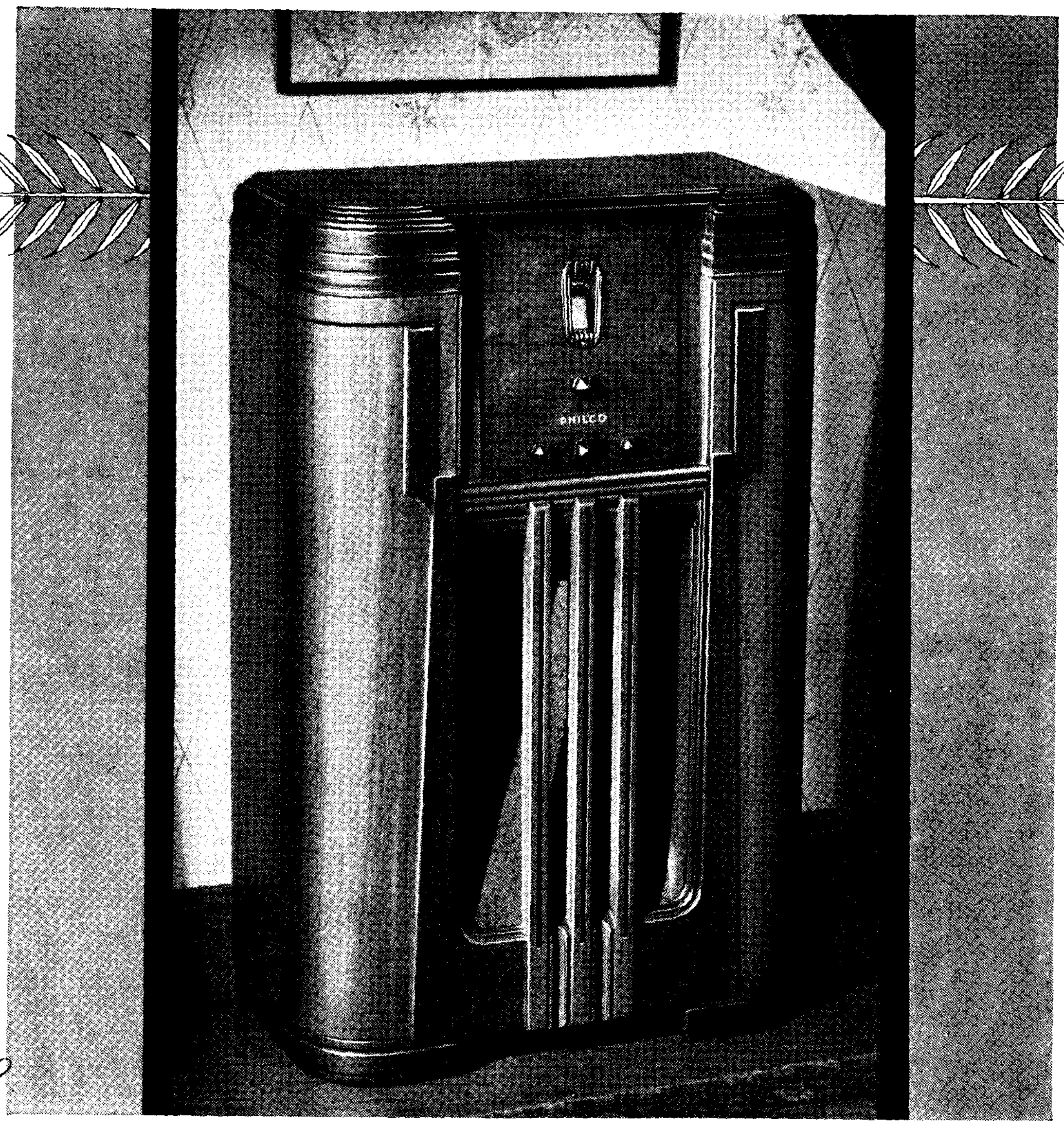
We urge you to try the Gillette "Blue Blade" on our money-back guarantee of complete satisfaction. To get shaving luxury impossible to describe—slip a new blade in your razor frequently. *The comfort you enjoy cannot be measured in pennies.*

Your dealer has Gillette "Blue Blades." Buy a package today. We are sure you'll like them.

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

NOW 5 *for* 25¢ • 10 *for* 49¢

Hear Gene and Glenn on the air every night except Sat. and Sun. WEAF and coast-to-coast hook-up: 6:15 E.S.T. or 9:15 C.S.T.



NEW PHILCO 16X—$175

World-wide reception plus tone such as only PHILCO can give. PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board is the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction.

1 Its inclination directs the straight-traveling high tones up to ear level, giving brilliance and clearness.

2 Its large baffle area brings out all low tones, giving mellowness and depth.

RESULT: All music and speech are distinct and natural, as if the artists were present "in person."

And every other worth-while radio improvement, including 5 Tuning Bands, Bass Compensation, Four-Point Tone Control, Super Class "A" Audio System, Auditorium Speaker, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc. Superb hand-rubbed cabinet of gorgeous, costly woods.

TRUE PHILCO TONE

. . . Radio at its Best!

ONLY with a PHILCO can you get true PHILCO TONE—that amazing naturalness and realism which brings artists to you "as if in person." In PHILCO alone, can you have the tremendous added enjoyment that distinguishes radio at its best.

No other radio can possibly give you such beauty and perfection of tone. For only PHILCO has the greatest single development in sound reproduction—the famous Patented Inclined Sounding Board. This is why PHILCO TONE is supreme—why it has that delightful combination of sparkle, brilliance, depth and sonority which marks PHILCO as the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument.

Listen to the magnificent voice of Rosalind von Schirach from Berlin, to the thrilling singing of Mary Eastman from New York—or to countless other celebrities all over the world! A new 1935 PHILCO, properly installed with a PHILCO all-wave aerial, will bring them all to you with greater naturalness and beauty of tone than you've ever heard before.

See the 1935 PHILCOS now—choose from 49 new models—ask your dealer for a demonstration and to explain his trade-in offer and easy payment plan.

ROSALIND VON SCHIRACH, *one of Germany's great operatic stars heard over the big short-wave stations at Zeesen (Berlin).*

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

A PHILCO FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

AMERICAN and FOREIGN BROADCAST RECEIVERS	$39.95 to $600
AMERICAN BROADCAST RECEIVERS	$20 to $200
NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIOS	$39.95 to $75

Prices slightly higher Denver and West. All prices subject to change without notice.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia Stations. Also PHILCO'S program from Station EAQ, Madrid, Spain (9.87 on your PHILCO dial) *Sundays at 7 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.*

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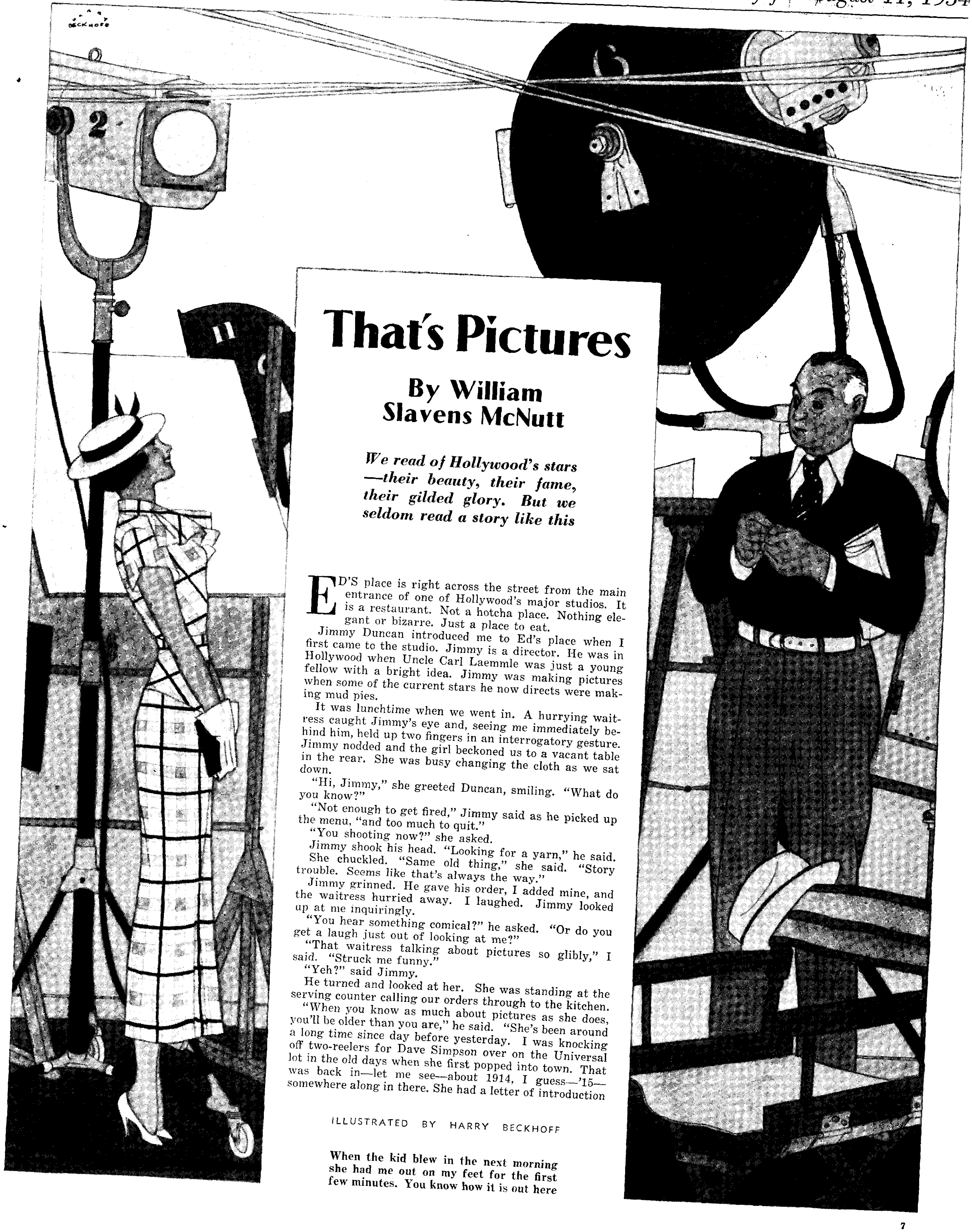
The National Weekly for August 11, 1934



That's Pictures

By William Slavens McNutt

We read of Hollywood's stars —their beauty, their fame, their gilded glory. But we seldom read a story like this

ED'S place is right across the street from the main entrance of one of Hollywood's major studios. It is a restaurant. Not a hotcha place. Nothing elegant or bizarre. Just a place to eat.

Jimmy Duncan introduced me to Ed's place when I first came to the studio. Jimmy is a director. He was in Hollywood when Uncle Carl Laemmle was just a young fellow with a bright idea. Jimmy was making pictures when some of the current stars he now directs were making mud pies.

It was lunchtime when we went in. A hurrying waitress caught Jimmy's eye and, seeing me immediately behind him, held up two fingers in an interrogatory gesture. Jimmy nodded and the girl beckoned us to a vacant table in the rear. She was busy changing the cloth as we sat down.

"Hi, Jimmy," she greeted Duncan, smiling. "What do you know?"

"Not enough to get fired," Jimmy said as he picked up the menu, "and too much to quit."

"You shooting now?" she asked.

Jimmy shook his head. "Looking for a yarn," he said.

She chuckled. "Same old thing," she said. "Story trouble. Seems like that's always the way."

Jimmy grinned. He gave his order, I added mine, and the waitress hurried away. I laughed. Jimmy looked up at me inquiringly.

"You hear something comical?" he asked. "Or do you get a laugh just out of looking at me?"

"That waitress talking about pictures so glibly," I said. "Struck me funny."

"Yeh?" said Jimmy.

He turned and looked at her. She was standing at the serving counter calling our orders through to the kitchen.

"When you know as much about pictures as she does, you'll be older than you are," he said. "She's been around a long time since day before yesterday. I was knocking off two-reelers for Dave Simpson over on the Universal lot in the old days when she first popped into town. That was back in—let me see—about 1914, I guess—'15—somewhere along in there. She had a letter of introduction

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

When the kid blew in the next morning she had me out on my feet for the first few minutes. You know how it is out here

to me written by a minute man back in Kansas City. You know—one of those mugs you met for a minute some place once and ten years later he writes you a letter that reads, ‘Hi, Jimmy, old kid, I been meaning to write to you for a long time but I just never got around to it.’ Well, they never get around to it till they want something. He wanted me to give this kid a break in pictures.

“Anne Hadley, her name was. She was a cute-looking trick in those days. I don’t remember exactly—seems to me she’d won a beauty contest, something of the sort, back in Missouri, Kansas, or some place, and all the local yokels gave her the old wheeze about ‘You should be in pictures.’

“Well, anyhow, there she was with this phony letter and a few bucks and maybe eighteen, nineteen years of nice, wholesome small-town living behind her and not hard to look at. But what? Swell-looking gals at that age are a dime a dozen in this town and always were. You know how it is, fella. They’re so eager you hate to step on ’em, although that’s much the best way. Step right now and step hard, and if you squash ’em flat fast enough, maybe what’s left of ’em’ll crawl on home and recover. But you know me—Old Man Meant-Well. I worked her as an extra for a couple of weeks so her trip wouldn’t be a complete bust, and then took her out to dinner one night and turned on the frost.

“ ‘Listen, kid,’ I said to her, ‘I been watching you and it won’t do. You haven’t got it, that’s all. Go on back where you came from—that’s the only place you’ll ever get star billing, sister.’

“YOU ever shoot a deer? Yeh, and did you ever catch up with the thing before it died? Have it raise its head and give you one of them big-eyed close-ups? Well, anyhow, she gives me one of those.

“ ‘Have I failed?’ she asked me.

“ ‘Listen,’ I said, ‘did you ever see a dog try to fly like a crow? He can’t fail. He can’t even try. You’re in the same spot. A dog don’t fail to fly. He just don’t fly because he hasn’t got any wings. Same way with you, honey. You just haven’t got wings, that’s all.’

“She was a little soldier all right. I never saw anyone who wanted to cry as bad as she did and still held back.

“ ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘but, Mr. Duncan, you—you might be mistaken.’

“She had me there. Not only might be, but probably was. It’s better than even money at any time that the brightest guy in the picture business is making a mistake every time he goes to bat. It’s that kind of a business, fella.

“ ‘Okay, kid,’ I said. ‘You win. Stick around and see what happens. But, listen, any time you get that Main Street fever and want to go home and you haven’t got what the railroad’s interested in—I’m talking about a ticket—come see me. Will you? I may be making another mistake, but in my book you’re nice people. I don’t want to see you stranded out here and go alley cat on us.’ ”

The woman he was talking about hurried up with our lunch on a tray. I studied her as she arranged the dishes on the table. She might have been twenty-eight or thirty-eight, or any age between. A little dumpy. Fifteen pounds off would have helped. Allowing for the work done on face and figure for, say twenty years, I could see that she might have been a startlingly pretty girl. She was still good-looking. There was something appealingly wholesome about her. She finished arranging our lunch and hurried away in answer to a call for a check at a near-by table.

Jimmy went on with his story of her as he started eating.

“Well, I see her around after that for a year or so, working a day here and a week there, going no place along with the rest of the mob. Then one day when she’s working extra for me she calls me off into one corner of the set and stakes me to a personal acquaintance with the fairy prince. An extra. Wouldn’t you know it? Good-looking, slim, blond boy. Soda jerker type. Nice teeth and no brains. What the hell!

“ ‘I want you to meet my husband,’ she says. ‘Reginald Gwyn.’

“Oh, well—moonlight and orange blossoms and a lot of kids making a living playing house. What do you expect? Smarter gals than she was have picked ’em worse even in normal civilized communities. This poor kid had to get hers in Hollywood. Anyhow, I went into my dance and give ’em that number about how two can squeeze into a hole that ain’t big enough for one. Just as well. They were hooked up and nothing to do about it.

“I SEE her around now and again for a while. Sometimes he’s working in the mob with her and sometimes she’s alone. Then one day she comes to see me. Didn’t look so hot.

“ ‘You told me once to come and see you if I ever got Main Street fever,’ she reminded me.

“ ‘Okay, sister,’ I said, reaching for the check book. ‘You’re a little late starting, but if you’ll go home, I’ll pay the fare.’

“ ‘I’m not going home,’ she said.

“I put the check book back in my pocket. ‘You no go home—I no pay fare. That’s fifty-fifty.’

“ ‘I’m going to have a baby,’ she said. ‘My—my husband left me when he found out about it.’

“ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘it’s going a little strong to have a kid to get rid of him, but you’ll probably find it was worth it.’

“She nodded. ‘I know,’ she said. ‘He—he wasn’t much good, I guess. I—I’m in kind of a bad spot.’

“ ‘Well, you got a wedding ring and a marriage license and my offer for the railroad fare still holds. Go on home.’

“She shook her head. ‘Can’t do it,’ she said.

“Then she giggled. I’ve seen enough of these high-strung actresses go into hysterics to know the symptoms. I poured her a drink.

“ ‘Here,’ I said. ‘Put that down and keep hold of yourself.’

“She tossed off the drink and nodded.

“ ‘I—I’m a little jumpy,’ she said. ‘You see, Mr. Duncan, my father’s one of those people you sometimes see in—in pictures. He thinks the way bad title writers write. He talks that way, too, and means it.’

“ ‘Never darken my door again?’ I said, grinning.

“She nodded. ‘That’s why I started to laugh,’ she said. ‘He actually used that phrase in his last letter. No, Mr. Duncan, for good, bad or worse, I’m here and here I stay.’

“ ‘Well, sister,’ I said, ‘if you feel that way about it after all you’ve been through, I wouldn’t bet against you. You’re liable to fool us all and do something.’

“ ‘I don’t think so,’ she said. ‘I—I didn’t have the right training, Mr. Duncan. Maybe it wouldn’t have done me any good if I had had it. Maybe it would. I’ll never know. What I—what I came to see you about is—about my baby. I’m working now.’

“ ‘Who are you with?’ I asked.

“She smiled. ‘Not in pictures,’ she said. ‘In a restaurant. It’s all right. It’s regular and I can save a little something each week. I’ve got it all figured out, Mr. Duncan. I think I can work up until about—oh, say, two weeks—something like that—and then I’ll have enough for everything except—’

“ ‘Never mind the details, kid,’ I said, reaching for the old check book. ‘How much?’

“ ‘Could you—could you loan me a hundred?’ she asked.

“ ‘I’ll make it two,’ I said.

“She shook her head. ‘No,’ she insisted. ‘A hundred dollars is all I need.’

“I wrote out the check and gave it to her.

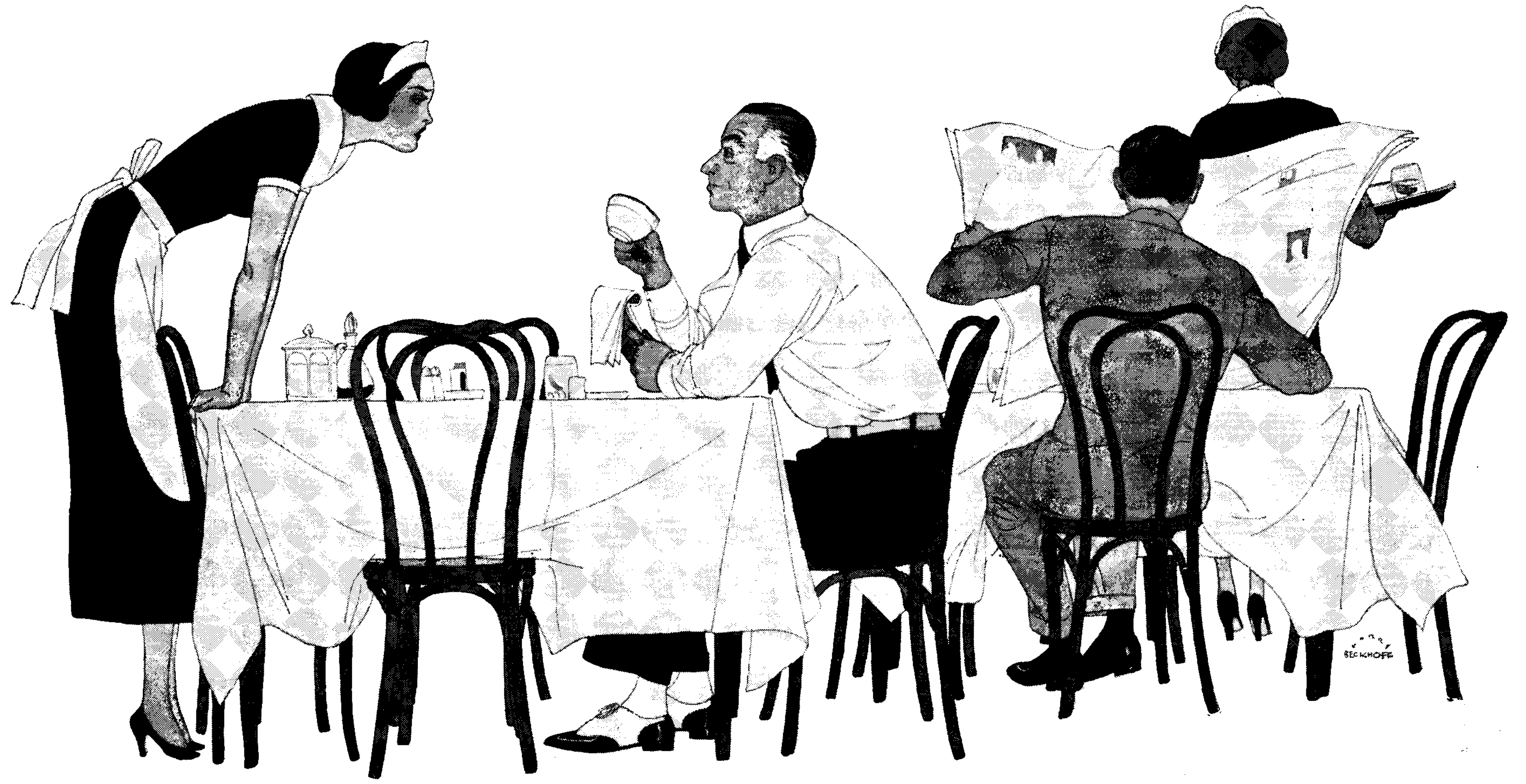
“Couple, three months later I got word she was in the hospital. I blow my whistle for time off and go down and see her.

“ ‘It’s a girl, Jimmy,’ she said when I went in.

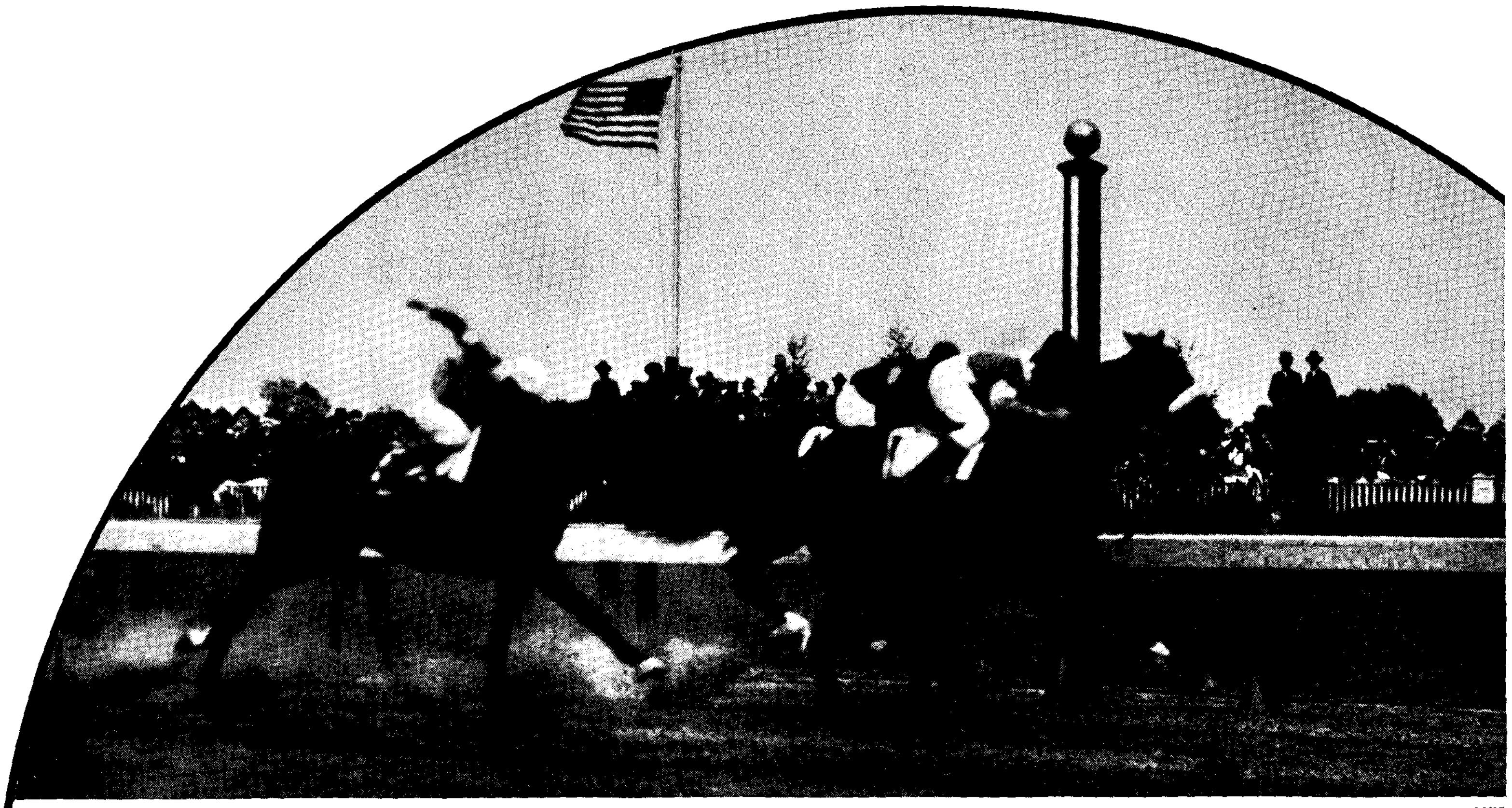
“NATURALLY she don’t look like she’s going to get up in a minute and turn handsprings or anything like that, but she looked good. You know what I mean—the way she smiled and talked and all. Okay. Not licked. You know what I mean. So I figure I’m going to do better ribbing her than pulling the owl-eyed sob stuff, so I says, ‘Yeh?’ I says. ‘Better luck next time,’ or something like that.

“ ‘Ain’t going to be any next time,

(Continued on page 44)



“Listen, Jimmy,” she said. “Give my kid a break, will you?”



ACME

The Little Black Horse

Black Gold winning the 1924 Kentucky Derby. Chilhowee is second, Beau Butler third

This is the story of Black Gold, a horse with a streak of "cold blood" who won the Kentucky Derby, the son of an Indian horse who beat all the thoroughbreds—maybe not the greatest horse in the world but horsemen call him by long odds the gamest. See what you think

By Quentin Reynolds

WIDE WORLD

Mrs. Rosa Hoots, who owned and raced Black Gold

IF IT'S a story of courage you want, glorious unreasoning courage, the kind that almost transcends human understanding—then listen to the tale of Black Gold, the one they called the little black horse. It's the story of a gallant heart. It's been written before and it'll be written again and it'll be told and retold wherever horsemen gather, for it forms one of the most glamorous pages in the saga of the horse world. It begins . . .

Useeit was a wispy mare; she wasn't very big and she didn't look like much of a horse at all. Her father, Bonnie Joe, had been a good horse, but somewhere back of him there had been a break in the thoroughbred chain, so Useeit had a streak of "cold blood" in her. It may have been that cold blood which gave Useeit and later her son Black Gold a certain toughness and hardiness not usually given to thoroughbreds.

Al Hoots owned Useeit and Al used to ride the mare through the canyons and across the mesas of Oklahoma. Al was a true son of the plains. He was at home when he led Useeit over the sandstone ledges north of the Okmulgee River. He was at home trotting Useeit over the big salt plain of the Cimarron, and the trackless prairies north of the Arkansas were open books to Al.

But most of all he was at home in the country of the Osage, the Pawnee and the Choctaw, and it may have been because, as many claimed, Al was part Indian himself. Certainly he and Useeit were adopted children of the Osage tribe, for the Indians love a fast horse and a good rider—and Useeit and Al were that.

Now in the Indian country of Oklahoma they have horse races that are unlike any other horse races in the world. Usually they are short races and held on the flatness of the nearest plain. They throw a blanket on the ground and that is the starting post. They throw another blanket on the ground perhaps a half a mile away and the horse that reaches there first wins the race. The braves always ride their own horses and there is no such thing as a handicap of weight. Al Hoots was not very heavy and he could ride like the devil. Many a time in his travels Al and Useeit would come to an Indian settlement and always they'd a new horse there which they thought would beat Useeit. Al would grin, lead Useeit to the starting blanket and then ride the eyeballs out of those mustangs. This was back in 1916.

A Man Who Loved His Horse

They couldn't beat Useeit—so they adopted the little mare with the sleepy eyes and the twinkling hoofs. So it was that Useeit became known as an Osage horse and to this day the tribe claims her and her son as its own.

Then Al would take Useeit from county fair to county fair; from small race track to small race track and Al and the mare became known all over Oklahoma. Useeit was Al's one-horse stable, his meal ticket and his life. One day he entered Useeit in a claiming race, but when the race was over and a bidder appeared Al couldn't part with the mare. He led Useeit away from the track and according to the tenets of the horse world Al was in disgrace and he and the mare were ruled off the Oklahoma turf. You see, in a claiming race if a bidder appears you are forced to sell. The Osage tribe still insists that Al was framed in that race. In any case, he couldn't part with Useeit.

There was a great bond between these two, for each was everything to the other. They had bunked together in the tall grass of the prairies and had watched the miracle of a cool dark night extinguish the mad redness of a late afternoon sun. Oh, but these two were friends indeed—the solemn-eyed wisp of a pony and the laughing-eyed Al Hoots.

And that's why he couldn't give up Useeit to the bidder who had appeared. That's why he led Useeit home to the small house and bit of property which he and his wife Rosa owned. That's why Al Hoots ceased to be a wanderer, ceased to be a laughing caballero of the plains. Useeit grew older and suddenly the thought came to Al that some day the mare would die. She should not die, he decided, without leaving some tangible monument to her greatness. A son or daughter should carry on after her.

He took the mare to Colonel Bradley's farm over in Kentucky and bred the mare to a great stallion—Black Tony.

Now Al had a new interest in life. He talked of nothing but the foal that was to be born to Useeit. Things weren't going very well with the Hoots family, and then to make it worse Al fell ill. That strange intuition given to the dying told him that he would never rise from his bed. But he did want to live until the foal was born.

"If I die before it comes," he'd whisper to Rosa, "never sell it. That foal will bring you luck."

"Hush, Al," Rosa would soothe, "you're not going to die."

Al would smile weakly and then

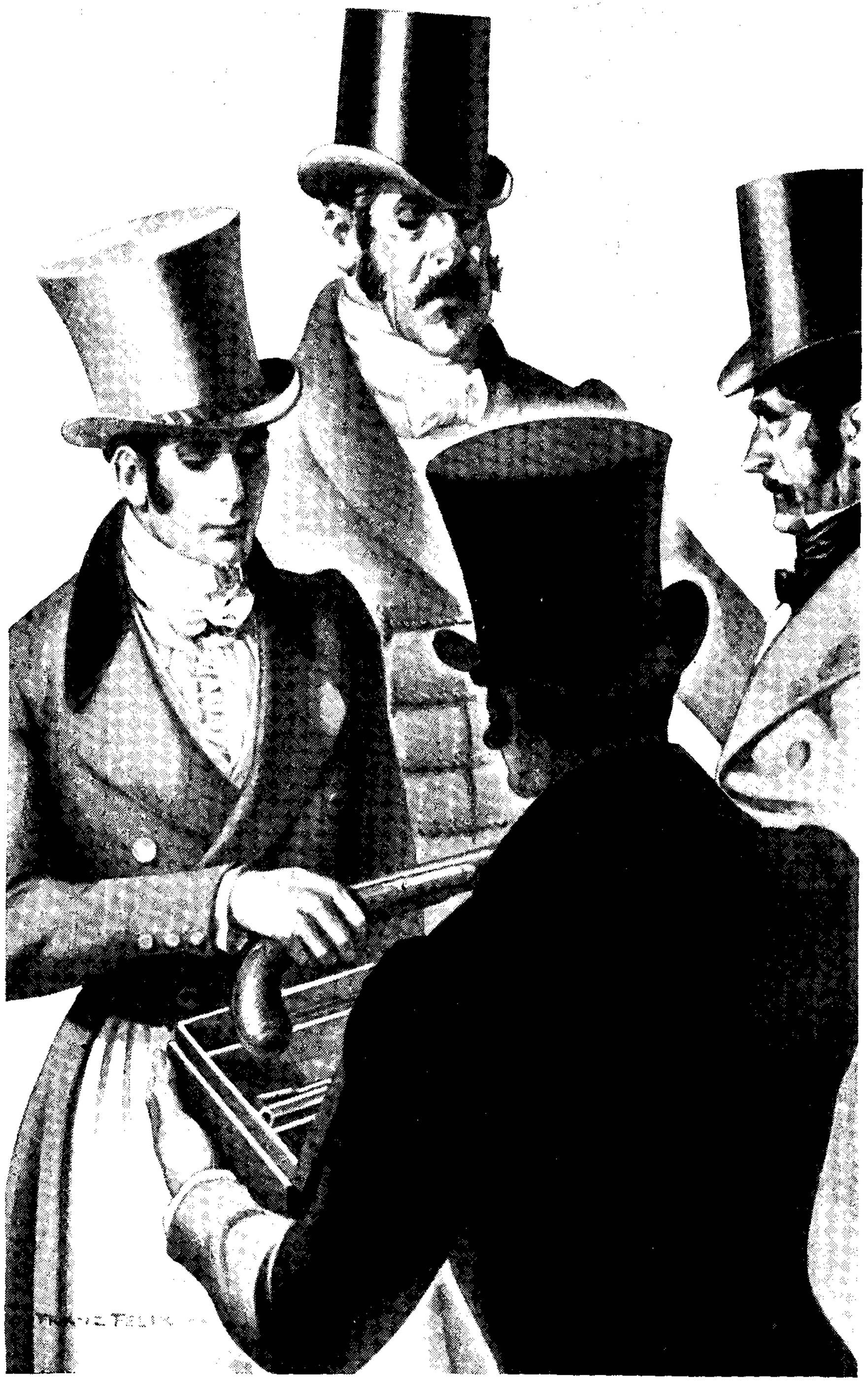
(Continued on page 47)

At Twenty Paces

Pistols for two—and a girl, in terror, waiting

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANZ FELIX



"You have first choice, Dick," George said. Dick took a pistol

THE Yankee stood in the door of his new shop of a summer morning, a hundred years ago, and watched the two on horseback coming down the street. He smiled—as older people do sometimes smile at the happiness of the young.

The girl, delicately blond, wore a dark habit with an incredibly full skirt that completely concealed the side-saddle, so she seemed poised on her horse's left shoulder, as if remaining there by sheer grace. The young man, in blue coat with silver buttons and white breeches, rode a big bay horse.

The Yankee smiled because they were so young, so handsome, and so much in love. They could not keep their eyes off each other. They leaned toward each other, unconsciously approaching as closely as their horses permitted.

The girl saw the Yankee's smile. She smiled back. The young man turned his head then and smiled. The Yankee waved his hand at them. They both waved back, in a gesture of friendliness, forgetting for the moment that she was a lady and he was a gentleman and that the Yankee was a stranger and a mechanic in a leather apron.

That was all. It meant more than the two on horseback were ever to know. But that was all.

The Yankee turned back to his workbench and opened the case of pistols the tall stranger had left the evening before. They were dueling pistols, with rifled barrels and the new percussion locks.

"Those pistols are in perfect order," the stranger had said. "I do not wish you to do anything to them. I merely wish to leave them here. You understand? I am Colonel Morell."

The Yankee understood very well. The colonel anticipated that he might have use for the pistols. It was not the first time a man had left pistols with him so he could certify they were in order, and alike.

THE Yankee thought the pistols were as fine a pair as he had ever seen. He had got his trade in the shop of Simeon North, who made horse pistols for the government at Middletown, in Connecticut. He had wandered south afterward, with the impulse of a fine workman to seek out the shops of other fine workmen and to learn from them; he had worked for gunsmiths in New York, in Lancaster, in Philadelphia, before setting up this new shop in Virginia on his own account.

He knew Colonel Morell's reputation. The colonel's reputation was that he always killed his man at twenty paces.

The Yankee took one of the pistols out of the case. He cocked it, set the hair trigger, and tried the pull while protecting the nipple from the blow of the hammer with a horny thumb. The pull was not only light to his practiced finger but clean and crisp. He tried the other pistol. He tried first one and then the other many times. But try as he would he could not detect the slightest difference in the two locks. They felt the same. They rang the same to the ear.

He bolted the door of his shop and went to work to strip the pistols. He had not got his knowledge by ignoring such opportunities as this to study the work of other craftsmen.

The Yankee, applying a nipple wrench with precise force, reflected that it was no great feat to kill a man with a proper pistol at twenty paces. He had been making and testing pistols for many years and he could break one saucer after another at twenty paces. The surprising thing was not that Colonel Morell had killed a dozen men in duels. The surprising thing was that Colonel Morell had never been hit himself. People said he wore a charm. The Yankee did not believe in charms.

He did not believe in the duel either. He was a gunsmith. It was his trade to make guns and, on occasion, to load pistols for gentlemen who wished to shoot at each other. But he knew how Aaron Burr had practiced with a pistol, thirty years earlier, to kill Alexander Hamilton. The duel had been unfair often enough in England, under an elaborate written code. In America, where the code was hearsay, and some of the provisions impracticable, the duel was frequently plain murder.

DICK BRINSLEY and Mary Hamilton stopped their horses under a big oak tree a little way from the Hamiltons' front gate. Dick swung off his horse and held his hand for Mary's foot. She came down lightly into his arms. She clung to him passionately as he kissed her. It was to him still a matter of amazed delight that one so gentle and demure could, when she chose, have so much happy abandon.

They rode on afterward, most properly, to the Hamiltons'.

"I have to go," he said.

"I know you have to go," she said.

He would have to ride hard to be on time at the breakfast his cousin, George Agnew, was giving in honor of the engagement to all his bachelor friends at Gray's Tavern.

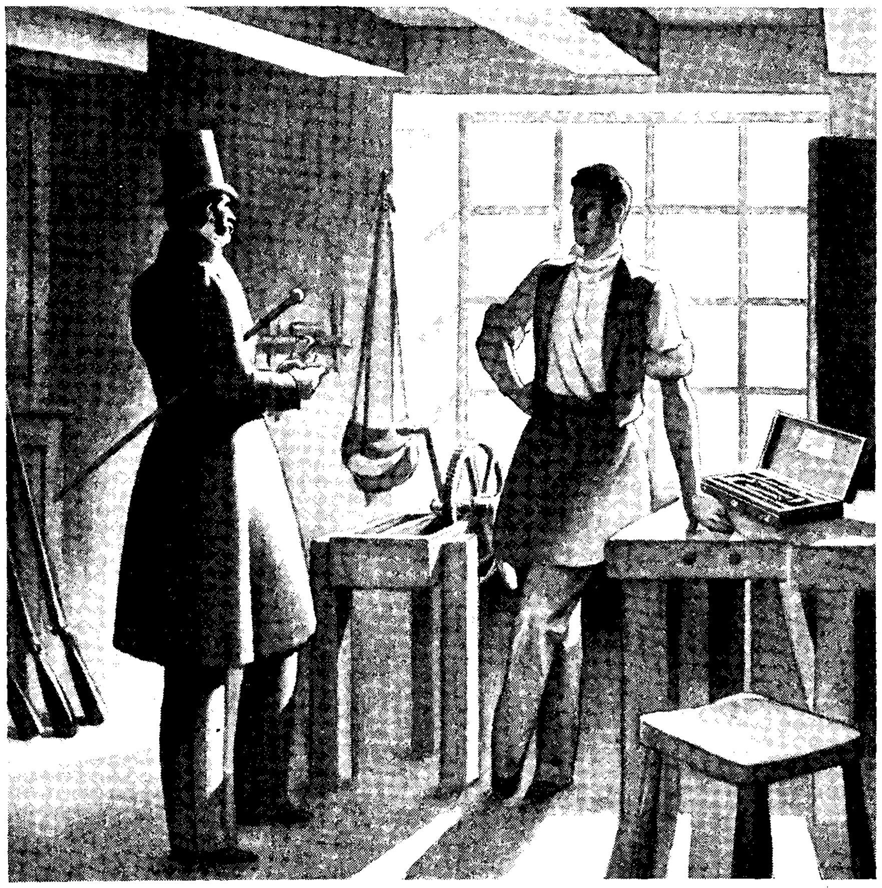
"I suppose," she said with mock concern, "you will not think of me again—all day."

"I will think of nothing but you—all day," he said. "I dream of you when I sleep and think of you every moment when I'm awake."

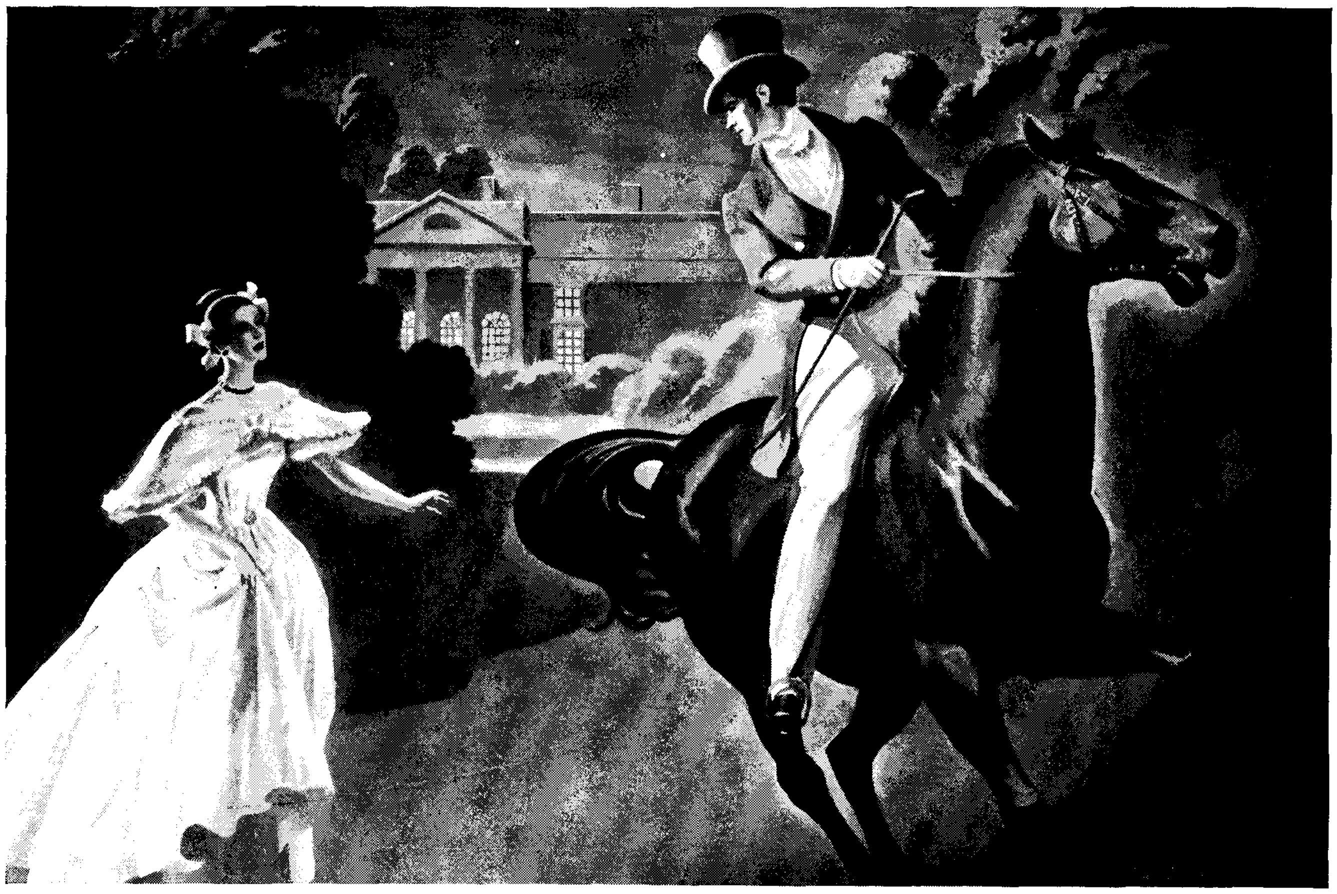
"Mother said I might ask you to dinner tonight," she said.

"Kiss your mother for me," he said. He raised his hat, bowed low, and turned his horse. He pressed with his knee and the horse broke into a canter.

"Oh, Dick!" she called after him.



"Those pistols are in perfect order," the stranger had said. "I merely wish to leave them here. You understand?"



"And Dick," she said, "no nonsense about firing in the air. Promise me you'll hit him"

He brought his horse up short. His horse turned as if he'd been expecting that call.

"I only wanted to say," Mary began. "I only wanted to say," she repeated, dropping her eyelashes with humorous exaggeration, "that I think of you, too—sometimes."

He leaned eagerly toward her but she cantered off, laughing, toward the stables.

Dick Brinsley galloped happily down the road on his way to Gray's Tavern. He was twenty-two and struck with wonder that Mary Hamilton loved him. He was twenty-two and he had just inherited the plantation of his Uncle William Brinsley, the place known as Brinsmead. He was in a position to marry Mary. There was some difficulty about the title. The lawyers had a letter from a Colonel Morell, a distant connection from South Carolina, who made some claim. The lawyers thought it would be soon settled.

Dick heard shouts and laughter as he dismounted in the tavern yard and gave his horse to a boy. He ran up the steps and into a big man with mustaches and a wen on his forehead who refused to give way. Dick, hurrying, rubbed elbows with him.

"You insolent puppy," the big man roared at Dick.

"Really, sir," Dick said, "your language is unnecessarily violent."

"Who are you, sir?" the man demanded. "Who are you to criticize my language?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders. The man seemed to swell with rage at the gesture. He slapped Dick's face.

Dick involuntarily clenched his fist. But he did not strike.

"Sir!" he said.

The man shrugged his shoulders in elaborate mockery of Dick's shrug.

In that time and place, Dick Brinsley had no choice. "Sir," he said, "may I inquire your address?"

"My address is this tavern," the stranger said.

Dick went in to George Agnew's party. They all stood up, their glasses in their hands. They had plainly been having a good time.

"Here's to Dick," George Agnew cried.

"George," Dick said, the moment he got the chance, "I'm fighting a duel. Will you be my second?"

"Of course I will, Dick," George said. "But who is it and how—"

"I don't know the fellow's name," Dick said. "I bumped into him just now in the doorway—a big man."

"With a wen on his forehead?"

Dick nodded.

"My God, Dick," George cried, and his face went pale, "that's the mad Morell. He's killed a dozen men and has never been touched. You can't fight him."

"I've got to," Dick said. "He struck me in the face."

George Agnew asked exactly what had happened. When Dick had finished he sent for pen and paper. He had no argument to offer. He drafted a letter and Dick made corrections in it and then Dick wrote a fair copy.

ALL the savor went out of the bachelor breakfast while they waited. They sat around Dick, staring at him, asking questions, telling anecdotes of duels. After an hour a Mr. Ames, who was staying at the Tavern, who seemed indeed to be a traveling companion of Colonel Morell's, asked to see George Agnew. The two retired to a private room.

"Dick," Bill Humphries said, "you've got to come out to our house and practice with a pistol."

"I'll practice," Dick said. "I'm not a fine shot. But I'm fairly steady. I don't see how I can miss a man at twenty paces."

He had practiced with dueling pistols, like most young men of his time. He could hit a sheet of note paper two times out of three at twenty paces. He wondered if he could be cool and calm. He had to be cool and calm. It was his only chance.

George Agnew came back to tell him that he would fight at seven o'clock in the morning, up the river, with pistols, at twenty paces. "Colonel Morell," he said, "has a pair of pistols which he wishes to use and which he has left with the Yankee gunsmith in the West Road."

"The code calls for neutral pistols," Bill Humphries said.

"Mr. Ames makes the point that Colonel Morell is a stranger. He has the choice of weapons. He will not accept any pistols of local origin since from his point of view they cannot be neutral pistols."

"In short," Bill Humphries said, "he demands the advantage of his own pistols."

"I have not accepted this condition," George Agnew said. "I merely agreed that I would examine Colonel Morell's pistols to see if they met my approval."

"I'll go with you," Bill Humphries said. "And if they look all right and that Yankee gunsmith says they are all right I see no honest objection. We can't wait to get a pair of pistols from Washington or Philadelphia."

George Agnew and Bill Humphries came back to say the pistols were a splendid pair.

"The Yankee's a surly fellow," George Agnew said, "but he seems to know his business. He asked me who you were, Dick, and if you wore a blue coat with silver buttons and white breeches and rode a big bay horse with one white stocking on his nigh foreleg. I said, of course, you did. He said he'd have the pistols properly cleaned and oiled and adjusted and loaded first thing in the morning and he would, under no circumstances, deliver them to anyone but Mr. Ames and me together."

"Let us all go out to our place," Bill Humphries said. "My father has a pair of London-made percussion pistols that are very like Colonel Morell's, though not so fine. We'll have Dick practice with them."

Dick nodded. It still seemed unreal. It still seemed as if it couldn't have happened. But it had happened. He wished he could be with Mary. But he couldn't. He'd have to practice shooting. Dick rode out to the Humphries' with Bill and George Agnew and a dozen more. Bill got out the pistols and loaded them. George Agnew paced off the distance and put a sheet of note paper on a tree to aim at.

"Now," George said, "I'll give the word."

Dick took a pistol and cocked it and haired the trigger.

"Attention!" George said.

"Ready," Dick said.

"Fire!" George Agnew said. "One—two—three."

Dick fired deliberately but before George finished counting as the code required.

George Agnew ran forward and put his finger on the place where the bullet had struck, a few inches below the note paper.

DICK fired five balls at the sheet of note paper and hit it twice.

"Every shot would hit a man," George Agnew said.

"Yes," Bill Humphries said. "But the target isn't sensible. You don't fire at a sheet of white note paper when you fight. You fire at a man's body in a black coat."

"Who's got an old coat?" George Agnew asked.

"I'll sacrifice my coat," Bill Humphries said.

He went forward and hung his coat on a bush in such a way that it presented about the same target as if he were inside it.

"Now, Dick," he said, "kill this Morell."

Dick fired at the coat while George Agnew gave the word. That first ball tore through the middle of Bill Humphries' coat. They all laughed with a kind of relief, as if laughing let them feel that this was only a game and not a preparation for facing sudden death.

Dick shot the coat to ribbons before they were satisfied. They all agreed that he could not miss Morell. But there was something hollow in their protestations. Dick knew they were oppressed by a knowledge of Morell's history. No one ever had hit Morell. He had fought men who were sure at twenty paces. Why had none of them ever hit him?

They were not willing to yield to superstition. But they were troubled.

Dick went to dinner at the Hamiltons'.

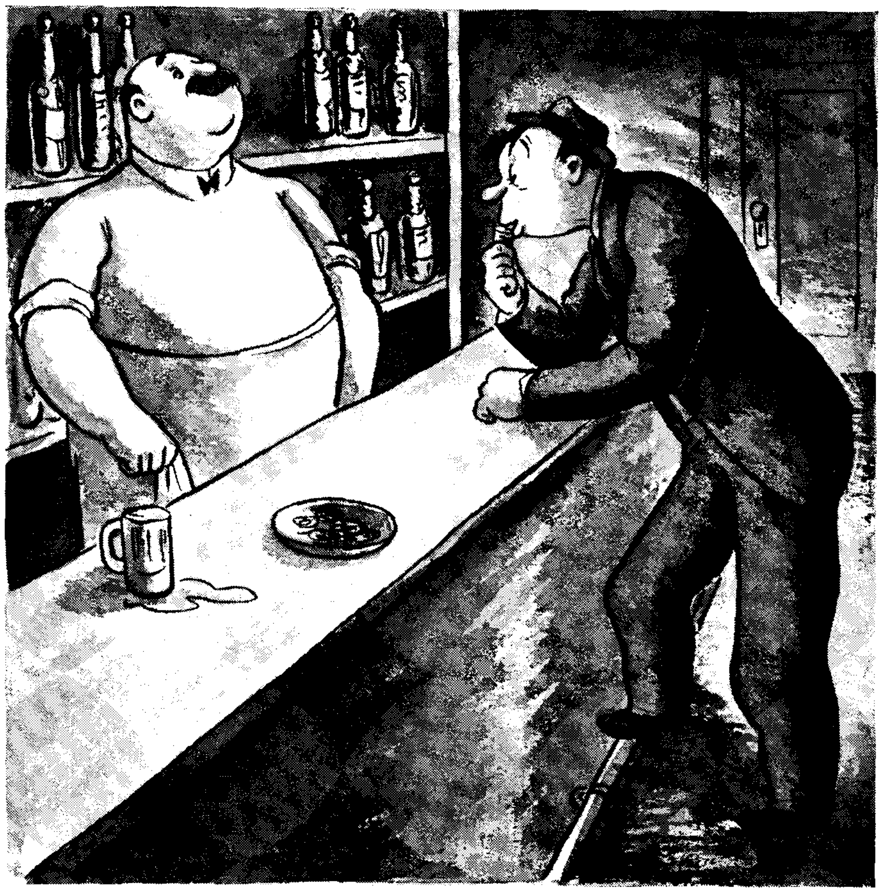
(Continued on page 36)

The Same Old Demon

By Walter Davenport

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

The liquor business is doing very well for itself. It is making quite a lot of money. It will continue to make money. The government, too, has been getting revenue, though not so much as it should. Everything is rosy—except for the consumer. He is the goat. He is paying high prices for liquor that is sometimes moonshine and frequently, even when it's legal, is bad. Mr. Davenport shows you the state of the trade, which lost its checks and safeguards during prohibition



It's honest bootleg at two bits in low dives

IF YOUR memory is any good at all—and old enough—you'll remember what the exulting drys told us in 1919. Even the sagacious Wayne B. Wheeler, whose death deprived the prohibition cause of its first-rate brains, said so—that being one of the rare occasions when Mr. Wheeler let his emotions speak for him. They assured us that the American John Barleycorn was as dead as Captain Kidd and that henceforth we might expend our energies upon the eradication of such withering evils as coffee, cigarettes, card-playing, the theater, fireworks and the unclad heathen because the Liquor Traffic was all over, washed up and nonexistent. And to prove it they distributed thirty or forty million copies of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law in red, white and blue, the idea being obviously enough to let the populace in on the current New Deal.

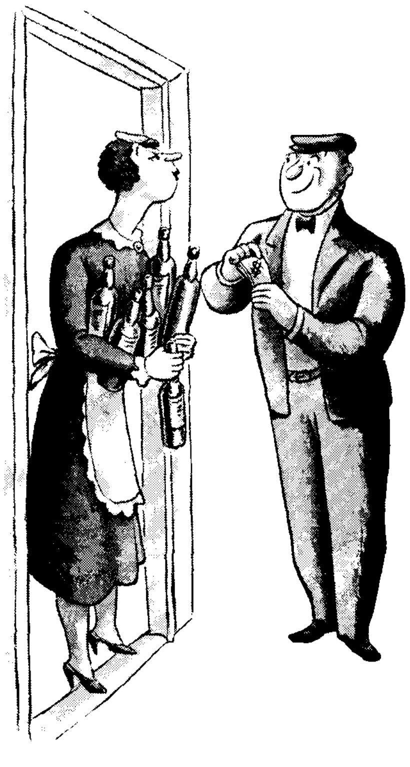
Thenceforth for fourteen years they spent their days and nights in entirely futile effort to bury John, who, alas, hadn't been dead at all, just drunk. And although they never did cram the besotted ruffian into the grave they had dug for him for the simple reason that they never came anywhere near catching him, the government fined and imprisoned 535,000 persons for lending him aid and comfort, killed a hundred and seventy-eight assorted bootleggers who managed to assassinate ninety-two enforcement agents in the process, and spent about $300,000,000 only to learn that it was all profoundly silly.

Nobody knows, of course, just how much hard liquor the United States consumed during those fourteen years, but we have it on the word of incurable researchers and compilers of obscure statistics that toward the last, when we had learned to distill virtually anything short of doorknobs, we drank annually between a hundred and fifty million and two hundred million gallons of bottled murder. Anyway it was quite a lot.

All of which brings us neatly and with unusual dispatch to our immediate subject. You can have the mentality of a noticeably inferior sheep and still recall what the wets told us on the fifth of last December when President Roosevelt signed the executive pronouncement that it was no longer a crime to drink alcohol. This, they told us, meant the end of the bootlegger. And with the passing of the ill-begotten profession of bootlegging would go the speakeasy. Unemployment was going to be shown its place. The farmer was going to wax rich selling grains and the like to the vintner, the brewer, the distiller. Budgets were going to be thoroughly balanced. Our prisons were going back to their pre-prohibition dignity, housing only such cleanly felons as murderers, burglars, arsonists, bandits and counterfeiters, whose morals would not be corrupted by enforced association with rum racketeers, hijackers and dive-keepers. Things were going to be pretty grand.

Everything Would Be Lovely

There were enough honest distilleries in the country run by gentlemen to produce 270,000,000 gallons of hard liquor, which they would proceed at once to do. And it stood to reason that the drinking classes were going to buy their liquor openly in legitimate shops where pure spirits might be had for no more money—even less—than we used to pay for the corrosive stuff which left very little of the consumer except his photograph. To sum it up, the prophecies of moral and economic restoration were so glamorous that mild and occasional sinners began to fear that there might be no amusing evil left to brighten week-ends and patriotic holidays.



The privilege of carrying off the empties is highly regarded

This leaves the score between the embattled prophets about even, both having thus far made nothing but errors. As the amount of liquor we consumed under prohibition is almost wholly a matter of conjecture, so must the quantity we are making away with today be measured by clearly undependable standards. You may inquire diligently in the Treasury Department in Washington, at the offices of the Department of Justice, and scan the records of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration. And then you can chase the phantom through the scattered offices of the Liquor Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and come presently to the headquarters of the Distilled Spirits Institute, the legislative agency or lobby of the distillers.

You emerge from this pursuit bulging with a few demonstrable facts and whole bales of conflicting statements and warring estimates. But unless your emotions have ceased to function you're bound to be churned by the discovery (conceded generally by the distillers, the FACA, the Treasury and the government's own investigators) that somewhere between forty and fifty per cent of the hard liquor consumed today is illegally manufactured, pays no taxes, is sold in shops that have legal sanction as well as by your door-bell-ringing bootlegger, is served for high prices in high places and two bits in low dives in bottles that originally contained tax-paid stuff and in numerous other ways has become almost inextricably interwoven into the legal liquor trade. And to make the situation all the more complex, much of this wildcat liquor—possibly most of it, being blended—is as palatable and too frequently as expertly made as that turned out by many of the 400 licensed distillers and the 509 rectifiers who are now recognized by our Treasury Department as honest business men.

At the moment of setting this down, the distillers tell me that there are 31,200,000 gallons of honest liquor in bonded warehouses in the United States. Basing their estimates on the number of illegal stills the investigators and wrecking crews of the Liquor Tax Unit are uncovering and demolishing week by week, the government believes that there are upwards of 50,000,000 gallons of bootleg stuff in warehouses, bonded and otherwise, ready to be mingled with legal liquor in the hilarious mess the industry is wallowing in. And there are yet other reasons for believing that the amount of contraband awaiting consumption is larger than the legitimate.

A Rich, Repentant Child

For example, several lawyers have called at the offices of Secretary Morgenthau with proposals to legitimatize accumulations of bootleg liquor by paying the two dollars per gallon tax and thereby save their clients from losing it all through seizure. One of these rigidly ethical barristers professed to be representing 10,000,000 gallons, another spoke of 35,000,000. And presently the Treasury Department was informed that there were 50,000,000 gallons ready to come into the legal fold if forgiven. These figures may, of course, be a bit fantastic; Mr. Morgenthau has declined to join the party and the Liquor Tax Unit lads proceeded to plod hither and yon smashing illegal stills at the rate of a couple of hundred a week, most of them small but all contributing to the apparently increasing flood. After a wildcat still has been in operation a couple of months it has produced enough hooch to pay for itself several times over, therefore the agents find that the foundations for its successor are likely to be well under way before the dust of demolition has settled upon the site of the original still. Mr. Morgenthau announced that he would have no truck with these bargaining advocates because to do so would be to condone the crime from whence this wood's-colt liquor sprang.

But there are other reasons for his

And it's still bootleg at six bits in better-favored places

sternness, the most important being that the legitimate distillers whom he, the boss taxgatherer, wishes to encourage and placate are constantly at his ears demanding that their law-abiding wares be the only ones recognized as the true beverage. They demand this as their reward for being righteous. Naturally they want no cheap competition. They represent investments that are creeping toward the $400,000,000 mark. During the past few months the manufacturers of alcoholic beverages have registered with the Federal Trade Commission upwards of $85,000,000 of new securities—stocks and bonds—all of which were snapped up by the unquenchable public, which goes right on drinking bootleg liquor in huge quantities. You see, then, why the bona fide distiller, vintner and brewer insist that the government have no financial dealings with the moonshiner who can undersell them even if he does pay the government and state taxes, because he has no stock dividends to irritate him and his general overhead is hardly worth mentioning.

Several distillers have gone so far in aiding the government to learn more about the moonshiner, the bootlegger and the bottle refiller as to organize small investigating bodies of their own. You probably know that the distiller is in business for the profit there is in it. He would, of course, rejoice to behold his lawless competitor banished. But he is maintaining stoutly that the way to reduce the illegal traffic to an irreducible minimum is to lower taxes on domestic alcoholic beverages. Thus there are distillers who regard the outlaw as—well, a comfortable talking point. While the outlaw cuts into the distiller's profits he also reduces the government's receipts. Cut our taxes, says the distiller, and your liquor racketeer will be mortally wounded. In the meantime these gentlemen continue to regard the outlaw as an extremely objectionable person but, at the same time, a possible reason why taxes may be reduced—and therefore a mixed evil.

However, such distillers are not making the most of the facts. They know but do not mention that potable alcohol can be made, and is being made, for thirty cents a gallon. At any rate the moonshiners know it—and are making it. The rest is magnificently easy. Just to demonstrate what the outlaw can do in a price war, consider this one:

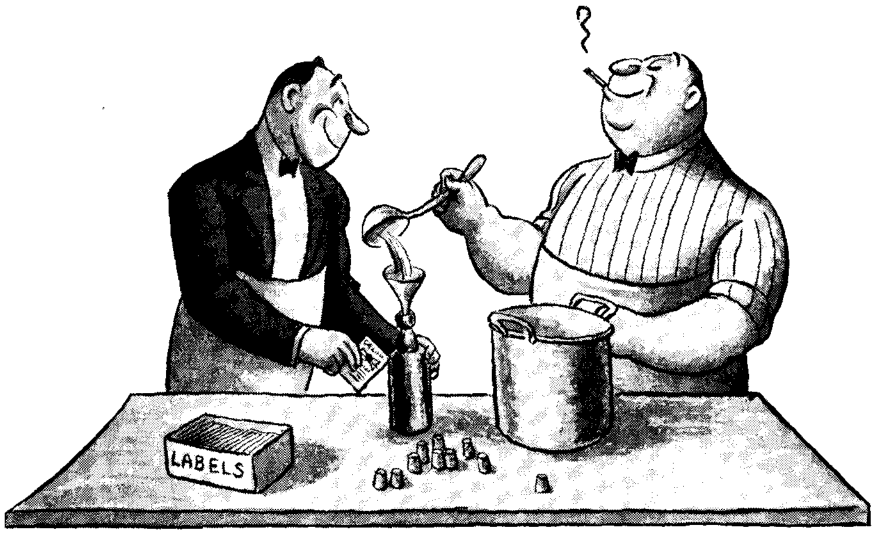
A few weeks ago enterprising gentlemen were publicly offering for sale in Chicago a straight (unblended) whisky to all and sundry who cared to take the trouble to step inside and buy, for seven dollars and eighty cents a case. If you don't believe it ask Dr. James M. Doran, head of the Distilled Spirits Institute. Dr. Doran, under prohibition, was head of the Bureau of Industrial Alcohol and an exceedingly able one too.

A Discouraging Competitor

Naturally this seven-eighty whisky was moonshine. It paid no taxes anywhere. It came in bottles which were supplied either by the second-hand trade (an industry of which we shall speak in a few moments) or from any of ten bottle manufacturers who have regarded the bootleggers' money as desirable as the legitimate distillers'—more desirable, even, because the wildcat pays cash on delivery. It was criminally young and raw but chemical analyses did not divulge that it was any more harmful to the consumer than equally young and raw legal stuff of which there are millions of gallons to be had.

Nevertheless, and whatever it was, seven dollars and eighty cents a case left quite an impression on the legal liquor dealers. The government tax on a case—three gallons—of whisky is six dollars. The state tax was one dollar. That apparently makes seven dollars. The bottles and carton can't be bought for less than a dollar and five cents, dragging the grand total to eight dollars and five cents, with the whisky yet to be accounted for. Therefore, as I say, the legal fellows became highly agitated when they heard of this stuff at seven-eighty, with bottles and case thrown in.

Of course the government men—the investigators for the new Liquor Tax Unit—sallied forth at once seeking the source of this particular reason for going to Chicago. They found several sources and smashed them, arresting the sorcerers. But from the retailers, who were of course merely the agents of the moonshiners working on commission, they were able to learn very little. Most of them declined to talk at all; one, pressed for a reason for his reticence, saying that he had never made a nickel in his life talking to a cop.



Bottles do yeoman's work in a great many of our best drinking spots

However, you can't blame the distiller for wanting precisely what every other taxpayer clamors for—a reduction in rates. Yet there is no reasonable doubt that the per-gallon tax of two dollars the hard liquor manufacturer pays to the federal government and the variety of taxes he must pay to local governments is one of the chief reasons for the high prices the distiller, the wholesaler and the retailer exact of the drinker.

And the consumer, poor sap, gets the minimum of protection as usual. No matter what is in the bottle he is served from or in the bottle he buys in the shops, he pays the stiff freight. He doesn't know what he is getting because, like as not, he is drinking in one of those localities which have decreed that drinks may not be mixed or even poured in the same room where they are to be consumed. And even if he is permitted to pour his own drink out of a bottle bearing the label of his favorite brand he has no way of knowing that the bottle hasn't been refilled from a demijohn purchased from a moonshiner.

Just how is he going to know? Even the cunningest of the distillers will admit that not one drinker in a thousand can take a drink out of an unlabeled bottle and tell you whether he has swallowed straight whisky or a blend. And rarer than a harmless machine gun are the drinkers who by testing can call the trade name of the whisky.

Jails were regarded as fine places for experimenting safely

Who Takes the Rap?

Naturally enough, all this disturbs the government as much as it does the legal distiller. The government wants to collect as much money as possible from the liquor industry. It hopes in the first year of repeal to enrich itself by at least $350,000,000 in liquor taxes. Among the fine tales we heard when repeal came was that the government would reap not less than $500,000,000. Moreover, the government is not at all anxious that the bootleg traffic shall increase to such proportions or remain defiant so long that the drys shall again become menacing.

But we are not particularly concerned here with taxes and the welfare of the distiller. We are, as usual, interested more in the fate of that constantly harassed and chronically beset stooge, the consumer. He is doing the best he can to protect himself from those who would do him the most they can. It is scarcely likely that he buys bootleg whisky or imitation whisky because he wants to. He buys it because, perhaps, it is the only whisky within the reach of his income. More frequently, however, he buys it because he doesn't know it is bootleg or imitation.

Imitation whisky, which, according to the law, must be so labeled, together with the clearly printed fact that it is a mixture of "one or more straight whiskies and neutral spirits containing less than five per cent of whisky, or any neutral spirits otherwise colored and flavored in imitation of whisky," is frequently not so labeled at all. You may buy it in a thousand and one shops and stores. It bears a label of the simplest and most innocent appeal and boasts a score of romantic trade names. Not that it is our intention to be too hard on imitation whisky, which may be neither worse nor better than lots of the stuff sold in the other classifications—straight, blended and spirit whiskies. And that you who haven't taken the trouble to read the regulations of the Federal Alcohol Control Administration may know what these classifications mean, we take time out now to set them down:

A straight whisky is any whisky

(*Continued on page 32*)

Water Wings

A tale of adventure at sea. Not very high adventure, you understand, and not very deep sea. But Miss Bloodgood's presence is excitement enough at any time—and ashore or afloat makes no difference

By Stanley Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

CHIRP DENNIS, disdaining the narrow road, forced the gay little beach wagon with the name Sibley Inn lettered on its panels out across the sand dunes. The beach wagon, by reason of its huge doughnutty tires, could take deep sand like a piper skittering across low-water flats.

He came out on to the landing field of Cape Cod Skyways from behind the little administration shack and drew up beside a sleek, Diana-green phaëton. Elissa Varden sat behind its wheel.

"Hi, you *commercial* person!" said Chirp, cutting his motor. That was meant for a sly dig because Elissa ran the Beach Club and Continental Terrace in the west end of town and always met trains and planes and things.

"*Commercial* yourself," she retorted. "This is the first time you've met the plane in person all summer. Hey! *There's a light in your eye!* Who's the girl?"

Chirp chose to pass and let her be curious for a while. He grinned, climbed out of his wagon, gave her a cigarette and lighted it for her. Elissa was blond and slim and very nice; but *that* side of thirty. There had been a period earlier in the season when she, with amused patience, had been rather hard put to it to convince Chirp that thirty something and twenty do not mix; that is, in the romantic sense of the word. She also had convinced Chirp that he ought to like her; and liking a girl, to Chirp, held all the allure and excitement of profound contentment, which to his youngish heart was nothing at all to be desired. But, strange to say, he had found after a week of skeptical tolerance that he rather liked liking Elissa and could even walk with her under an August moon beside star-reflecting waters and not even let—or make—his voice grow husky and vibrant.

"COME on, now," she urged, "something unusual brought you out from behind the desk at the inn to rush out here. Who is it? You haven't smiled like that since the fleet came in."

Chirp frowned. That was true. Involuntarily his eyes went out to the harbor where a division of destroyers lay riding at anchor; had lain at anchor, now, for three weeks. When he'd accepted the chance at a summer job he hadn't reckoned with the United States Fleet. They had come upon him suddenly—sneaked up like, in the night, and the very next day he had sadly discovered that his charm, in competition with the blue and gold and white of officers ashore, was about as potent as malted milk. He had had, he reflected, about as much chance of making sense as a sea-gull in Topeka.

He lifted his glance to the sky, then looked back at Elissa and grinned.

"Things are going to be different," he announced with an air.

"How do you mean?" asked Elissa.

"I've a girl coming down for the week-end and I've wangled a couple of tickets for the Navy Ball."

"Who is she?"

"Her name," Chirp said, "is Marion Bloodgood; but not to me. I call her The Runt; always have. She's little and cute—cute as the devil!—and young enough so that she minds her Papa"—he indicated himself with an inverted thumb. "Papa," he announced proudly; then, with the same thumb he bore down upon an imaginary object. "And I've got her right under there—like that!" he concluded.

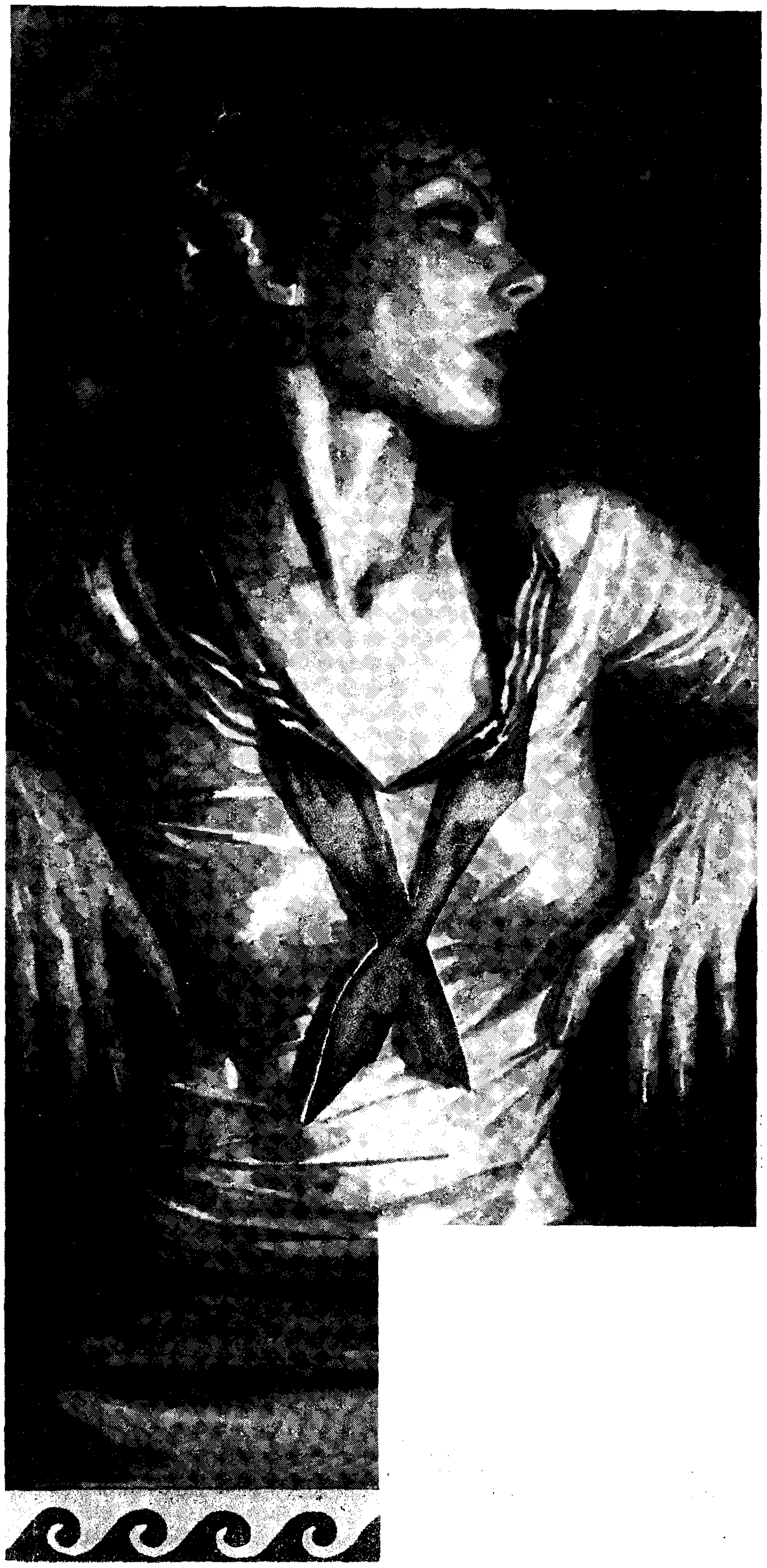
"Why," asked Elissa, "haven't you had her down here before?"

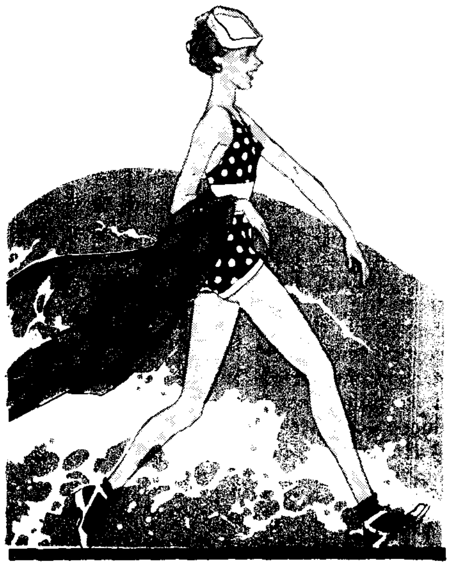
"SHE'S been in Paris since April," Chirp explained. "Just got back yesterday. Called me up from Boston last night. Voice kind of shaky . . . you know. 'Hey,' she said, 'I missed you like the dickens. I wanna see you.' That's what she said. So I said: 'Come on down. There's lots of fun down here. I'll let you see me all right.' So she's on the plane"—Chirp's eyes scanned the sky again. "There it is!" he announced "Stick around a minute or so after it lands, will you, Elissa? I want you to meet her; you'll like her a lot."

"Love to," Elissa agreed; then added quizzically: "Tell me, Chirp: are you sure that she's fleet-proof?"

"Fleet-proof?" A puzzled frown crossed his tanned young brow; then cleared as his thin lips broke in a grin, a grin vast in confidence. He leaned in over the edge of the tonneau and raised his voice, as the plane was now circling the field. "Sure she's fleet-proof," he announced. "As far as I'm concerned she's everything-proof, excepting me. Last summer I got her back from a high-powered tropical engineer with a carioca complex. Last fall I got her back from Ken Gledhill, who pulls an oar on the varsity. *I* could get her back from an Admiral. I'll probably get her back in the wash some day."

He shouted the last remark; and then, as the roar of the motor died and the plane glided in, he left the phaëton and walked toward the apron. The tri-motor rolled and stopped. An attendant opened the door. And the Navy began to come out! One by one, lean and bronzed-faced chaps, who, when they reached the ground, turned and regarded the door through which they had come with an expectant air. Chirp lost track when he had counted nine, in sudden anxiety that The Runt might not be aboard. These guys were probably from ships lying close to Boston, who were coming over, no doubt, for the ball that the town was giving the destroyer division. Look at them line up, would you! What were they waiting for? Old Admiral Whoop-de-dink must be aboard and the lads were about to pipe him over the side, or something.





"Oh!" said The Runt, her eyes blazing fury in the dusk. "And you made me swim it. You *are* mean!"

Chirp swallowed suddenly: a girl appeared in the little oval doorway. She bore some remote resemblance, it seemed, to a girl whom he'd known in April. How, though, had she discovered that a sports dress of just such a cut and cling could reveal a bewitching figure in a provocative accentuation of lovely lines? Where had she learned to angle a wagon-wheel hat so that a hitherto pert little face was obliquely disclosed in allure and sophisticated charm? When had she discovered that by placing her feet just so she could compel you to notice her

ankles whether you were given to noticing ankles or not. Look at that smile! A rare combination of lovely dignity and charming appreciation for an assisting brown hand? Who . . . ?

Then The Runt touched the ground and the Navy took over.

They came at Chirp and the beach wagon and Elissa and the phaëton all in a mass, kind of; two minutes later, Chirp, after a confusing and noisy scurrying about of blue-uniformed figures, much shouting—one among them knew Elissa, it seemed—was conscious only of an electric moment when The Runt's blue eyes had looked directly into his. A brief touch of her hand. Her voice saying: "Darling!" Then—more noise and confusion.

Chirp saw The Runt practically lifted into the phaëton beside Elissa; witnessed a grand scramble for the third seat, suddenly settled by a tall, good-looking chap who had said gruffly: "Hey! I rank here," and who had gotten in the front seat with the two girls. What had his name been? Layton? Something like that. Then the rest of Joe Navy jumped in the rear; there was a general clustering of white-hatted heads about The Runt's little figure, and Elissa shot her big car down the road toward town.

What was it he had said to The Runt in reply to her greeting? Something dumb, like "Hi, Runt" probably. What a thing to say to a girl you hadn't seen for four months. But where did she get that *Dar*-leeng stuff, anyway? It sounded too high-powered and too well oiled from frequent use.

And what did the Navy think he was—piling their duffle into the beach wagon, and telling him, "There we are, my lad"? Did they expect him to follow them all over town depositing their bags? Apparently. That's just what he'd have to do, too, if he wanted to catch up with The Runt. He hadn't even had a chance to tell her that, in view of the proprieties, he'd secured her a room at the Mayos' house.

He jumped into the beach wagon and kicked the starter. Anyway, he thought dourly as he set off after the rapidly disappearing car, Elissa had met his girl.

CHIRP had arranged to get away from his duties at nine-thirty that evening, with the idea in mind that he might take The Runt to the Tennis Club dance—the Tennis Club, as were all the summer groups, was holding open house for the Navy.

The Runt called him on the phone at eight.

"Darling," she said, "there are a lot of people here—"

"Who is it tonight," Chirp asked with obvious sarcasm, "the Coast Guard?"

"Of course not, silly. Just a lot of people who are on their way to the Tennis Club. They simply insist that I come along, though I keep insisting that I'm going to wait for you, and—"

"What you mean is that Lieutenant Layton is insisting, don't you?"

"Well . . . he's among the . . ."

"Sure. Well, look: go along and dance. I'll see you there later. And in case you forget what I'm like—"

"Stop, Chirp! You're sure you really don't mind?"

"Mind? Of course not. Why should I mind?"

The voice on the other end of the line took on, it seemed to Chirp, a peculiar quality.

"That's right," it said softly. "Why should you mind?" Then it became light and gay and laughed and said: "You're sweet to let me go. I'll see you later."

Chirp felt that he was muffing something. He heard her receiver click down. He stood there for a moment staring miserably at the black enamel of the phone.

"Hey, Runt," he said, after a second or so.

The other end of the line was silent with that impersonal silence, rather sad, which has about it the quality of finality and departure.

"Nuts!" said Chirp into the mouthpiece and hooked the receiver.

Pride compelled him to go to the Tennis Club; he would have preferred to grouse it out alone in his room or on the beach. The moment he entered he sensed his ineptitude for the occasion; this, in spite of a new double-breasted white dinner coat that he'd banked on for smooth effect. After all, he reflected, as he watched the circling throng, when a man was up against the Navy he was up against more than just a lot of good-looking uniformed men. He was up against Romance.

In the crowd he spotted The Runt. She was held in Layton's encircling arm as he led her through the steps of something smooth and bizarre. Chirp took a deep breath and cut in; Layton released her quite graciously though his eyes stayed in hers until she was lost over Chirp's wide shoulder.

CHIRP wondered later if it were three steps or four that he had with her, one word or two? Anyway, a tall white-clad figure confronted them and a polite but imperious hand tapped his shoulder.

"May I?" asked the Navy.

"Yumph!" grunted Chirp and gave over.

"I have met the enemy," thought he, on his way to the stag line, "and the girl is theirs."

Even though the Navy had helped him say good night to The Runt, he felt a little better in the morning. Morning always brings hope, because during the night—who knows?—a girl might do a lot of thinking and see the error of her ways.

He was on the desk until one, but his eyes were mostly on the beach. She and the Navy arrived at eleven, and from where he peeked Chirp couldn't see her weighed down with contrition at all. No, sir; not at all. He caught fleeting glimpses of her racing along the sands with her bright, dark hair out in a following stream. Later it was tucked under a vivid red cap as she dove—in fact the last he saw of her before he was summoned to Mr. Sibley's office was a flash of her exquisitely slender young body, in a trim bathing suit, hung for a moment like a pennant against the bright sky as she took the water from the high board.

Mr. Sibley said: "Dennis, I've a job for you this afternoon: I want you to go out on The Curlew with a party."

The Curlew was Mr. Sibley's yawl, and the pride of his nautical heart. Only the very special were taken out on The Curlew, and always before Mr. Sibley himself had been along to sail her.

"You mean I'm to take a party alone, sir?" Chirp asked.

The older man laughed.

"Not exactly. You see, you're being taken. Sort of a crew."

"But who's sailing her?"

"An Admiral's son. I've known his father a great many years. The young man made the request, and, well . . . much as I dislike entrusting The Curlew to anyone, the officers are giving us plenty of patronage, so I couldn't refuse. He asked for a boy to help him—you're no boy, of course—but knowing how well you handle her I said I'd send you along to take orders. I hope you don't mind?"

"Of course not," said Chirp gamely. What else was there to say?

SO ON his afternoon off he was to kite all over the bay with an Admiral's son, was he? Probably there'd be a girl along, too. There usually was. And he would have orders shouted at him, be asked to shake one up at The Curlew's cabin bar, be general mess-boy, butler, and what have you. Nuts! And The Runt ashore with the rest of the Navy. Nuts again!

He walked out on the porch and looked about. There, climbing into a roadster—wasn't it funny how these Navy guys could scare up a swell car overnight?—was The Runt. She was clad in a glorious beach robe. Layton sat behind the wheel.

"Hey, Runt," Chirp called.

She turned.

"May I see you for a moment?" He'd be darned if he'd give Layton the satisfaction of hearing of his sad plight.

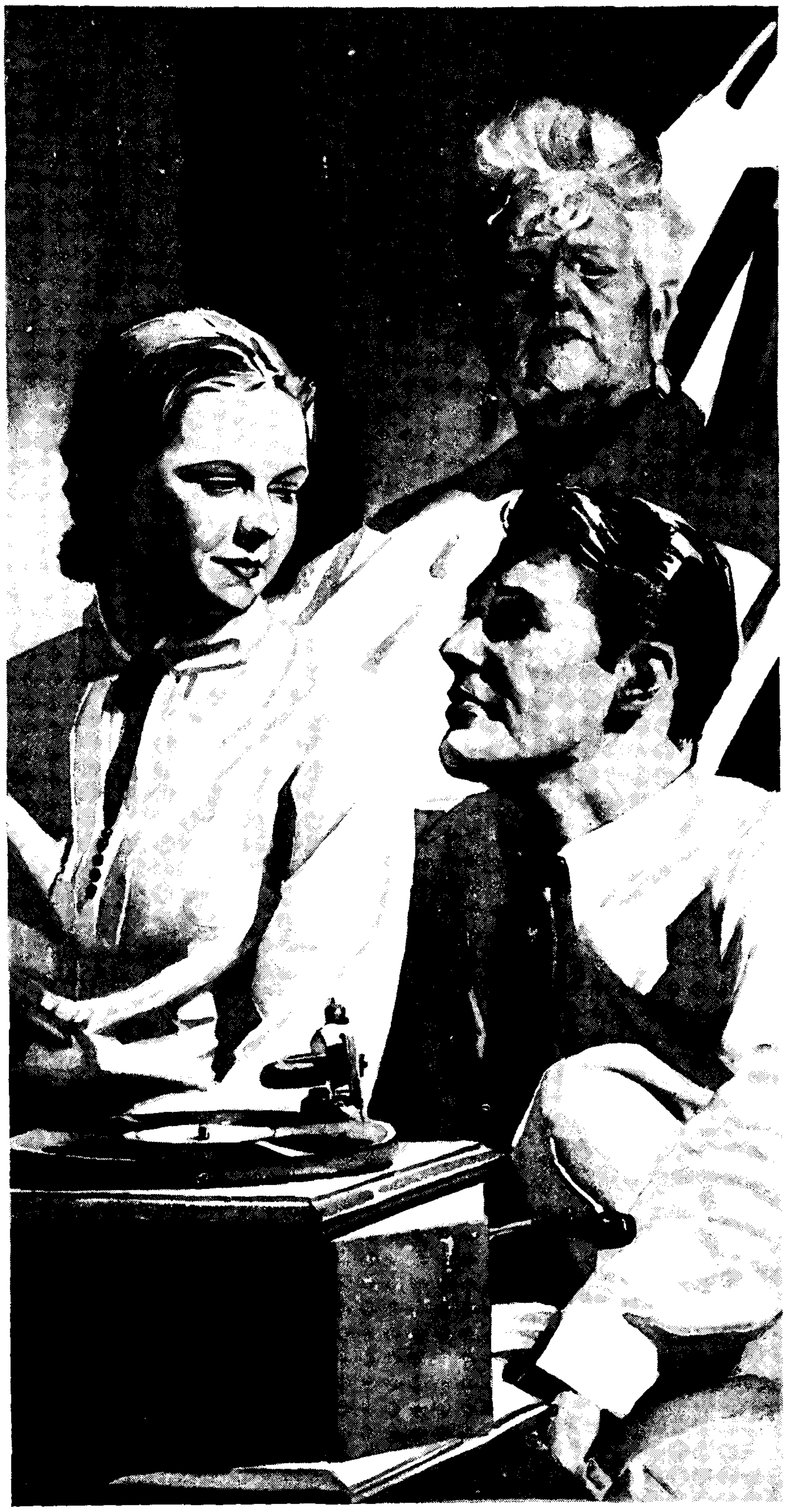
(*Continued on page 52*)

The Listening Leopard

By James Francis Dwyer

The Grand Duchess Thalia, who loved too late—few know her weird, fantastic story. Even in far-off Java, where it happened, there may be skeptics. But old Jan Kromhout knows

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



That old woman, the Grand Duchess Thalia, was also in love with that boy

IT WAS Herr Karl Naumann, correspondent of the Vossische Zeitung, who first told me about the Grand Duchess Thalia of Sonderburg-Walstadt. Naumann knew the Almanack de Gotha by heart. I had never heard of the duchess till he asked my help in locating the exact place of her death.

Naumann was writing a book about lonely deathbeds, telling of the last moments of persons who died far away from homeland and friends.

I told him that I had visited the grave of John Howard Payne, the author of Home, Sweet Home, in Tunis and it was then that he mentioned the Grand Duchess Thalia of Sonderburg-Walstadt. "Some day," he said, "you might, in your wanderings, find out where the dear old lady was buried."

"What is the supposition?" I asked.

"We know she died in Java," he answered. "Batavia, or some place near. Just at the beginning of the war. There is a yarn that she ran into the jungle. Silly stuff, I think. Niece and a secretary were with her. They never turned up. Niece was the heir. Millions and millions."

"How old was the duchess?" I asked.

"Seventy-four," laughed Naumann. "Funny age to go native, isn't it? Well, some day you might be out that way."

EXACTLY five years after that talk with Karl Naumann, I landed at Tanjong Priok and took the train connecting the port with Batavia. Thoughts of the Grand Duchess Thalia were in my mind. What made the old dear take to the tall timber? I puzzled over the story as I rode the ten kilometers to Koningsplein station. Of course the East exercises a peculiar effect on many persons. A perfectly respectable dame from a civilized country is likely, according to psychological snoopers, to lose her moral rudder in the Orient.

The following morning the proprietor of the Hotel des Indes gave me an opening. He assured me that everyone who was anything stayed at the hotel. I thought of the elderly Thalia.

"You were here when the war started?" I asked.

"Plus ten years," he answered.

"I wonder," I began, "if the Grand Duchess Thalia of Sonderburg-Walstadt stayed here?"

"Where else would she have stayed?" he countered.

"I don't know, I'm sure," I stammered. "Stupid of me, of course."

The quiet flow of pedestrians moved along the Molinvliet. Dutch, Sundanese, Chinese, Malays and Madoerese. An impatient guest shouted for the proprietor; I was left alone to think of Thalia.

Seventy-four years of age. Free in Batavia, the "Paradise of the East." Why go back to Germany and a war when Java was open to her?

"Thalia showed good sense," I muttered. "Food was short in Germany during those days."

The proprietor roused me from my reverie. He leaned over my chair and spoke in a whisper. "If you are interested in the Grand Duchess Thalia," he murmured, "there is, at this very moment, a man in the bar who knows everything. He is Professor Van Bierrens."

PROFESSOR VAN BIERRENS put down his stein and stared at me, a fine, big Dutchman with an easy manner.

"Does your Herr Naumann know about her death?"

"He doesn't," I stammered. "He has heard rumors, but the exact facts are not known to him."

He remained silent. I thought of the European cemetery by the Tanah-Abang Road, and I put a question. "Is the duchess buried here in Batavia?"

"No," snapped Van Bierrens, then, after a pause, and, more pleasantly, he added: "I think she is buried near Panabaram, in the Kediri Regency. Have you ever heard of a man named Jan Kromhout?"

At the moment I had never met the big Dutch naturalist with whom, later, I became quite friendly, so I answered in the negative.

"Kromhout could tell you everything if he wished to talk," said the professor.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Somewhere in the Kediri Regency. They'll know his exact whereabouts at Blitar. Do you mind if I leave you? Any discussion of the Grand Duchess Thalia upsets me. It makes me ill."

He rose hurriedly, snatched his hat and walked swiftly to the door.

I was a little astonished. What was there about the end of the dear old lady of Sonderburg-Walstadt to upset the professor? I sat for a long time pondering over the words of Van Bierrens, and curiosity flayed me.

I LEFT Batavia that evening by the express of the State Line, connecting the "Paradise of the East" with Soerabaja. The throbbing wheels chattered of the grand duchess. . . . *Thalia! Thalia! Thalia! Thalia!* . . . At times I thought myself a little insane. Why the devil should I worry about the doings of an elderly German frau?

The bungalow of Jan Kromhout was in a deserted spot, but the spirit of hospitality oozed from the massive form of the naturalist. There was no hotel or rest-house within twenty miles of Kromhout's camp, but he expressed a strong desire for companionship and begged me to stay as his guest. I think I stressed willfully my acquaintance with his friend Professor Van Bierrens. Later I confessed my deceit.

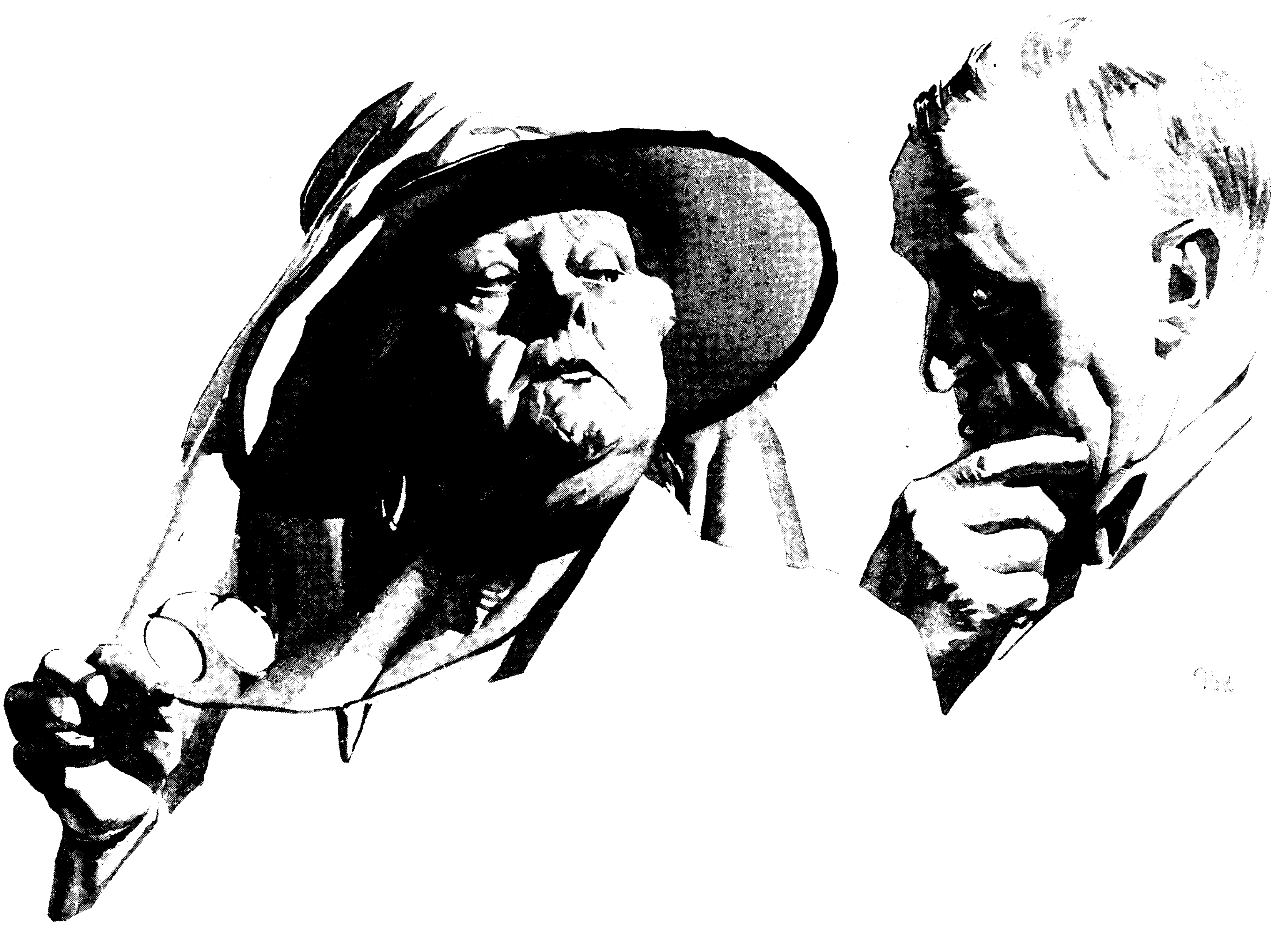
It was on the second evening that Jan Kromhout told me the story of the Grand Duchess Thalia. I had mentioned my interest on the day of my arrival, but my questions had been deftly avoided. Kromhout refused to be drawn.

On this second evening the naturalist was interested in a captive. An animal that was stubbornly preparing for death as the one way of escape from the stout cage that held him prisoner. He would neither eat nor drink. He lay with his head upon his paws and stared at Kromhout with dull-gold eyes.

THE prisoner was a full-grown leopard, but a leopard clothed in a distinctive fashion. He was a curious example of partial melanism. The upper body, from the angle of the jaw to the hip joint, was completely black—so black that the characteristic spots were not visible in bright sunlight—while the under body, legs and tail were of a rufous buff and carried the usual spots. It was this extraordinary marking that gave the animal a value in the eyes of the naturalist.

"But he will not live," growled Kromhout. "He has lost the desire for life. *Ja*, it is so. He wants something badly. His sweetheart, I think."

The naturalist dropped into a homemade easy-chair, poured himself a liberal glass of schnapps, gulped it down with the fine thirst of tropical countries,



"Do you think, Mynheer Kromhout, that he could make a person of a certain age young again?" she snapped

that seems in itself a little sinful, then looked at me out of deep-set eyes.

"If you have the right desire to live you can do anything," he said slowly. "Anything at all. So few of us have it. We tire of our wives and our families, of our little affairs and the cheers of fools. And we are told by the insurance people and the Bible that we are sitting too long at the table. When you pass seventy you are a freak.

"You are curious about the Grand Duchess Thalia? Is it not so? I will tell you about her. You might not believe, but that is nothing. Belief is the greatest of the virtues.

"Before the war I was catching specimens of the chevrotain at a place about fifty miles from here. It is a strange place. It has an atmosphere that is funny. When you are alone you think that someone is walking with you. You stop, and the someone with you stops. You go on, and he goes on. It is explained by the geologists. The nature of the ground makes funny echoes.

"I had heard of a native who lived there. He had taken up his quarters in a ruined temple, and there were stories about him. Mad stories. They said he had been there three hundred years. Three hundred years and more. They called him the 'Old One.' There are, in the Orient, many fellows like that. I have seen them, and they have not impressed me much. They are humbugs.

"One day I followed the track of a tiger to the old temple where this native lived. He was sitting on a stone terrace in front of the ruin. He was naked as a new-born baby, and he was so busy rubbing his arms and his legs with some stuff that he took from a calabash that he did not hear my steps.

"I sat in the bushes and watched him, and while I watched him there sneaked into my head something that startled me. Do you know what it was? It was a belief in those stories that were told about him. *Ja, ja!* A belief that he was old! That he was three hundred years old and more!

"There came out from him that feeling you get when you enter the big temples of Boro-Buddur and Chandi Jago. He was wrapped in the years. In layers and layers of years. When I stared at him I was looking at Java when they offered sacrifices to Siva and Parvati, and Ganesha their son. There were funny feelings down my spine and my head was hot.

"AFTER a while he sensed that I was there. I had made no sound but his skin told him. He put the calabash away, looked at the place where I was squatting and spoke in the Sundanese dialect. I came out pretty quick and made a little apology for peeping at him. It was wrong to spy on anything as old as that man.

"He did not know how old he was. He could not count. It is a pity that we have learned to count. A great pity. If we did not know when we got to the threescore-and-ten mark we might go on.

"That figure seventy is the station where a lot of weak people think they should get out of the world. It has got into the subconscious mind. And their friends and their neighbors are thinking them dead. Not spitefully, but nicely. We Dutch have a proverb. It says, 'The nails in the coffins are tongue-driven.'"

Jan Kromhout paused and stared at the leopard who had no desire to live. The leopard, golden eyes wide, stared back at the naturalist. I wondered much how the Grand Duchess Thalia could climb into the story. Interesting, of course, this account of the ancient, but what had it to do with an elderly German lady from Sonderburg-Walstadt?

"SOME archæologists came to look at that old temple," continued Kromhout. "They made measurements and they found that there must be a walled-up chamber in the place. A big chamber. They went round and round the walls looking for a door, but they could not find one. There was not a crack in the stone. They spoke to me, and I said that the old fellow might know where the door was.

"They laughed. They thought that door must have been walled up about the time when Hendrik Zwaardekron brought the first coffee plants to Java. It is funny that coffee is an alien to Java, is it not?

"'You might ask him,' laughed one of those archæologists. 'That is, if you think he knows what happened three hundred years ago.'

"I asked that 'Old One' if he knew anything about the door. He did not answer me for about an hour, then he said that it had been walled up when he was a very little boy. He remembered the day. Someone was buried there, he thought. Someone important.

"I asked if he knew where the door was. He thought a long while over that question, then he got up and started to finger the stone carvings along the wall. It was a little queer. It made those scientific fellows stop and stare at him. They were beginning to think that he was as old as the natives said he was. There was something about that thin claw of his scratching amongst the carved lotus leaves. The claw was trying to remember. The claw! Those fingers were trying to recall some trick that other fingers had done in the long ago.

"He found it! *Ja!* In the heart of a sacred lotus. He pressed the petal, and a part of the wall slipped back. A part that was so cunningly joined to the rest that no one could see a crevice.

"In that chamber those scientific gentlemen found some bones and a copper plate that told them the place was being closed up with the body of a saint in the year 1670, so that old fellow had seen something that happened years before Hendrik Zwaardekron had got the first beans off his coffee plants. It gave those archæological fellows a shock."

THE leopard rose, made a quick turn of his cage, sniffed the night wind that came nosing into the bungalow, then took up his former position, head on his paws, his eyes fixed on Kromhout.

The Dutchman filled himself another glass of schnapps and continued his story.

"I went down to Batavia," he said. "I met my friend Professor Van Bierrens. I told him of that native, and of the matter of that door that he opened.

(Continued on page 49)

How do I Look?

A question that can be answered very pleasantly if you've done right by yourself. For it isn't your natural born looks that count, but the way you dress to make the most of them. Here's how to look the plainest facts in the face and make them assets

By Marie Beynon Ray

M-G-M

Norma Shearer's beauty is of the type that American women may most successfully emulate, says Adrian, who dresses the stars

ONE day Oscar Wilde sat in a café in Paris. He was about to meet the new wife of an old friend—a woman who had the reputation of being extraordinarily ugly, not an easy situation even for the wittiest man of his time.

They arrived—the lady was introduced.

"Well, Monsieur," she smiled, "am I not the ugliest woman in Paris?"

Wilde made his most profound bow. "In the world, Madame," he said, "in the world."

Was the lady offended? She was French—we maintain that she was pleased.

For beauty is not the goal of Frenchwomen. Mere prettiness they consider uninteresting, a positive drawback to real distinction. So they aim at something else—and have achieved the reputation of being the smartest women in the world. Even downright ugliness is not a handicap. Remember Polaire, who advertised herself as "the ugliest woman in the world."

Katharine Cornell—Joan Crawford—ugly ducklings both. All through their childhood well-meaning relatives and friends impressed upon them their singular lack of loveliness till they developed inferiority complexes that they claim they haven't gotten rid of to this day, but at the same time they built up within themselves an unconquerable determination not to let that get them down. And today they're considered not only great actresses, but women of distinction.

The point of all this is that, little as we may have suspected it, we ugly ducklings have all these years been carrying about a blessing in disguise—our precious plainness, which we should have cashed in on. We should have been spurred on by it to make the most of our admirable qualities; and one way of doing this, according to the French, is to develop distinction—bring out our personality.

In case you've never thought, in any concrete and definite way, of how this may be done, let me give you an example.

Time to Take Stock

A lady whom we all admire—Lynn Fontanne, a self-made beauty if ever there was one—once said to me: "Every so often I strip and stand before my mirror and say to myself, 'Now, old girl, what's wrong with you? Are you getting a bit fat, eh? Is your head craning forward? Are your lips turning down? Are you acquiring a frown, a wrinkle, a smirk, a hollow or a lump anywhere? Let me see you walk, let me see you sit, let me see you when you think I'm not looking.... Yes, my dear, we'll have to take off a good two inches around the hips. With that browner skin, you're going to have to wear different colors—I suggest more white and turquoise blue. And you might try a new way of doing your hair. Your face is fuller now than when you began doing it that way. How about brushing it well back from the forehead and exposing the ears?'"

If one of the first ladies of the stage requires this kind of overhauling every so often—draw your own conclusions.

Beauty's Best Substitute

I was lunching the other day with Adrian—Adrian of Hollywood—the young man so largely responsible for the glamour of the stars. Yes, the same who designs *all* the clothes for Crawford, Shearer, Garbo herself. Who better able to speak on this subject? Who has helped more women grow from ugly ducklings into swans?

"You're absolutely right," he said. "It's a matter of personality. That's the best substitute for beauty. Substitute? It's a thousand times better.

"Developing personality in clothes is what I call 'dressing the mind.' When a woman takes stock of herself in the mirror, as you suggest, she should not only ask herself, 'Am I too fat; shall I play up my hair or my eyes?' but also, 'What sort of person am I? Am I a human dynamo, a dreamy, poetic sort of person, or a crisp, business-like individual?' In other words, what 'type' is she? Once she gets that straight in her mind, she's a long way toward knowing how to make the best of herself.

"There's an easy way of discovering your type. A great many women today think of themselves in terms of motion picture actresses—quite natural since the stars are concrete examples of various types. Not a bad way of fixing your type in your own mind—not bad at all. Then by studying the clothes these stars wear (when they're playing straight parts, of course, and when the clothes are designed by someone whose taste can be trusted) you can learn a lot about dressing your type, stealing ideas right and left right off the screen. But you've got to remember you are dressing yourself and, though you may be the same general type, don't try to be a rubber stamp of your favorite star.

"A great many young girls fancy themselves as Crawfords, but though they may have the activity and the gayety and even the dash of Crawford, not many young girls have the dramatic face of Crawford and still fewer (let them thank their stars!) lead the hectic life Joan leads in most of her pictures. And so, though they may be entitled to wear the clothes so full of motion which I create for her, or so unrestrained as to allow her restless body full play, they have no right to the highly dramatic touches I frequently apply. A little of the seasoning in Crawford's clothes should go a long way for the average young miss.

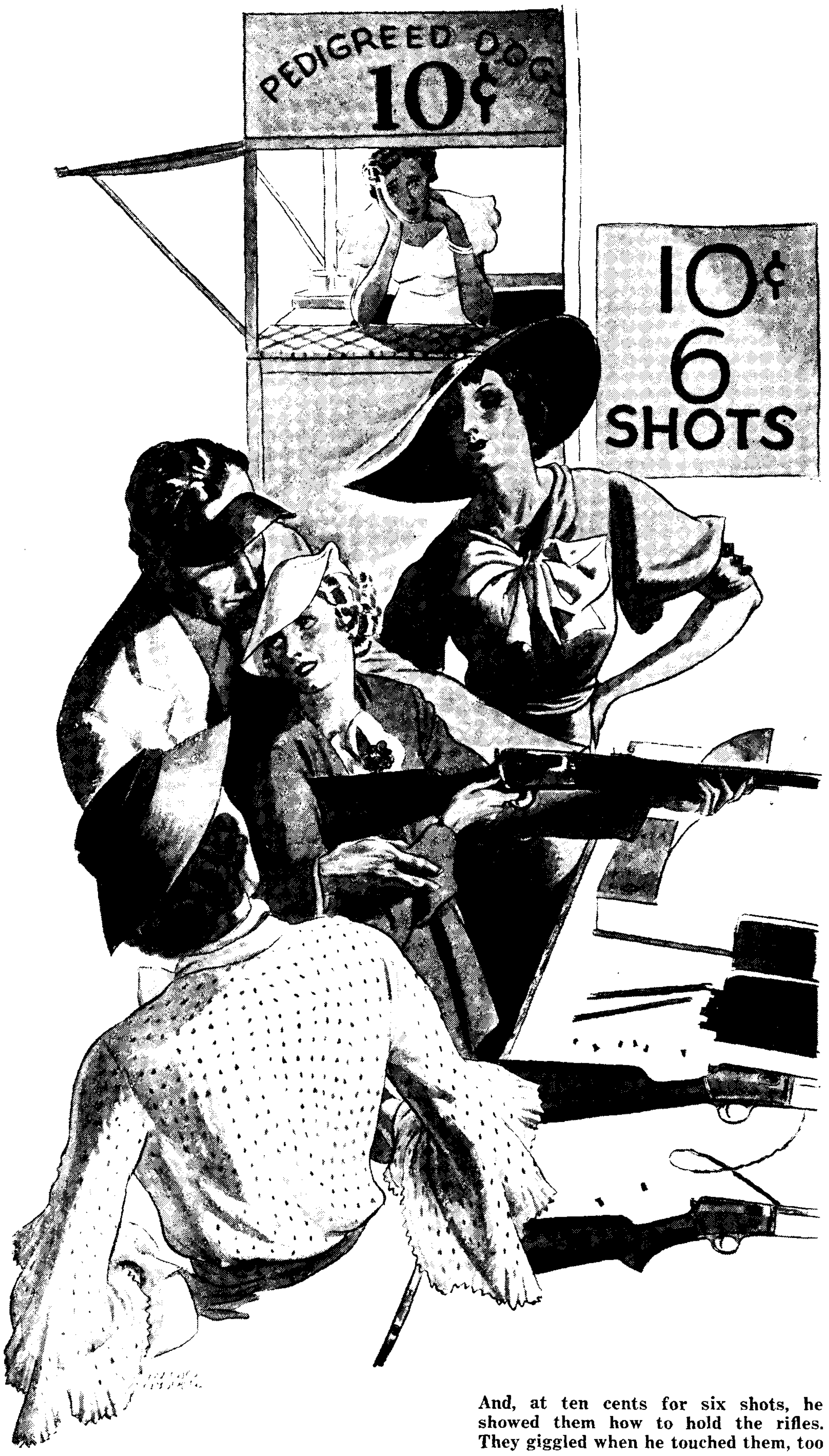
(Continued on page 51)

One Cold Sunday

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By George S. Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



And, at ten cents for six shots, he showed them how to hold the rifles. They giggled when he touched them, too

ABOVE Maybelle's head was a four-foot sign—"PEDIGREED DOGS 10 cents." At her elbow were the pots of mustard.

Maybelle leaned upon her counter and shivered, partly because of her own apprehensions and partly from the north wind. She knew that being pretty and red-headed was good for business, but on a day like this it was hardly worth while using a lipstick.

She glanced up the beach. Two life guards with thick woolen sweaters over their bathing trunks were playing pinochle in the lee of a surf boat. She glanced down the beach. That old nut from the Colony Hotel was gingerly wetting his toes before plunging in for his early-morning swim. "Him," sighed Maybelle. "I hope he bumps his head on an iceberg."

Next door, Billy Marr was unlocking the shutters of his shooting gallery and singing to himself. But this morning Billy's cheerfulness was just a fly in her tea. "Don't you ever shut up?" she called around the partition.

"What say, sister?"

"If I was your sister I would have learned you to be quieter at funerals."

"Whose funeral?" He stuck his head around to look her over. "All that's dead about you is your salesmanship." He was a handsome devil and he knew it. Women, the fools, took one good double-O at him and then asked him if they could learn how to shoot. And, at ten cents for six shots, he showed them how to hold the rifles. They giggled when he touched them, too.

MAYBELLE moistened her forefinger on her tongue and then smoothed her eyebrows with it. She looked sourly at her neighbor. She hated people who used their sex appeal in business the way Billy Marr did. "My funeral," she returned. "The third cold Sunday in August and me with a hundred dozen rolls and a hundred and twenty-five pounds of dogs in the ice box and half my concession fee ain't paid yet. It's working around to snow on Labor Day."

"Yeah, it will be a slim crowd today."

"Slim?" snapped the girl. "If we had penguins, it would look like Little America after Byrd goes." She bent over and, while her face was hidden, bit both lips to bring out the color, since she hadn't used her lipstick. Reassured, she faced him again.

"Twelve hundred dogs at a dime a dog." He reckoned swiftly. "What's your net?"

"Eighty-one dollars and twenty-five cents clear, figuring fire and mustard costs half-a-cent for each dog. But what's the use of talking? There won't be two thousand people on the boardwalk at three o'clock."

"Twelve hundred of them will have dimes. You should figure to get those twelve hundred dimes, sister."

She reached for an ice pick. "Yeah? How?" she inquired, balancing the weapon in her hand like a knife thrower. "If you tell me to do a fan dance, I'll ring up a bull's-eye on your shirt front."

"That's where salesmanship comes in." Billy retreated a little, because once at Atlantic City he had made a redhead mad. "I could do it."

"Yes, you could." She glanced up at the beach entrance. Two cars were driving in, but the people looked as if they were the kind who brought their lunch.

"I'll bet you," insisted Billy Marr. He stuck his ring finger in his mouth and then held it up to test the wind, which was blowing toward the entrance.

"Bet me what?"

"Bet you a date."

"Well," she considered, "if it's a case of having to go out with you, or losing a hundred and twenty-five pounds of dogs, I'll do it. But I want you to understand I'm only doing it because I'm desperate."

BILLY grinned. "Watch my place. I'll be back," he announced, starting on a run for the kitchen of the Colony Hotel. While he was gone, she touched up her face and emphasized her eyelashes with waterproof mascara. You could despise a man better if you looked your best.

He returned with twelve pounds of beef suet and a half-dozen enormous onions. "Got a skillet?"

Yes, she had a skillet.

"Fry a little piece of onion and the beef suet in the skillet, see? It makes a four-buck sirloin smell. See? It's cold today and the wind will carry it right down to the entrance where folks are coming in. See? And it will make 'em hungry. See?"

"Yeah?" asked Maybelle, dubiously.

"Yeah, yourself," returned the man impatiently. "If you'd studied psychology like I did, when I was in the hospital with a broken leg, you'd know that there's a whole new field. Merchandising by odors, see?"

The girl put the black skillet upon the fire, diced a bit of the beef suet into it, and sliced an onion. "How," she asked, "did you bust your leg?"

Billy grinned and lit a cigarette. "I'll tell you about that when we have our date." He paused, started for his own concession and turned back. "When that onion is cooked and before it smells burned, start some fresh."

"Go on." She waved him away. "I should help you win your bet."

A man and girl, a rather classy man and girl for a beach like Smugglers' Cove, hesitated before the shooting gallery. "What smells so good?" the girl inquired.

The man shook his head.

"Them dogs." Billy jerked his thumb. "What you notice is their pedigrees." The customer walked quickly to Maybelle's oil cloth-covered counter. "Give us four dogs," he ordered.

IT WAS not quite six o'clock, when Maybelle called to Billy Marr: "You win, you slicker. The old ice box is clean."

"The hundred dozen gone, sister?"

"Look for yourself, gyp."

"Well, there's a few dimes left. I ain't ready to close up yet."

Maybelle took a pencil and paper from her change bag, heavy with silver and nickels now. "Here's my address. You can come around when you get through work. But don't forget, you only won this date."

"In about two hours, sister. You be ready." He laughed. "One date is all I need to start. I'm a salesman, baby. After the first time, I can take care of myself."

She stopped at the drug store on the way home to buy a half-ounce of Nocte d'amour perfume. There was something to this psychology of smells after all. And she shampooed her bobbed hair with tar soap, to get the onion fragrance out of it.

There was only one thing that worried Maybelle, when at last, in her new coat, best dress and summer fur, she sat waiting on the boarding-house steps.

If Billy Marr had happened to see her burying those forty dozen unsold dogs and rolls in the sand behind her booth, he might think she was awful forward, just a kippy.

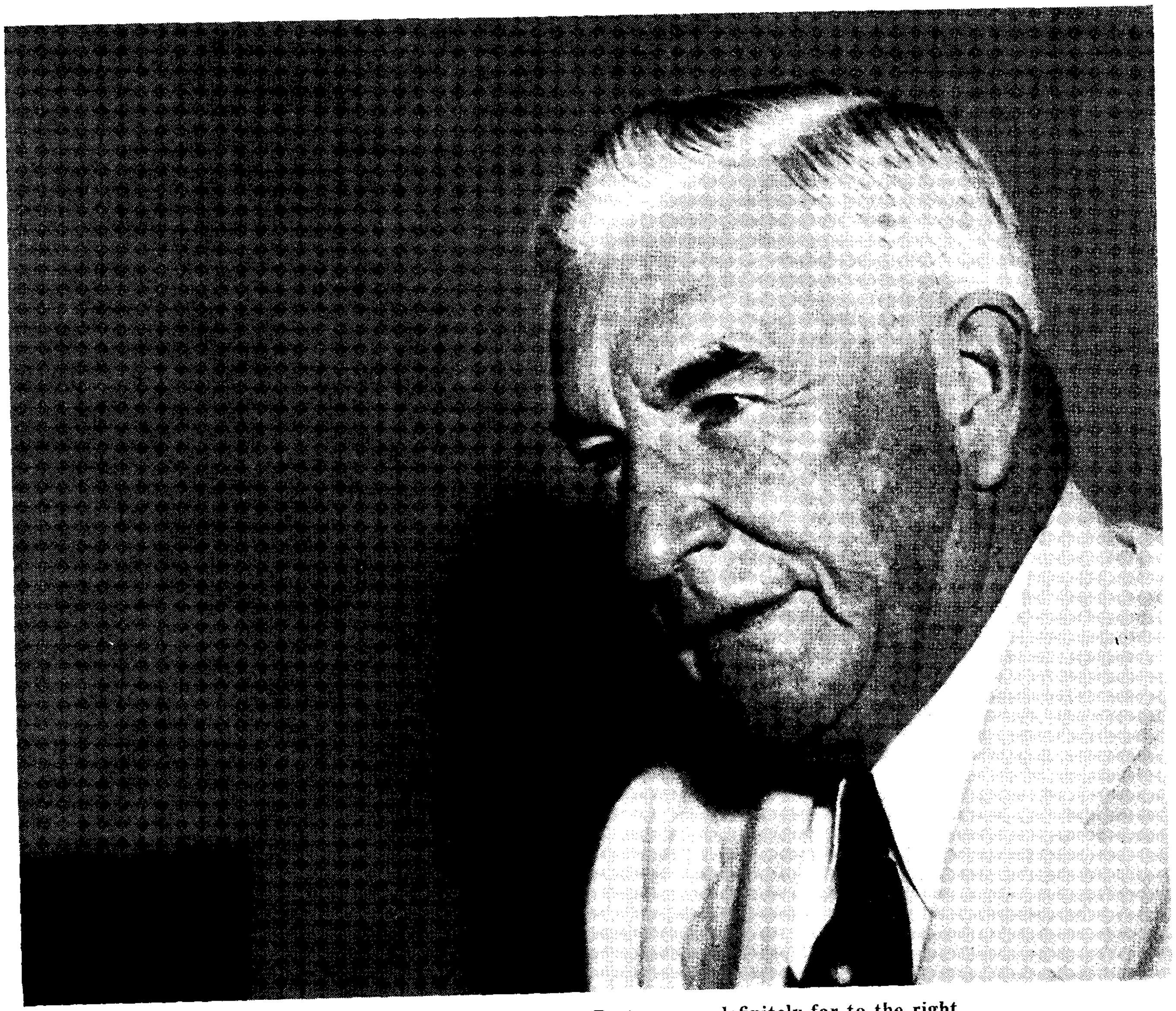
Luck of the G. O. P.

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Correspondent

Add a dash of Old-World gallantry to a stock of Pennsylvania conservatism and you have Henry Fletcher, Republican national chairman, who has remained politically unblemished by the simple expedient of being out of favor at the right time

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



With Henry Fletcher, the Republican Party moves definitely far to the right

HENRY PRATHER FLETCHER is a new and refreshing type of Republican national chairman. Whereas his immediate predecessors were drawn from the ranks of small-town politicians, professors, physicians and promoters, he got his training in the romantic and stirring field of world diplomacy.

When political wits suggest that he qualified for his new post by kissing hands instead of shaking them, they mean it as a compliment. His departure from foreign capitals always wrung tears of regret from the eyes of royalty, and in drawing-rooms at Washington, especially when Presidents-elect were around, he has always been the life of the party. It may be a happy augury, for the G. O. P. has long lacked a lively and likable leader.

He has even more practical qualifications in the eyes of politicians. Besides having worn Hamiltonian knee breeches at Brussels and Rome, at least figuratively, in his youth he trudged through Cuba's hot sands in the costume of a Roosevelt Rough Rider. Already party propagandists picture him as a Progressive patrician in a cowboy rig, for whom all Bull Moosers should have a sentimental affection. Mr. Fletcher himself points out that he used to play golf with Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose charm he concedes, but that he fought alongside Theodore Roosevelt.

A Wise Republican Choice

His three decades of service abroad may prove a help rather than a handicap. Although he wears plenty of diplomatic decorations, he bears few political scars. Until now circumstances have kept him on the sidelines of politics. Even if he had wanted to, his rôle as a career man prevented him from becoming embroiled in factional and personal disputes within the party. So he can say, at least for the preliminary record, that "all Republicans look alike to me."

Sometimes this isolation irked him, for he often sought a gubernatorial or senatorial nomination from Pennsylvania bosses, but he never sulked. He is not rebellious by nature, and diplomacy's restraints taught him the necessity of self-abnegation in speech and action. Despite changes of the palace guard, political shifts at the White House, and the neglect of organization overlords, he has moved along steadily with a placid smile on his lips. Personally and politically, this pleasant, polished Pennsylvanian, whose ruddy cheeks offset the aristocratic effect of his silken, silvery plume, seems to be as wise a choice as the G. O. P. could make for 1934 and 1936 skirmishing.

Speculation as to whether he will favor the Hooverites or the Old Guard is silly. He himself prefers to emphasize his ancient association with the Rough Riders and his bolt to the Bull Moose in 1912. When Westerners grumble at his conservative, Eastern connections, and wish that he "had more dirt under his fingernails," he recalls, rather naïvely, that he enlisted in the Rough Riders at San Antonio and later served with the Fortieth Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas. Actually he is a compromise upon whom both squabbling factions united because he represents the ultra-conservatism they stand for. There is no real difference of political philosophy between the Hoover and anti-Hoover groups—only a fierce rivalry for control in anticipation of 1936.

Both crowds trust him completely. By birth, wealth, upbringing, career, environment and associations he is of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover school. He golfs, swims and entertains at the most exclusive clubs in New York and Washington, and he has an apartment on Park Avenue. His blazing red ties and handkerchiefs have only sartorial significance, which he explains by saying: "I can't let Tugwell outdress me."

He is an exponent of the old, orderly processes of government. He subscribes to the tenets of a born-and-bred Pennsylvania Republican, and nowhere do they grow a more conservative or partisan breed than in the commonwealth which sired such past and present worthies as Matt Quay, Boies Penrose, William S. Vare, Andrew W. Mellon, Joseph S. Grundy and David A. Reed.

All except Progressives concur in his selection because it postpones an open schism, loosens the Hoover grip and anchors the party to its old-fashioned safe-and-sane moorings. In adopting Mr. Fletcher and the Chicago creed, the G. O. P. moved, definitely and deliberately, far to the right.

No Political Amateur

As a diplomat, Mr. Fletcher was an after-dinner speaker for the social and economic proprieties which his political sponsors worship. For him, as for diplomats everywhere, life ran more smoothly at the embassy when the going order was not mussed up by military or soap-box revolutions. A frequent American spokesman at Pan-American conferences, he personified the imperialistic moods of recent administrations. The record reveals that he was one of the most conservative men in the foreign service.

Although some politicians call him a figurehead, and others hope that he will amount to nothing more, his career shows that he is no political amateur. He knows the music, if not the words, of politics. He has always rendered unto the bosses the things which belonged to them. He has rarely asked advancement without consulting them, whether it was a Quay, a Penrose or a Vare. He was accepted, reluctantly, as the last recruit in the Rough Riders only because he presented a demand note from Quay. He got his first real shove up the ladder of diplomatic promotion from Penrose. The man who seconded his nomination for chairman was the proxy and son-in-law of Vare. The Presidents who advanced him the fastest were Taft, Harding and Coolidge.

Despite these promiscuous favors, the older bosses never warmed to him, never accepted him as one of their gang, never requited his longing for political office.

(Continued on page 38)

Jail Breaker

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

THE image of Killer Mannion, a much-wanted criminal, Arthur Jones, a clerk in a State bureau in Midland City, carries a "safety passport" to protect him against the police. At the instigation of Ben Healy, a reporter who represents a large syndicate, he agrees to write *the life story of the killer!* No sooner has he begun work on the strange feature than Mannion enters his room and demands the use of the passport. Terrified, Jones accedes to the demand.

Weeks later, Mannion no longer in Midland City, Jones' "Life" is printed, makes a tremendous hit. Meanwhile, Jones has had some extraordinary experiences. He is in love with Miss Wicklow, secretary of his boss, "J. G." Rawlins, a well-known politician. He is sure the girl likes him; but she avoids him, spends much of her time with Healy (employed by the Journal) and Carey, the Tribune's star reporter. Puzzled by her actions, he is finally enlightened by Healy.

"You're going to make a pile of dough on that Killer Mannion story," Healy says, by way of introduction. "You owe a lot to me. So I'm going to ask a favor."

Whereupon he tells Jones an involved story, from which Jones gathers the following essential facts: A great shipping trust is fighting the governor of the state. The Journal and the Tribune are both supporting the trust—they hope to ruin the governor by printing a scandalous story the day before the election. Healy has learned that certain records in J. G. Rawlins' office will give him the data for such a story. He and Carey want Arthur Jones to act as their spy, coöperate with them in destroying both Rawlins and the governor! Jones, shocked, refuses to coöperate. Then:

"Okay, Jonesy," Healy says calmly. "We'll just get Miss Wicklow. Carey and I've both been working on that dame. *We can make her come through.* He then tells the astounded Jones that "Miss Wicklow" is, in reality, one Dorothy Steele; that she had been involved in a shocking scandal in Washington; that the Tribune and the Journal will print the whole story—if she doesn't help them. "But," he adds, "I'd rather work with you, Jones. Think it over—I'll give you forty-eight hours."

Jones rushes to the girl's apartment, tells her the whole story. And implores her to marry him. After which, he has an inspiration. "Dorothy," he exclaims, "I can save you." "How?" the girl asks breathlessly. Jones smiles, grimly. "I'm going to invite Healy and Carey to my room. When they get there, *I'm going to be Killer Mannion!*"

Conclusion

WHEN Jones left the office the next night he was trembling with nervousness. Unable to bear the thought of the prying eyes of a home-going street-car crowd, he walked. He hoped the walk would steady him. His mouth was dry and he kept wetting his lips; there was a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. He was certain that the ordeal would be too much for him; he'd never be able to convince two smart ones like Carey and Healy. They'd laugh at him; think he was cracked. From time to time he groaned softly.

But the chilly November air and the exercise, after a long afternoon in a stuffy, overheated office, revived him. Little by little he relaxed. After all, it was a very good idea. Of course good ideas were as bad as none if they weren't carried out properly. But so far everything had gone well. Carey and Healy had risen to the bait like two hungry fish. Jones had sensed the excitement in Healy's superficially cynical remarks. Carey had not even tried to pretend.

"It's all up to me! It's all up to me!" Jones muttered. He winced slightly at the thought of Dorothy's strained, white face, her too-bright eyes. Oh, she was a wonderful girl and would marry him no matter what happened. But he'd feel like a bungling fool if his scheme didn't work. It would be something that he could never live down as far as she was concerned. It would be a very bad start for a happy marriage.

As he got near his rooming-house, he began to feel panicky again. He should have rehearsed. This was merely a part he was going to play, the sort of thing a fifth-rate actor would face without a qualm. He walked more slowly and in the little time that remained he tried to remember Mannion's walk, his way of combing his hair, his intonation. His confidence revived again. "We stripped 'em!" Jones muttered, then he laughed harshly. "What's the matter, don't you understand English? We robbed 'em. Took their dough."

"I beg your pardon," said a woman at the corner.

He looked up, then flushed painfully. The woman thought that he was trying to get funny with her and she was glaring.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was talking to myself."

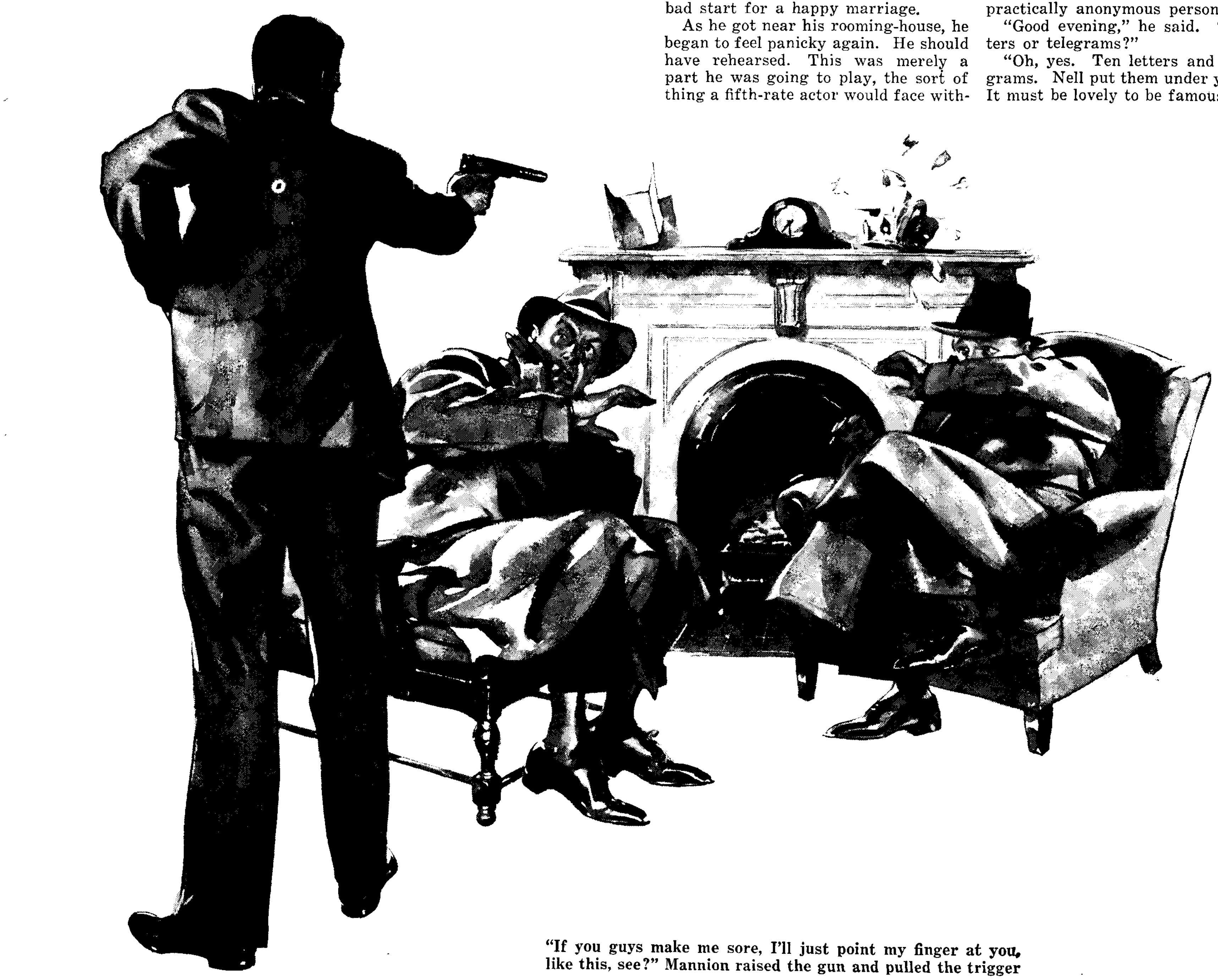
THE woman turned and watched him till he had disappeared into his rooming-house, then she shook her head and crossed the street.

Mrs. Crosby came out of her door just as Jones was starting upstairs.

"Good evening," she said, smiling ingratiatingly. Mrs. Crosby was becoming a problem. She was overwhelmed by Jones' success and told everybody that would listen, even the butcher at the meat market on the corner, that a real live "author" was living in her house. Jones hardly knew the woman any more. He wished that she'd be offhand, indifferent, even slightly contemptuous, as she had been when he was a practically anonymous person.

"Good evening," he said. "Any letters or telegrams?"

"Oh, yes. Ten letters and two telegrams. Nell put them under your door. It must be lovely to be famous."



"If you guys make me sore, I'll just point my finger at you, like this, see?" Mannion raised the gun and pulled the trigger

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Jones shrugged. All his life he had wanted to be "famous." Now he found the word practically meaningless. Did a famous man tremble nervously and feel all gone in the pit of his stomach over a rather small matter of deceit?

"You flatter me," said Jones, climbing the stairs.

But she called after him:

"You're too modest. As I was saying to Mr. Borchers today, no one would ever know that you'd written a big story which was in all the newspapers."

Mr. Borchers was the butcher. Jones groaned inwardly.

"It will all be forgotten shortly," he said.

Mrs. Crosby could not think of any reply. She merely stared, then went back into her apartment.

As Jones was unlocking his door, he muttered rapidly:

"Mannion parts his hair on the right side, if I'm not mistaken. His necktie is always crooked, his soft collars too big for him. He never wears a vest and keeps scratching his right ear. But are these things important?"

Still absorbed in his thoughts, he shut the door after him, then, standing in the middle of the room, began to take off his overcoat. He had not yet turned on his lights and when the bed creaked he started violently, then stumbled about the room, trying to find the switch. Usually he could put his hand on it at once, but he had been too severely jolted out of his absorption. Finally he found it. The lights came on.

"Good Lord!" cried Jones, getting pale.

Mannion was sitting on the edge of the bed with a big blue-steel automatic in his right hand.

"I thought it was you, Jonesy, old boy," he said, grinning and slipping the gun back into his shoulder-holster, "but a guy never knows. Lock the door, *chump*. Some fam has been fooling around out in the hall all afternoon. I made six breaks for that closet. Boy, what a jernt!"

JONES locked the door, then fell into a chair. All the wind was out of his sails; he felt limp.

"Surprised to see me, eh?" said Mannion. "Well, don't worry. I'm leaving you shortly and I won't be back. Never! Say, buddy, you done a good job at the D. A.'s office. You're all right. But I was figuring a guy that looked like me wouldn't rat. Did I give it to you straight on that bull that buzzed me?"

Jones paid no attention to what Mannion was saying. He demanded:

"How did you get in here?"

"With a key."

"Where did you get it?"

"He wants to know where did I get it! You're a bright boy. I took an impression of the lock the last time. You never know what'll come up. Listen: this is the payoff. You ought to've had this one for that story of yours. Say, that story was swell, by the way; but I'll get to that later. You see, I was planted out in the sticks where the roosters crow so loud you can't sleep, get it? All right, I had to get in town, see, so a red-headed fam of mine comes out with the big car. It's a seven-passenger bus about the size of a hearse and she's the goods, this frail; Park Avenue.

"I laid down in the back, and if you think that's fun, try it sometime. Well, that car will sure step and the fam likes to hear the wind whistle, so out on West Broad don't some stink-bus cowboy give us the double-O and tail us? The fam says to me: 'What will I do, angel?' She calls me angel, see; ain't that hot! I says: 'Slow down and get your ticket.' So she does. I got my head toward the side where the cop will come up, so I ease out my gun. I know if he opens the door he'll look high first and I'll get a chance to shoot off his belt buckle."

Mannion laughed and scratched his right ear. "But, listen; this cop's a little leery of a slick dame in a four-grand wagon and he don't even give her a ticket. Of course the fam give him the *come-up-some-time* eye, in a nice way, I mean. That's her line, see? And you know what this cowboy says? He says: 'Take my advice, Miss; don't drive so fast. I'd hate to see a pretty girl like you get all smashed up.'

"When we got a square away I let loose. I just rolled around and laughed, and didn't the fam get sore at me? 'He's a gentleman,' she says, 'not a low down so-and-so like you.' I called her Miss till she really begin to see red, then I give her the oil, and she quieted down. I like to keep my fams in a good humor. They don't rat so easy."

Jones looked at his watch hastily.

"Say," said Mannion, "you ain't been listening to a word I said."

"Oh, yes, I have," said Jones, forcing a laugh. "Very interesting."

"Very interesting, your Aunt Fanny. Why, lots of people would pay dough for that story and here I give it to you free. What's eating you?"

Jones groaned.

"I'm in trouble."

"Trouble? You? What is it, janes?"

"No. Nothing so simple."

"Janes ain't simple. That's the worst trouble there is. I know. Well, Jonesy, you been on the level with me; if I can help you, speak up."

A sudden idea struck Jones. He jumped out of his chair.

"You can help me, Mannion, if you will. Will you?"

"If it don't take too long. I got a date in about a half hour." He smiled grimly. "A very important date."

JONES paced the floor for a moment, then he lit a cigarette and sat down. Selecting his words carefully, he told Mannion the whole story. Mannion was interested and kept his eyes on Jones, who was astonished at the varied expressions which crossed the bandit's face. Mannion was the least impassive person Jones had ever seen. He had always read that bad men and criminals were calm, imperturbable. Mannion was very emotional and could hide nothing that he thought. When Jones came to the part dealing with his plan to scare Carey and Healy, Mannion's face fell; he sat shaking his head.

"What's wrong?" Jones demanded. He had become enthusiastic due to Mannion's very evident interest. Now he found his enthusiasm checked.

"It's no go, buddy."

"No go! Why?"

Mannion shifted and, leaning on his elbow, shook his finger at Jones.

"You forget one thing. All this row's about an election, is that right?"

"Yes."

Mannion laughed.

"Well, buddy, let me tell you something: Jake Mannion will kick any election you ever heard of off the front page."

"I don't see what you mean."

"You're going to scare these news rats. All right. If you can make them think you're me, good. But what's going to happen? Don't you get it?"

"No. I don't."

"Why, all them guys will be thinking about is how to get to a phone. Listen! I'm news; big news. Them guys would forget there ever was such a thing as an election. All they'd think about would be Jake Mannion."

Jones' face fell.

"I never thought of that."

"Yeah, and the better your act was the worse it would be. Listen! Newspaper guys don't scare so good when there's a big story coming up. No, Jonesy; it won't do." Jones felt very low, but his mind kept working. Finally he said:

"Now suppose it was you. Say you were in my fix, what would you do?"

"I couldn't be in the fix you're in. What's a story in the papers more or less? It don't last long. What's the dame scared of, her job?"

(Continued on page 26)

Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

LONELY, almost penniless, longing to become an actress, Tamara Todhunter meets Dolores Quinn, a stage celebrity, in San Francisco. Impressed by her sweet personality, her beauty, her clean youthful charm, Dolores takes her under her wing, advises her—and introduces her to a man, with whom she is presently in love—Maynard Mallory.

Mallory is well known as a near-star in Hollywood. To him Tamara tells her story. She has just come to San Francisco, after five years spent in a Canadian convent. Her family—her mother, a retired actress; her brother, Lance, and Coral, her sister, both of whom are intermittently on the stage—is in serious financial straits. Mrs. Todhunter is frivolous, irresponsible; Lance is a drunkard; Coral, following an affair with a man called Hickey, tries to inveigle the wealthy "Boyo" French, an elderly play-backer, into marrying her. And Tamara, longing for companions of her own sort but unable to meet them, is in a desperate frame of mind.

Mallory generously comes to the rescue. Through him, Tamara meets scores of charming men and women—notably the well-known artists, Joe and Persis Holloway. And through him—because of a word he says to Markisohn, a theatrical booking-agent—she secures a job, a small part in a musical comedy.

She is no longer lonely, depressed. She still has her financial problem to solve; and Coral's conduct, following the sudden and unannounced departure of the wealthy Mr. French for Alaska, causes her grave concern. But, knowing that Mallory loves her, and glorying in that knowledge, she is happy.

Then comes an hour which Tamara Todhunter is destined to remember all the days of her life; the hour when Mallory (who, cognizant of her singular sweetness and innocence, has made only the lightest advances to her) takes her boldly in his arms, kisses her. . . .

Long after the man she loves has returned to Hollywood, Tamara dreams of the rapture of those moments. Moments which (how little she suspects it!) are to change the course of her entire future life.

IV

THE next day was Sunday, but Tam slept late and omitted church. She had not been regular in her attendance at St. Boniface's for many months; this morning she did not awaken until nearly eleven, and then it was to find matters so disturbed in the Todhunter household that no outside thoughts could find entrance. Lance had come home intoxicated the night before, and was ill; Mrs. Todhunter had an ulcerated tooth that was driving her to frenzy, and Coral had discovered on the first page of the bulky wet newspaper the announcement of Mr. Houston Hickey's sudden marriage to his cousin, Miss Ada Leroy, in Oakland.

"The popular club and theatrical man admitted," said the newspaper, "that he expected the event to be a surprise to his friends. 'But too many of my friends are happy married men,' said Hickey, 'for me to stay out in the cold—' "

This blow shattered Coral's self-control, and she spent the greater part of the day in hysterics. Lance, dragging himself to a heavy headachy consciousness at twelve o'clock, insisted upon dressing and going out into the driving rain. Mrs. Todhunter scented the entire apartment with oil of cloves, and fastened up her head in a towel. Tam, perfectly conscious that she had had a ten-dollar bill in her purse the night before, found herself reduced to silver only, and suspected her brother of borrowing the bill without acknowledgment.

The larder was low. There was a week's salary due Tam, but she could not collect it today. She telephoned to the delicatessen store for bread and beans and coffee. One could not go on into such staples as chocolate and vanilla extract and olives and canned chicken with only two dollars and sixteen cents in the house!

THE rain fell in straight, steel rods past the dark windows. Tamara combined luncheon and breakfast in one cheerless meal. Coffee—there was no cream; she and Coral had used up the milk last night. No matter—coffee and toast and jelly. There was no other breakfast material in the ice box, only a bowl of cold cooked onions, half a cream cheese, and some stale potato salad with its original garnish of red pepper strips mixed uninvitingly in with the wilted potatoes and mayonnaise.

"Even if Mayne comes out," Tamara thought, "I can't ask him to supper—there's absolutely nothing here. And the show's closed—the show's closed!"

Mayne did not telephone. The hours went by; still there was no Mayne, and no message from Mayne. Tamara had telephoned the hotel at eleven, to be told that Mr. Mallory had asked not to be disturbed. Again telephoning—even though every fiber of her being protested against the weakness of it!—at two, she had another message. Mr. Mallory had gone down to the country with friends.

Mr. Mallory had gone down to the country with friends. The words fell like a blow on Tamara's heart. He had gone down to Pete's at Los Altos, of course; they were all down there, housebound in the streaming rain, laughing about a fire, while good odors of wood smoke and cigarette smoke mingled with the smells from Adriana's dinner preparations in the kitchen. Oh, why should they leave her out—why should they be cruel to her—how could life be at once so deadly dull and so sharply painful?

Coral lay on her bed and sobbed, sniffled, sobbed again. Now and then she blew her nose, lay brooding, with a knitted brow, and burst into bitter denunciation of her recent admirer. "He and his Ada, I'll Ada *her!*" Coral muttered.

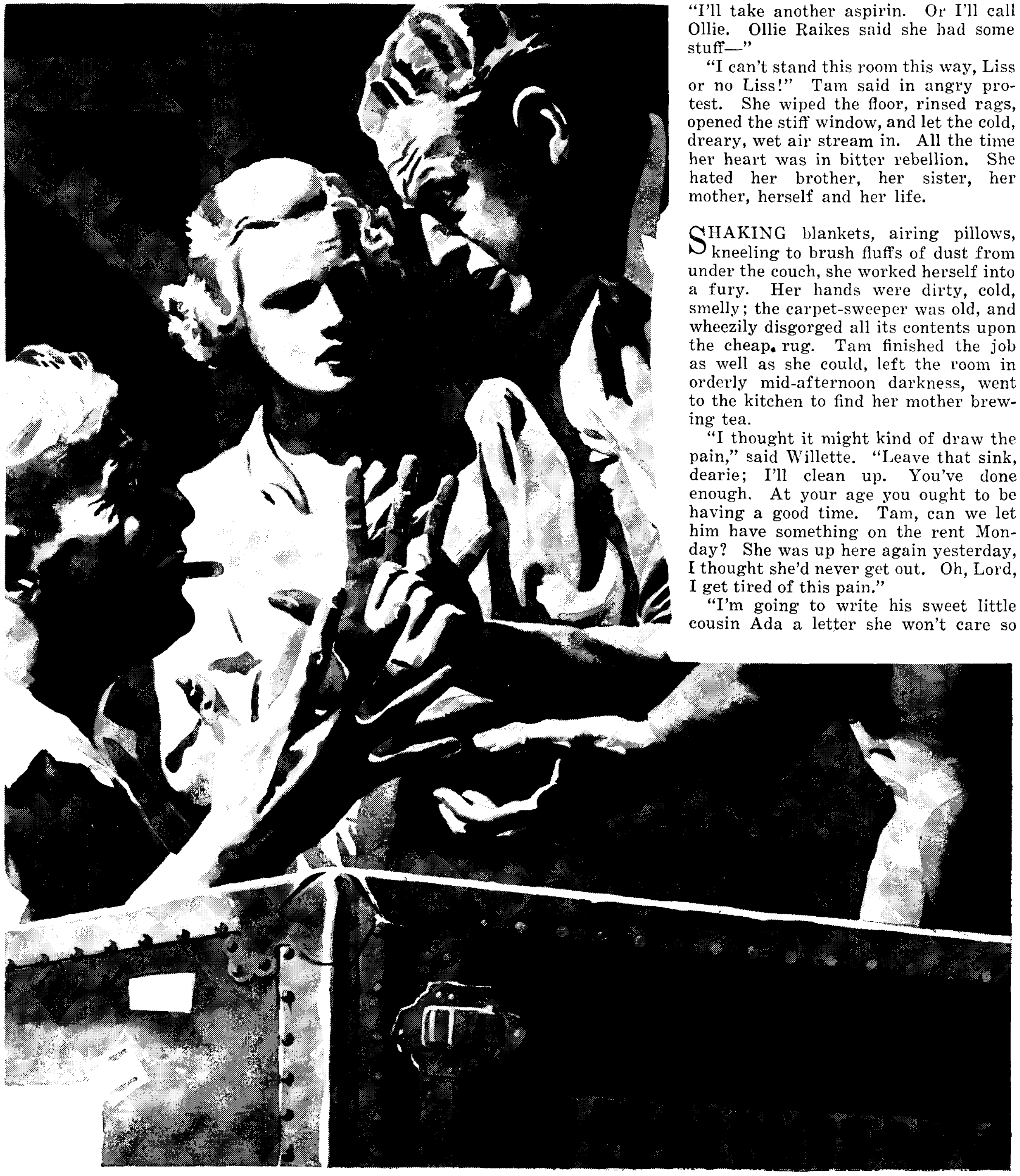
"Don't clean that room," Willette said of the parlor, coming to the doorway with her pudgy hand pressed against her bandaged cheek. "Liss'll be here tomorrow and she'll do it. You don't have to clean up after Lance. I believe," she added in an undertone, "I'll take another aspirin. Or I'll call Ollie. Ollie Raikes said she had some stuff—"

"I can't stand this room this way, Liss or no Liss!" Tam said in angry protest. She wiped the floor, rinsed rags, opened the stiff window, and let the cold, dreary, wet air stream in. All the time her heart was in bitter rebellion. She hated her brother, her sister, her mother, herself and her life.

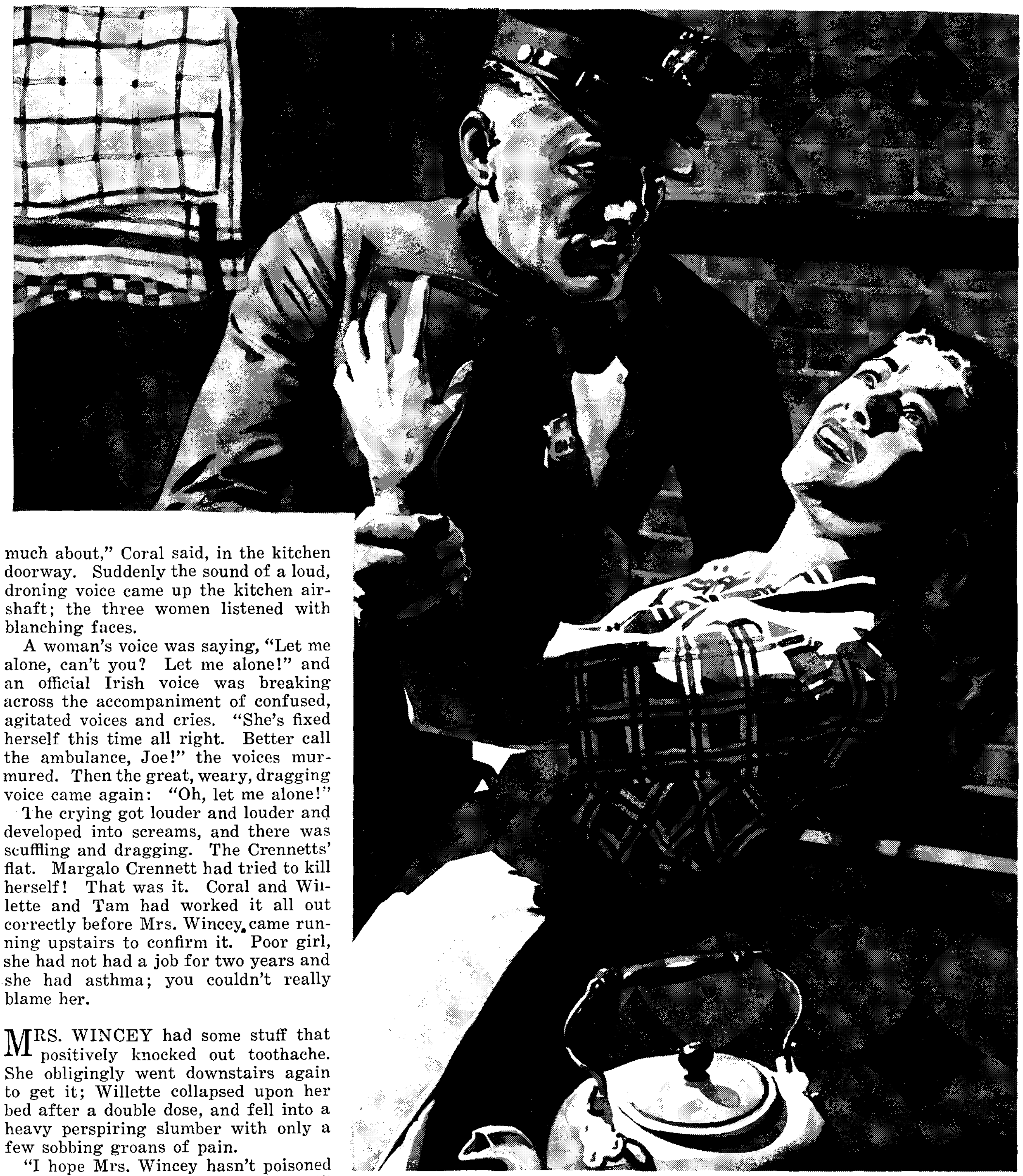
SHAKING blankets, airing pillows, kneeling to brush fluffs of dust from under the couch, she worked herself into a fury. Her hands were dirty, cold, smelly; the carpet-sweeper was old, and wheezily disgorged all its contents upon the cheap rug. Tam finished the job as well as she could, left the room in orderly mid-afternoon darkness, went to the kitchen to find her mother brewing tea.

"I thought it might kind of draw the pain," said Willette. "Leave that sink, dearie; I'll clean up. You've done enough. At your age you ought to be having a good time. Tam, can we let him have something on the rent Monday? She was up here again yesterday, I thought she'd never get out. Oh, Lord, I get tired of this pain."

"I'm going to write his sweet little cousin Ada a letter she won't care so



"I've hurt myself in the movies enough now, coming out with your picayune little company," Mayne had shouted



"She's fixed herself this time. Better call the ambulance, Joe!"

much about," Coral said, in the kitchen doorway. Suddenly the sound of a loud, droning voice came up the kitchen air-shaft; the three women listened with blanching faces.

A woman's voice was saying, "Let me alone, can't you? Let me alone!" and an official Irish voice was breaking across the accompaniment of confused, agitated voices and cries. "She's fixed herself this time all right. Better call the ambulance, Joe!" the voices murmured. Then the great, weary, dragging voice came again: "Oh, let me alone!"

The crying got louder and louder and developed into screams, and there was scuffling and dragging. The Crennetts' flat. Margalo Crennett had tried to kill herself! That was it. Coral and Willette and Tam had worked it all out correctly before Mrs. Wincey came running upstairs to confirm it. Poor girl, she had not had a job for two years and she had asthma; you couldn't really blame her.

MRS. WINCEY had some stuff that positively knocked out toothache. She obligingly went downstairs again to get it; Willette collapsed upon her bed after a double dose, and fell into a heavy perspiring slumber with only a few sobbing groans of pain.

"I hope Mrs. Wincey hasn't poisoned Mamma, after the Crennett girl thing!" Coral said nervously, as the early January dark shut down. She was dressing now, powdering her tear-reddened eyes and preparing to go out to dinner with a boy named Sherwood Spring. He was barely twenty, not through college yet, but his mother had a handsome home in Menlo Park, and they both made much of Coral. At five she was gone, and Willette was deep asleep. Tam was alone.

She got out some old packs of cards, went out to the kitchen table, began somberly to play Patience. Now and then the storm of her thoughts arrested her hands, and she hesitated over a red king, a black deuce. Then she went steadily on again, watching the cards, moving them to and fro. There was a game that somebody used to play—Aunt Tee used to play it with two packs, but Tamara could not exactly remember how it went. You laid out a king of each suit, and an ace of each suit, and then what did you do?

"Well, that's the most miraculous thing I ever saw!" Willette said in the doorway. The clock was striking seven. Tamara roused from a half-dream to a realization that she was sleepy, dirty, weary. "I don't see why I shouldn't go over to Kitty's tonight," Tam's mother said. "I phoned her I couldn't go but there isn't one speck of that pain left. I've not spent a night with Kitty for ever so long!"

"Oh, would you, Mamma? Out in this rain? It might all start up again!"

"What are all your friends doing today, Tam?"

"I don't know. I thought some of them would telephone, but nobody has. I think they're down at Pete's Los Altos place."

"Tam, I've got to have a taxi. Len'll bring me home tomorrow, but I can't walk even those five blocks in this downpour."

"I think there's about sixty cents there."

"I hate to take it, honey. But I'll see you get it back tomorrow. I always tell people we don't have to be afraid of socialism or communism or anything else here," Willette rambled on, reappearing from the bedroom after a moment's absence, and squeezing her fat, shapeless body into a gray old sodden corset that had once been flesh color. "If we don't live along socialist lines I don't know who does! I know I never have a cent of my own; everything goes into the family expenses. I thought you were going to take a bath, Tam?"

"I was. But there wasn't any hot water."

"Sunday every man in the house takes a bath," Willette said. "There's hot water now. Everyone's out at the movies."

"I'll clean up then."

"I don't know that there's one bit of soap. Maybe there's a piece slipped under the tub." Willette looked quite presentable now with her full, soft, voluptuous middle-aged face powdered and painted and her black lace with the old cotton poppy on the shoulder rustling over a silk slip. "Mae gave me this," she said. "I don't know where I'd be if it wasn't for the wonderful friends I have."

TAMARA was in the tub when her mother departed. She lay on in the healing, restful hot water, reading a magazine, resting her head luxuriously against the tub. The telephone rang.

Like a flash she was out of the water and had caught a limp, damp towel about her dripping body. The blessedness of it—the exquisite relief and joy of hearing Mayne's voice!

"Mayne, where are you?"

"At the hotel. Have you missed me? I tell you it's been three years since last night!"

"But I thought you were down at Pete's?"

"Pete's? Is the gang down there? It's the first I've heard of it."

"No, I don't suppose they are—I don't suppose they'd go down in this deluge. But when I didn't hear from you I thought you might be down there."

"Go down there without you, is that it?"

Her delicious, childish laugh broke out. It was good to laugh again.

"But where *have* you been?"

"Why, Berman was here, Tam. You know that. I had to talk to him practically all night; there were three of them up here, and today he asked me to go down to his married daughter's place in San José and eat fried chicken and hot biscuits. I'm just home. I came home on the train with seven hundred babies and a thousand kids!"

SHE was laughing again, joyfully.

"And now what are you doing?"

"What am I doing? Well, that's what I called up to ask you. Had your dinner?"

"No—o. I'm just out of a bath. In fact I'm not quite out."

"I see."

"Luckily you don't," said Tamara. "I'll tell you, Mayne—no, we can't either. We can't have dinner here, because all we've got is some boiled onions and half a cream cheese. But I'll tell you—"

"Nonsense, it isn't up to you," he said. "I'll be up in twenty minutes, and we'll go somewhere and have dinner."

"Oh, lovely!" said Tamara. "Oh, Mayne, what'll I do after Tuesday; I've nearly died today! I wish Feeney'd take me!"

"It's a rotten shame," he said. "But never mind, I'll come up and get you in a quarter of an hour."

"Okay, chief!" the girl sang rather than said. They laughed, twelve minutes later, to discover that in their eagerness to get together they had both lessened the time. Buttoned into her coat, with his arm under her elbow and her head lowered against the rain, Tamara laughed again as she ran from the downstairs doorway to the car. All the Sunday night world was twinkling with lights against blackness, and flashing with diamonds and lances of rain.

"Where are we dining?"

"Never you mind, gal. But your dinner's all ordered."

They went to his hotel. Tamara turned bright inquisitive eyes to his in the elevator.

"Forget something?"

"No. You're dining with me on this wet evening, Miss Todhunter. Afterward we can go downstairs and dance if we like—there's a program every Sunday evening."

"Oh, what fun, Mayne!" Tamara exclaimed, when they reached his softly lighted, warm, big rooms, to find a wood fire burning and two waiters noiselessly completing arrangements for dinner before the hearth. She went into his bedroom to spread her damp coat on the bed, peep at herself in his high dresser mirror. "Mayne, I'm washing my hands with your towels!" she called.

"Go ahead, dear, use anything you see!" he called back. When Tamara came out she hooped her fresh, clean hands over his face as he sat on the big blue davenport, and he caught the scent of sweet soap.

"You and I use the same tooth paste, Mayne."

"You've been in there and seen my fixings before, Tam."

"Yes, but only when there was a

(Continued on page 38)

"Tom telephones us every Wednesday evening"

When summer separates the family, keep in touch by telephone. *Talking* is next best to *seeing*. Regular voice-visits are a quick and easy cure for loneliness. They're inexpensive, too. After 8:30 P. M., for example, station-to-station rates are about 35c for 75 miles; 50c for 150 miles; 75c for 275 miles. Try it tonight.

"Hold the line, please!"

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Dance of the Sleeping Children," performed in Bali, is one of the world's strangest rituals. Before a large audience, several little-girl priestesses are made unconscious by a narcotic and then placed on their feet. Steadied by some uncanny power, they perform their dance in time with the music, moving all parts of their bodies except their feet, while in a complete trance.

Among the mysterious secrets of nature is the effect of war on the masculine birth rate. During and after a war, countries which have lost a large number of men almost invariably show an appreciable increase in male births.

Although blowouts cause frequent accidents to racing automobiles, drivers are seldom aware of punctures at very high speeds because tire expansion is maintained by centrifugal force exerted by the motion of the wheel.—*By Paul H. Hayward, Washington, D. C.*

One of the most delicate forms of life is the "crown animalcule," a species of Rotifera. This microscopic, fresh-water animal is so frail that it has been known to die from the infinitesimal shock caused by the click of the camera which is used to photograph it.

Slaves belonging to primitive peoples are often treated better than those in civilized countries. In various parts of Africa today, many dusky owners not only allow their slaves to own all kinds of real and personal property but even permit them to have slaves of their own.—*By A. W. Robertson, London, England.*

In the 19th century, a man in Scotland perfected a machine that was operated by mouse power. Running in revolving cages, the mice manufactured sewing thread, twisting and reeling twenty feet a day. The inventor was building a mill to use 10,000 mice when he died. Apparently he never realized the work involved in putting them in and taking them out of 10,000 cages each day.—*By W. T. Hogue, Denton, Texas.*

The Doll Theater has been a major amusement in Japan for 300 years. It possesses a thousand ballad-dramas, written in collaboration by 200 playwrights. Almost life-size, each doll is handled by three men who, dressed in black, hold it in their hands. Thus all movements have a precision and spontaneity which is not obtainable by cord manipulation. The dolls move their eyes, mouths and eyebrows, smoke, and "play" musical instruments with the orchestra.

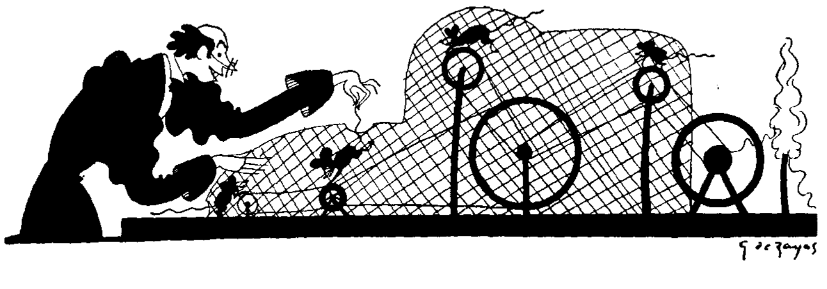
The Caucasian race is hypersensitive to a wide range of substances. At least ten per cent of it contracts asthma, hay fever, hives and eczema from eating certain foods such as eggs, milk and berries; by taking certain drugs such as quinine; and by inhaling such things as pollens, wood dust, animal dandruff, flour and talcum powder.

Several years ago, Ecuador wanted to perpetuate the memory of its poet Olmeda by a statue. As made-to-order statues were found to be expensive, it was decided to buy a discarded one. So the junk-yards of London were searched and a second-hand statue of Lord Byron was found and purchased. Today it stands in Guayaquil with "Olmeda" engraved on its base.

Various studies of dream phenomena made among college students as well as groups of older people reveal the fact that, in the majority of cases, unpleasant dreams occur twice as often as pleasant ones. The reason, it is believed, is that a large percentage of all dreams involve the element of frustrated effort.

Although the most complete series of fossil remains of horses have been found on the North and South American continents, no horses roamed this hemisphere from the Pleistocene or Glacial Period millions of years ago up to the 16th century when they were reintroduced by the Spaniards.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Jail Breaker

Continued from page 22

"No. It's her folks. Her father's a preacher and he's already had one very bad jolt."

"I see. I see." Mannion lowered his head. "There was a time when I was scared of the newspapers myself. That's how come I changed my name. You see, the old lady was funny that way. She had this honesty bug." Mannion thought for a while, then he said: "Well, if it was me, I'd handle it two ways. One or the other, I mean. I'd bump these guys or snatch 'em."

"Kidnap them, you mean?"

"That's what they call it. We call it a snatch. It's a racket that don't appeal to me. It's a dumb guy's racket. My old friend, Bugs Martin, is a snatch artist. He would be." Mannion laughed. "Well, he's heading for the last round-up."

"I wasn't so far off then on part of it, was I?"

"You hit the bull's-eye. Well, Jonesy, if you can't snatch these guys and you won't bump them, you're up a tree. Think it over."

JONES leaned back in his chair and thought it over. Mannion was right in regard to the reaction of Carey and Healy. They'd forget all about the election. Mannion was a national issue.

"Of course," said Mannion, speaking slowly, "we could swap with them."

"Swap?"

"Sure. Story for story. I got more stories up my sleeve than a magician has rabbits. What do you think them news rats would give for an exclusive on the Doanville bank robbery?"

Jones sat up.

"Yes? What else?"

"Plenty. Plenty. Only you don't know the stories."

"You do."

Mannion started slightly and stared at Jones, then a grin began to spread over his face. He leaped off the bed and began to pace up and down.

"I'll do it. When they get here, you hide in the bathroom. I'll give 'em a good scare to start off with, then we'll swap stories. Here's where it ain't so good. You can't trust them guys, see? But I'll take care of that." Mannion laughed. "I like this. I ain't had so much fun for years. Oh, wait till you see the pans on them news rats, and wait till I break all them stories. Jonesy, I'm selling out, anyway. Going to Mexico. It's a cinch. I'd be there now if it wasn't for a little unfinished business. What a headline! . . ."

Carey and Healey came in at the appointed time, bringing a strong reek of beer. Healy slapped Mannion on the back. Jones, in the bathroom, heard their hearty voices.

"Hello, Jonesy, old boy, are we late?" Carey laughed.

"I feel like one of the murderers in Macbeth. I'm here for no good. We really ought to have some thunder and lightning. Dirty weather for dirty work."

"You're very funny," said Mannion. "Sit down."

There was a sudden silence. Healy and Carey looked at each other, wondering. Then they sat down. Mannion was still in the shadows.

Healy laughed uneasily.

"Jonesy, old boy," he said, "what you been doing to your voice? Have you caught one of those nice winter colds?"

"My mother forgot to have my tonsils yanked when I was a kid and I been having trouble ever since."

There was another silence. Then Carey said:

"Healy, my friend, I've got a feeling. . . ."

"I wonder what the Greek put in that beer!" Healy interposed. "Say, Jones, what is this, anyway?"

Mannion said nothing. In a moment he sat down in the armchair. The light was full on him. Healy gasped.

"Mannion!" he cried, his voice trembling.

"Listen," said Mannion, "you mugs better be quiet. You look like ducks in a shooting gallery and I never could pass up ducks."

"Good God!" cried Healy and fell back into his chair. "Sit down, Carey. Looks like we're in for it." Then he slapped his forehead. "Now I know where Jones got all that new stuff."

Carey sat down but kept his eyes fixed on Mannion.

"Boys," said Mannion, "I understand you been bothering my pal Arthur's girl friend. It won't do, see, it won't do." Jumping to his feet, he pulled out the automatic.

Carey and Healy both started up. Healy extended his hands, palms out.

"Wait a minute now! Wait a minute."

"Sit down. Can't you get nothing through your thick heads? Ain't I just told you I can't resist ducks?"

They sat down. Mannion indicated the gun.

"A forty-five. It will tear a barn door wide open. See this little gadget? It's a muzzle. This dog don't even bark, but it bites. I was thinking it over before you guys came and I says to myself: 'If you'd happen to get sore and bump them guys you'd jolt everybody in the neighborhood.' So I slips on the muzzle. If you guys make me sore, I'll just point my finger at you, like this. See?" Mannion raised the gun high and pulled the trigger. There was a faint metallic sound, then the pitcher on the mantel fell with a crash and a hole three inches wide appeared in the wall. "Simple, ain't it?"

CAREY and Healy both leaped off their chairs and stood staring, thunderstruck, at the broken pitcher and the hole in the wall. Jones came out of the bathroom and without speaking sat down on the bed.

"H . . . Hello, Jones," said Healy. "I sure am glad to see you."

Carey smiled weakly.

"Your brother here was just giving us a little . . ."

"Shut up," said Mannion. "Sit down."

They sat. Mannion slipped the gun down inside the waistband of his trousers, then he held up his hand.

"Now, boys, listen. You guys been good to me all over the country and I got kind of a soft spot for you; newspaper guys, I mean. I know what you're up against. You got to have front-page stuff. All right. But we'll just forget all about Arthur's girl friend, won't we? It wouldn't be healthy to use that story now, would it?"

"No," said Healy and Carey.

"Now you boys wouldn't kid me, would you?"

"I should say not," said Healy.

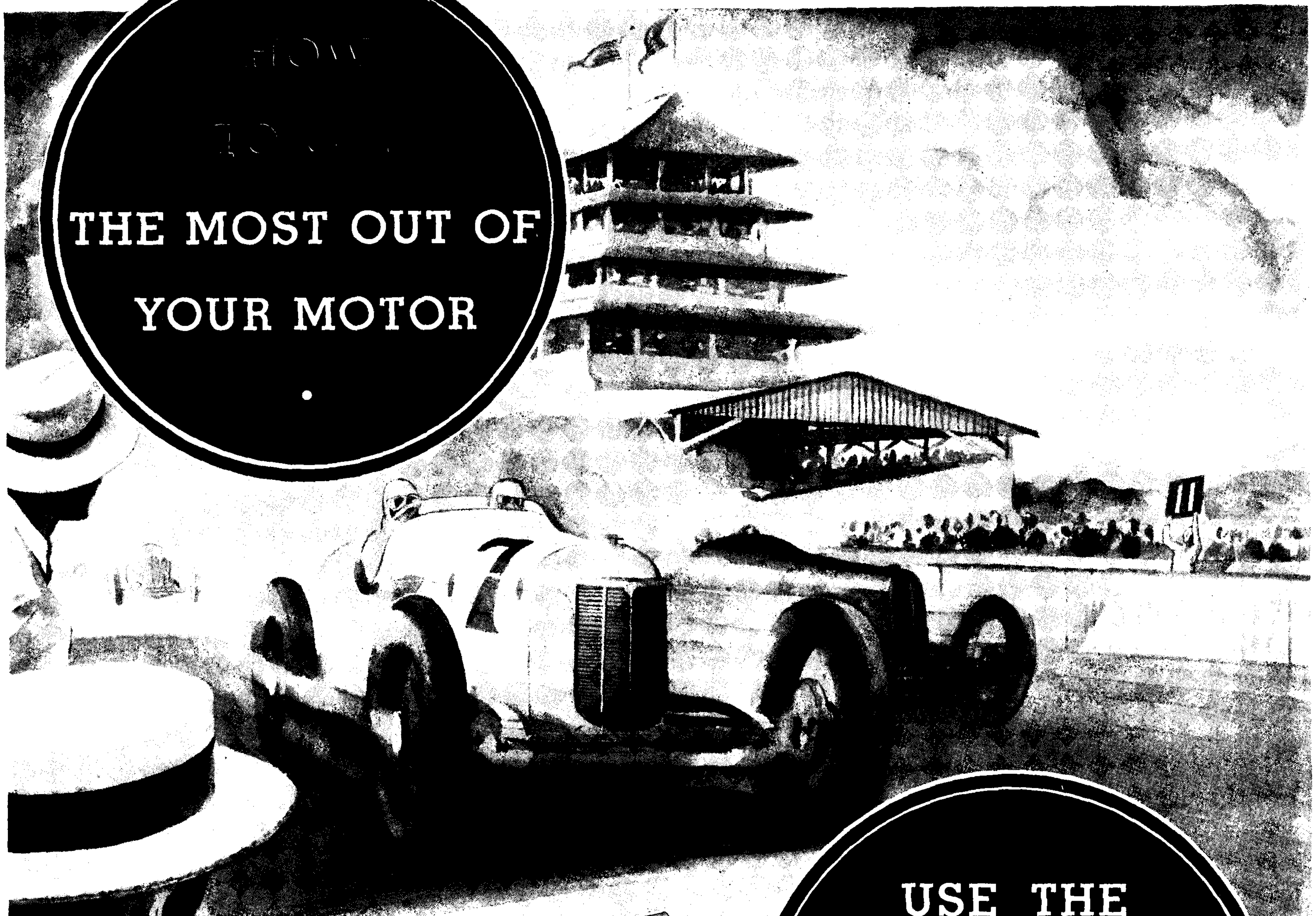
"All right. We'll just forget all about that story. It ain't so hot, anyway. An election is just another election. One cluck or the other gets in and what have we got? Magnolia. All right. How would you birds like to have some real stories?"

"For instance," said Carey, leaning forward.

"How about the Doanville business?"

(Continued on page 30)

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR MOTOR



USE THE SPARK PLUGS CHAMPIONS USE

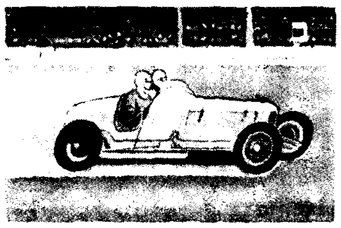
GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SP
CHAMPION
U.S.PAT.OFF

The recent Indianapolis 500 Mile Race provides a perfect example of how to get the most out of your motor. Every entrant was obviously intent on getting maximum power, speed, acceleration, dependability and most of all economy, and Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs were used exclusively. The gasoline restriction of 45 gallons per car imposed terrific strain on spark plugs yet all cars performed perfectly on Champions. This made eleven consecutive years this great race has been won with Champions. To get the most out of your motor use the spark plugs champions use. To maintain maximum performance and economy, change spark plugs every 10,000 miles.

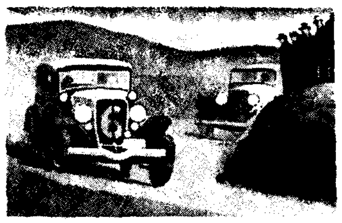
See Champion Spark Plugs made from the raw sillimanite ore through processing, forming of insulators, assembling and testing, in the great Ford Motor Company exhibit at the Century of Progress.

CHAMPION
EXTRA-RANGE SPARK PLUGS

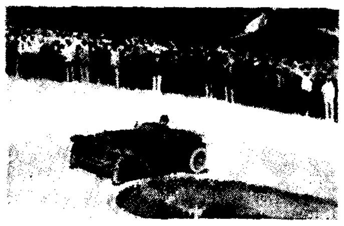
INDIANAPOLIS—*Bill Cummings, winner of the Indianapolis 500 Mile Race, set a new track record of 104.865 m.p.h. in his Champion equipped Boyle Products Special. Champion Spark Plugs were used exclusively in this race.*



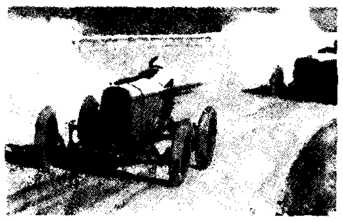
INDIANAPOLIS—*In the qualifying trials for the Indianapolis 500 Mile Race, Kelly Petillo, driving a Champion equipped Red Lion Special, set two new track records for two man, rear drive cars, averaging 119.329 m.p.h.*



MEXICO CITY—*An Auburn "12" equipped with Champions, won the Mexico City-Puebla-Tehuacan race, establishing a new record over one of the most difficult mountain roads in Mexico, involving over 60 hair-pin turns.*



ITALY—*The Grand Prix Parma (Poggio Diberceto), a combination road race and hill climb over hazardous mountain turns, was won by Barbieri in a Champion equipped Alfa-Romeo.*



ALTAMONT, N. Y.—*Lloyd Vieaux set a new track record of 29 seconds flat here over a half mile circuit. Vieaux drove a Champion equipped Cragar Special, winning every event he entered, including the feature race.*

ONE LOOK MAKES YOU WANT IT..
ONE RIDE PROVES YOU'RE RIGHT!

Six Cylinder 4-Door Sedan

A BIG, ROOMY GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

OLDSMOBILE $650 *and up*

BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY

let 'em all ride in the only low-price car with *all* these features

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Slight pedal pressure brings quick, smooth, safe stop, without jerk or jar. Braking on all four wheels always equalized. Self-energizing—momentum of car increases stopping power.

KNEE-ACTION WHEELS—No more jouncing on uneven roads. Wheels "walk" over bumps while car remains level. Back seat as easy-riding as front. Your ride becomes a glide—and is safer as well as smoother.

CENTER-CONTROL STEERING—No effort to keep an Oldsmobile on its course, even in gravel. Shimmy and "wheel fight" are gone; road shocks no longer transmitted to your hands from the steering wheel.

RIDE STABILIZER—Keeps the car always in balance. Going around curves you needn't reach for the straps, for roll and sidesway are gone. Passengers are always relaxed and comfortable.

SILENT IN ALL GEARS—Even in "first" and "reverse," Oldsmobile's Syncro-Mesh Transmission is quiet. No clashing or grinding of gears. No effort to shift gears in an Oldsmobile.

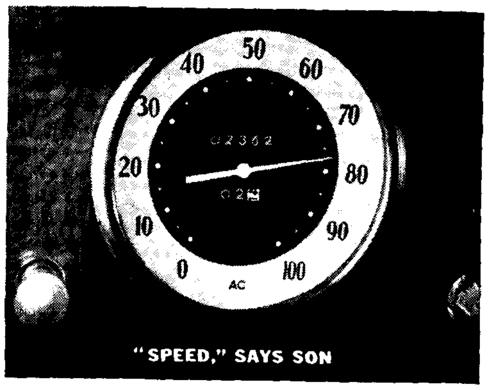
FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—Makes driving pleasant in any kind of weather. Scoops in plenty of cool, refreshing air in summer . . . gives perfect ventilation without drafts in winter.

AND—Fisher Body, strongest known, with air-stream styling . . . safety glass windshield and ventilators . . . X-type safety frame . . . double-action hydraulic shock-absorbers, front and rear . . . coordinated starter and throttle . . . full-pressure lubrication, even to piston pins . . . electro-plated pistons . . . vibrationless rubber cradling of engine . . . Horsepower: the Six, 84; the Eight, 90. Actual speeds of 77 and 82 m.p.h. . . . Overall length, 189½", 197¾". . . Licensing weight of four-door Sedan . . . the Six, 3100 lbs. . . . the Eight, 3470 lbs.

Sixes $650 and up, Eights $885 and up, list prices at Lansing subject to change without notice. Spare tire with lock, metal tire cover, bumpers front and rear, and rear spring covers built in all cars at extra cost.

"COMFORT AND SAFETY," SAYS MOTHER

"STYLE," SAYS DAUGHTER



"SPEED," SAYS SON

$650 and up
LIST AT LANSING

"AND I LIKE THE PRICE," SAYS FATHER

Jail Breaker

Continued from page 26

“We been praying for it,” said Carey.

The noise in the Blue Goose was deafening; horns blew, people laughed and shouted, and a big radio on the balcony was going full blast.

Jones, Dorothy and Carey were sitting in one of the wall booths, eating a late supper. They had been to a big revue at the Hartmann Theatre and were feeling very gay. Carey was all smiles and politeness, very solicitous in regard to Dorothy, who glanced at him ironically from time to time. Jones even drank a cocktail; it burned like fire and made him sweat, so he refused a second.

Carey was beaming.

“Well, well,” he cried, “what a night! What a night! If I live to be a hundred I'll never get another kick like this. Listen, I'm famous. The old Trib is famous. Dead Pan, the editor, says to me this afternoon: ‘Lew, if I was a Frenchman I'd kiss you. What do you want? Name something.’ So I says: ‘Four passes to the Vanities.’ Too bad old Healy couldn't go. He's famous now, too, the heel! That's what comes of hanging on to my coat tails.”

Jones smiled.

“I never saw anything like it. Nobody talks about anything except the Mannion stories in the Tribune and Journal.”

“And how about the topper! I says to Dead Pan, ‘Get yourself a headline ready. Bugs Martin bumped.’ Of course, Bugs had to cross us up and live. By the way, he's still living, isn't he? I haven't seen a paper since we came out of the theater. Excuse me. I'll see if there's a new edition.”

WHEN Carey had gone, Jones turned to Dorothy.

“Happy?”

“Yes. Isn't Carey jumping around nicely?”

Jones laughed.

“He thinks Mannion is my brother.”

“How awful!”

“But how funny. Even Healy isn't too sure.”

“You must tell them, Arthur.”

“I have, repeatedly.”

She laughed.

“This is too much.”

Jones looked at his watch.

“I wonder what's keeping Healy. And I wonder what his surprise is.”

“I'm not curious.”

There was something about the way she spoke that made him turn.

She put her hand on his arm.

“I don't care if Healy never comes, and I hope Carey gets lost.”

“Why?”

She shook her head.

“You're hopeless.”

“Am I?”

“Yes. I'm trying to say that I'd prefer being alone with you.”

“I'm glad.”

“Everything is coming out nicely, isn't it? Now if poor old J. G. can only elect that governor of his.”

“It's all one to me.”

“Well, J. G. has been very nice to me, even if I did do all of his work.”

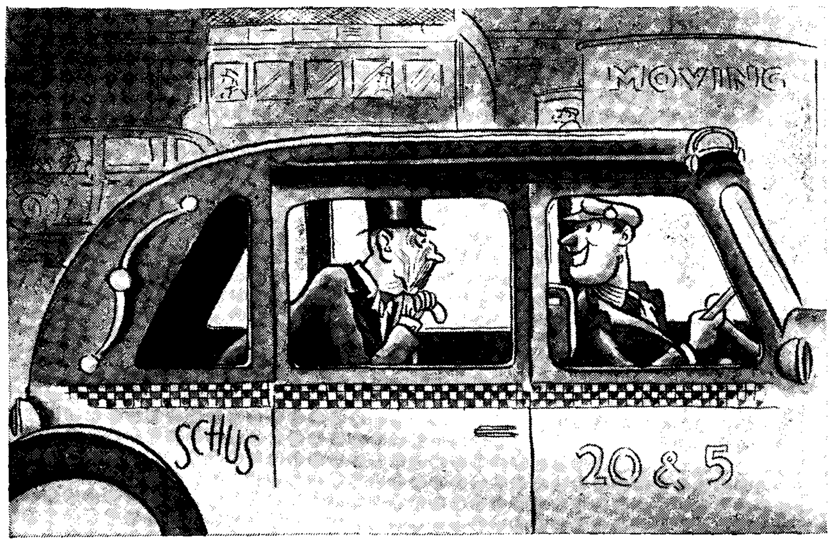
“What will he do without you?”

“If he loses the election he won't have to worry about that. He'll be the first one fired.”

When Carey came back, Jones and Dorothy were holding hands under the table. Carey spread out the paper.

“Listen. ‘Police Surgeon Willis says that Bugs Martin will recover . . . outlying districts combed for Mannion, though it is reliably reported that Mannion has not been near Midland City, the Tribune and the Journal to the contrary notwithstanding.’ That's one in the nose for us. Oh, are the evening papers burning up! Listen: ‘Bugs Martin was shot with a silenced gun. Inspector Hughes claims that it was not the work of Mannion, but is probably the work of some of Bugs Martin's local enemies. The Inspector states that Mannion is a braggart killer with the mind of a child and that he likes to hear a gun go off.’ Brilliant, eh?”

CAREY glanced at Jones uneasily, then cleared his throat and went on. “ ‘Mannion was partially identified by a filling-station attendant on the outskirts of San Bernardino, California, two days ago. Authorities there are pretty sure that Mannion is in hiding some place in the hills. If so, the veracity of two of our local papers. . . .’ Et cetera. They can't take it. How about this? ‘Lewis Carey of the Tribune and Ben Trafford Healy of the Journal are to be called as witnesses at the Grand Jury investigation of the shooting of Bugs Martin. Irresponsible journalism. . . .’ More et cetera. And in case you're interested: It looks very much as if our old friend, the governor, would be reëlected.”



“Whatsa matter—a dame?” ADOLPH SCHUS

While they were talking, Healy ushered a small, extremely well-dressed man through the crowded restaurant.

“Surprise!” he cried, and they all looked up.

The little man smiled and bowed slightly.

“Children,” said Healy, “let me introduce Mr. Austeen, the New York representative of Pacific Pictures, Incorporated.”

“This is Mr. Jones, I can see,” said Austeen, sitting down. “Well, well, it's a pleasure.”

Healy laughed and sat down. Miss Wicklow and Carey were introduced, then Austeen said:

“My good friend, Sid Low, got in touch with me about you, Mr. Jones, so I jumped on a plane and came out. Mr. Healy read your contract. He likes it.”

“It's a lulu,” said Healy. “All you have to do is sign on the dotted line.”

Jones cleared his throat. He felt Dorothy's eyes on him.

“I don't have to do any acting, do I?”

Healy roared. Carey and Austeen stared.

“Acting?” gasped Austeen. “No, of course not. Why do you say that?”

Healy interposed.

“I was ribbing him and he took it seriously.”

“Oh,” Austeen glanced keenly at Jones, trying to figure him out. Jones was nothing like he'd thought he would be. He had expected something more like Healy. Jones seemed a very reserved and dignified young man. “No,” he said at last, smiling, “we have plenty of actors. Would you like to glance at the contract here or shall we go some place where it's quiet?”

“Let's stay here,” cried Healy. “We got celebrating to do. How about an old-fashioned, Mr. Austeen? Best varnish you ever tasted.”

“All right, as long as Mr. Jones wants to stay.”

“Certainly,” said Jones. “We'll stay.”

“Read your contract, Arthur,” said Dorothy. “Or let me read it.”

Jones handed it to her. Carey glanced momentarily at Healy. His glance said: “Smart boy, Jonesy, to pick him a gal like this.”

“Five hundred a week,” said Dorothy, staring.

Jones gasped and sat stunned. Austeen looked at them apprehensively. His company had told him to go as high as seven hundred and fifty. Whatever he could save them was all to his credit.

“You see,” he said, “you'll be new to Hollywood. We're taking a chance on you.”

Jones' head began to go round and round. There was a dead silence. Finally Dorothy spoke up:

“We get our expenses out, of course.”

Jones stared at her. Austeen smiled.

“We?”

“Y . . . yes,” said Jones, “Dorothy and I are getting married tomorrow.”

“Congratulations,” cried Healy. “That calls for a drink. Sweetheart!” A waitress came pushing her way through the crowd. “How about you, Carey? I know the answer to that. Mr. Austeen? He's from New York. I know the answer. Healy? All present or accounted for. Three of the same, love.”

“I think we can arrange those expenses,” said Austeen. He glanced at Dorothy, whose face was impassive. “In fact, Mrs. Jones-to-be, I'm sure we can.”

THERE was really no reason why Jones should stop at his room on the way to the train but he had explained to Dorothy that he had forgotten a manuscript. He left her waiting in the taxi and climbed the stairs. His door was open. A workman was squatting in the middle of the floor, packing up his books. Nell, with a towel round her head and a broom in her hand, was watching.

Jones had had to leave for Hollywood sooner than he expected, so he had made arrangements with Mrs. Crosby to have his books and pictures packed and stored away till he sent for them. Nothing else in the room belonged to him.

“How do, Mr. Jones?” said Nell, grinning. “We thought you'd gone.”

“I'm on my way. I . . . I forgot something.”

“Is your wife downstairs?”

“Yes. She's in a taxi outside.”

“Oh, my gosh,” cried Nell, making a dash for the door, “I got to take a look at her.”

The workman glanced up and grinned.

“Ain't women awful?” he said.

JONES smiled, then he stood looking around the room. Taking a step forward he caught sight of his image in the full-length mirror of the wardrobe. It was not the image of Arthur Jones, statistical clerk, with frayed shirt cuffs and an apologetic air. It was the image of a fortunate young man with steady eyes and a well-tailored suit. Jones turned away. Something about the image annoyed him.

He began to look aimlessly through the books that remained on the shelf. Many of them he had read three or four times, during those long, lonely evenings when no one had the slightest interest in him. There was Le Rouge et le Noir, and Lost Illusions and Salammbo, and Lord Jim, and Mérimée's short stories, The Wickerwork Woman, and The Golden Age. He stood looking at these worn volumes for a long time, then he slipped The Golden Age into his coat pocket and turned. Would he ever see this room again? Probably not.

He stared at the room so long that it became strange to him. He had never before realized how small it was. Very strange! He had spent the best years of his life there and had never felt constricted. Fifteen by ten, probably. A whole epoch compressed into such a small space. These four walls had seen him lose confidence in himself and change from a heaven-storming young man to a somewhat embittered clerk, resigned to his fate. They had also seen him working night after night over manuscripts which nobody would ever read. They had seen him come in of an evening with the rejected manuscript in his hand, ready to give up the whole business, and they had seen him set to work again.

Now he was a “success”; they would not see him any more. The shelves would be taken down; the pictures carted away. Someone else could struggle between these four walls. Jones wished him luck.

THE workman turned from the shelves with an armload of books, one of which he dropped. It fell on its back and sprang open. Jones picked it up. It was Frank Harris' The Man Shakespeare, open at page 311. Jones glanced at it and read:

O infinite virtue! Com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Jones put the book down and went out. The workman stared after him.

No, decidedly. He would never come smiling and uncaught. Arthur Jones, machine-gun author, on his way to Hollywood.

When he got in the taxi Dorothy said:

“Well, did you find it?”

Jones stammered.

“No, I . . .”

“Just saying goodby, weren't you? I'm beginning to understand you a little. You are really a very nice boy.”

Jones kissed her. The taxi moved off. He did not look back once.

THE END

HORSEPOWER

NOW, Noth

at its

[illegible]

THE NEWEST BUICK $795

AND UP — List Prices at Flint, Mich.

The Same Old Demon

Continued from page 13

produced by the same distillery from the same type of materials and as a part of the same season's distillation. A blended whisky is any mixture of one or more straight whiskies, or of one or more straight whiskies with neutral spirits, provided the neutral spirits do not constitute more than eighty per cent of the blend. Spirits whisky is any mixture of one or more straight whiskies and neutral spirits containing less than twenty per cent whisky and more than five per cent. What imitation whisky is, you already know. And to clean the subject up, neutral spirits are just pure grain alcohol.

Most of the whisky you buy, legal and illegal, is blended stuff, straight whisky being a bit too heroic for the average palate. Before prohibition seventy-five per cent of the whisky sold in the United States was blended. The percentage is much higher now and the reason is not wholly one of taste. Straight whisky should be aged or matured by one process or another before it can be taken internally with a minimum of immediate disaster to the health.

Obviously we haven't had time to age our whisky; not that that made much difference to us in the fourteen years just gone. So we now blend brand-new whisky with whisky that is a trifle less brand-new and take the edge off the combination by adding neutral spirits, or grain alcohol that has been refined to a smoothness which it imparts to the fused raw liquors.

It's Easy to Copy Labels

When presently it became apparent that repeal merely reorganized the moonshine and bootleg crafts instead of obliterating them, the government did what it could with additional legislation and regulation. It made stipulations about labels and what should be printed thereon. This, as anybody can understand, was somewhat naïve, inasmuch as it was quite simple for the lawless to counterfeit labels and copy the printed word. Owing perhaps to the economic distress still in evidence in many parts of the country, there were more people than ever willing to take a flyer at illicit manufacture and peddling.

The government and the distillers were as one in cherishing the delusion that, now that prohibition was no longer a part of our law, the general public would be glad to shun the bootlegger and positively overjoyed to turn him over to the nearest constable.

In this, alas, they had overlooked one of the important social aspects of bootlegging. In fourteen years the bootlegger had achieved a considerably higher social standing than he had ever hoped to attain before 1919.

We were no longer quick to judge the bootlegger (who might have gone through college and everything) and were even less eager to turn him over to the government or the distillers' investigators after repeal. Therefore the government and the distillers reaped little encouragement from that source, this being particularly true when the government began to suspect, and should be about ready to verify, that several of our 400 licensed distillers and 509 rectifiers were not above demonstrating that they were doing a bit of crooked work themselves.

Some of the whisky, brandy and rum these distillers turned out did not go into legitimate trade directly at all, but by a circuitous route. It went first to Party Number Two, a completely illegal party who mixed this lawfully distilled stuff with whisky bought from Party Number Three, who made no pretenses of being more than a grimy moonshiner with an evil odor. That done (a hundred gallons of legally made liquor becoming 5,000 gallons of spirits whisky) it passed on to Party Number Four, who was a wholesale liquor dealer, with or without a permit. And there you are. And thus the government began to lose faith in some of the legal liquor fellows.

Jail Doesn't Scare Them

Without going further into such a dispiriting subject one may readily see that something stronger and more persuasive than gentlemanly coöperation was required in the battle against the bootlegger. Particularly with so few warranted gentlemen taking part. And threats of jail were of no avail whatever, the true bootlegger and moonshiner regarding jail as a restful refuge and one of the several places where one may make a few liquor experiments without being caught. Therefore the government has gone after the bottles.

"Philbert says think fast—do you know anything about machinery?"

FRANK OWEN

You have probably read about the bottle business in your newspapers, so we shan't repeat too much here. But the government men had learned that of the forty-two bottle plants in the country ten of them steadfastly refused to look into the characters of their clients and made it painfully clear that they would sell a bottle or ten thousand bottles to any man who had the price thereof. What he did with them thereafter, they said, was none of the manufacturer's affair, be it filling them with whisky or throwing them into the air for Junior to shoot at. Moreover, these manufacturers saw no evil in making any kind of a bottle anybody ordered.

If you went to one of these ten and said you wanted a hundred thousand like the sample you had in your hand, the manufacturer did not ask you what you were doing with that Old Uncle Hokum flask to which still adhered the Old Uncle Hokum label. He merely thanked you politely for your order and hurried back into the works to blow up a hundred thousand Old Uncle Hokum bottles for you by next Monday noon. And it's likely that he even returned the sample bottle because he wouldn't for the world hold out on you. I would hate to be called upon to prove it, but I am taking the word of several calm government officials that this forged-bottle business was rapidly approaching the ten-million-dollar stage.

Illicitly manufacturing hard liquor was no trick at all, as everybody knows. In the official confessions of a manufacturer of small stills for home use we have it that at least 22,000,000 of them (five- to fifteen-gallon capacity) were sold between 1925 and 1930. And probably many more. But the point is that as a nation we had learned other uses for prunes, grapes, apples, peaches, persimmons and cherries. Right harsh, some of it—particularly that persimmon beer—but effective.

The major trouble the post-repeal commercial moonshiner had was with bottles—getting them. Gone was the day when you could deliver your stuff in demijohns. The fickle populace was no longer willing to pay regular whisky prices for demijohn stuff anyway, insisting on being deceived and willing to pay regular store prices for the privilege; therefore the real money was in bottled goods, bottled with an impressive label and guess what inside.

A Racket at Racket Prices

To get these bottles less expensively than trafficking with a bottle blower was not a problem of brain-splitting proportions. One had to think but meagerly to arrive at the conclusion that the original purchaser bought the bottle to drink its contents. When that bottle was empty it was more than likely to suffer the fate of all things that have been drained of their contents—cast out. Therefore, it was but necessary to make dickers with department house janitors, housemaids and retailers and, more important than all, with hotels and restaurants. Before passing on we might remind you that many retailers soon grasped the idea and began refilling empty returns in their own interests, affixing a nice clean new label purchased for a hundred dollars a thousand (this being a racket at racket prices) and putting the bottle back into circulation again at the same old price, the profits being quite superior.

In what amounts to no time at all the second-hand bottle business was a $15,000,000 industry. Some of our very best hotels lent it dignity by making official dickers with the bottle buyers. At least one of America's grandest inns got $500 a week for its empty bottles. I am assured in Washington that you are going to hear more about this in time. And there is another hotel, quite as magnificent, that not only charged a poor bottle collector from $1,500 to $2,000 a month for carrying off the empties but held quite a few back, filling them with bootleg liquor at night while the customers were sleeping off the effects of yesterday's fillings.

Some of the distillers knew that this was going on; the government knew it. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that something should be done about it. And while we do not like to appear childish, we can't help wondering why something stern hasn't been already done. For example, the government has a sample complaint from a reputable gentleman that he and two companions called for a well-known whisky in a large hotel that caters only to those able to pay generously for high-minded depravity. At the behest of the gentleman, the waiter brought the bottle to their table. It was three quarters full, a condition they altered by reducing it to within an inch of the bottom. Feeling a bit light-hearted and lusting for experiment, they marked the bottle at the reduced whisky level. They also marked it for identification. They departed, returning within an hour and called upon the same waiter to fetch them more of the same. Luck was theirs. They got the same bottle—and it was again three quarters full.

"This," I said to the official relating the story, "is probably more or less common, even in the haunts of the upper classes."

"I cannot deny it," said he.

"Why, then," I asked, "isn't something disagreeable done about it?"

"Wait," said he ominously. Or was it hopefully?

Controlling the Bottle-Maker

While we're waiting, let's consider what the government aims to do about those bottles. The Treasury Department now insists—or is about to insist—that the distillers and rectifiers adopt designs for the bottles in which the brand of liquor they will hold shall be blown into the glass. They will demand of the distiller and the rectifier or any legitimate bottler that he report to Washington the number of bottles purchased and sent forth. The bottle-maker, too, will be controlled. He must report the number of bottles he makes and who bought them. Both bottle-maker and bottle-filler will be held to strict accountability.

But we shall still have empty bottles. Whether the whisky is salubrious or lethal it will be consumed and when it is consumed you have an empty bottle. Personally, I have never known a bootlegger or a moonshiner who had such reverence for any bottle that he wouldn't fill it with whatever he had handy. And sell it too. Quite crude, ruthless and unsympathetic men. Moreover, I have heard nothing about the invention of a bottle which when emptied will patriotically disintegrate.

Under our system of government, or governments, it is downright impossible, they tell me, to have any uniform plan of liquor distribution. And that's too bad. In a uniform system of distribution and dispensing, life for the moonshiner and bootlegger, to say nothing of the crooked distiller and the utterly conscienceless wholesaler, would be far less joyous. It is all very well for the government to say that if you are in the

(Continued on page 34)

THE NEW FORD V·8 TRUCK

saves you money and serves you well

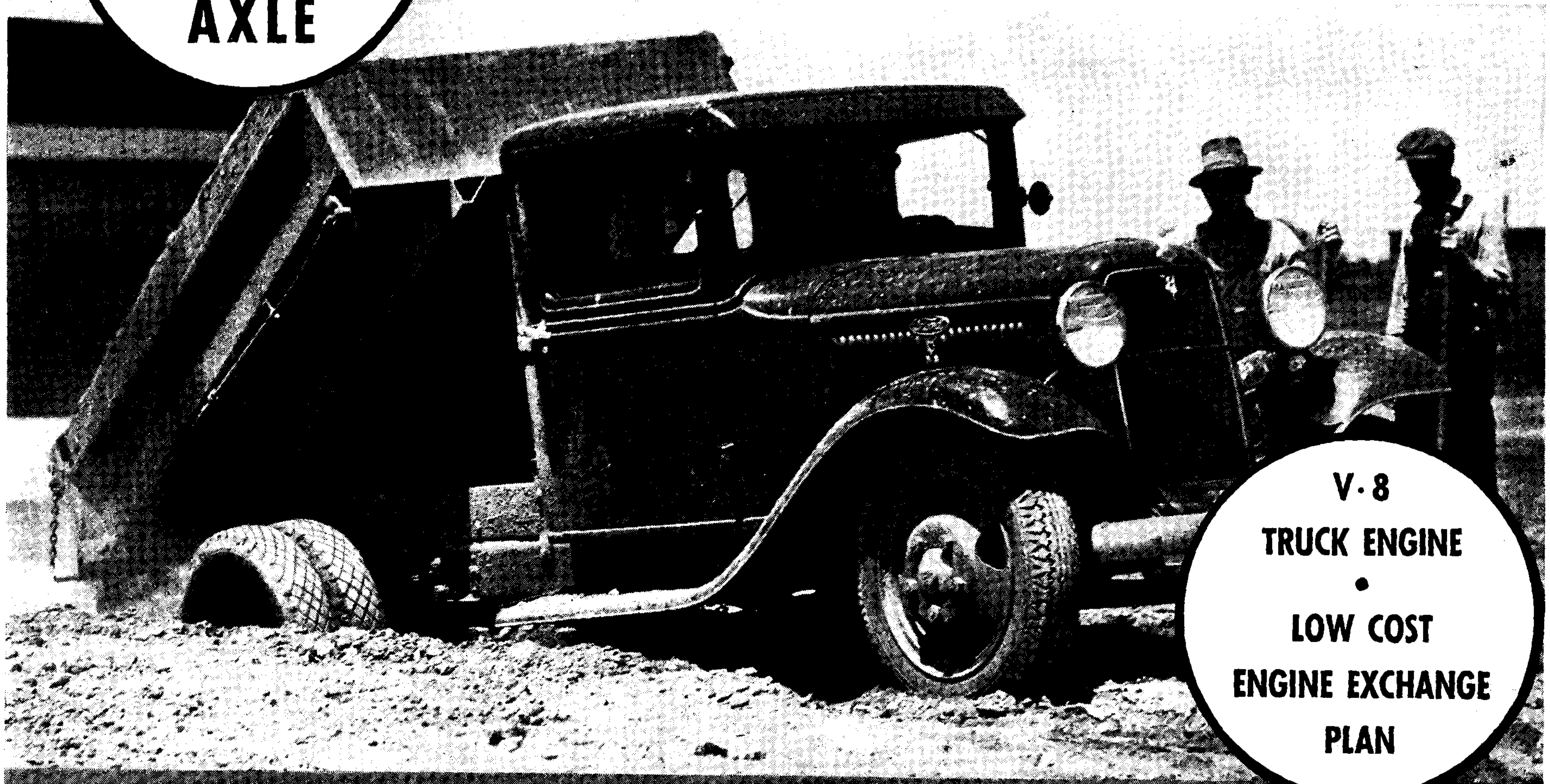
THE very day you buy a New Ford V-8 Truck, you start saving money. No truck in America sells for a lower price. But that's only the start of your savings.

From that day on, you save and save and SAVE! Its 80-horsepower V-8 truck engine uses no more fuel than a "four." With its dual carburetor it wrings more power out of every drop of gasoline than any other Ford Truck engine ever built. Valve seat inserts make valve grindings rarely necessary. New heavy-duty copper-lead connecting-rod bearings are designed to stand up under the most severe service. Water-jackets extend the full length of the cylinders and cool the upper part of the crankcase, keeping engine and oil at efficient operating temperatures all the year 'round.

But no engine will run forever. Some day, after many thousands of miles of economical service, even the V-8 will need overhauling. When that day comes you can save a big repair bill and the loss of the use of your truck by having a block-tested, factory-reconditioned engine installed in just a few hours, and for much less than the cost of an overhaul job.

This New Ford V-8 Truck is not only built to save you money, but also to serve you well. That's why it has a full-floating rear axle. The axle housing carries the load. The axle shafts have nothing to do but turn the wheels. All driving and braking thrusts are transmitted through FULL torque-tube drive and radius-rods. The springs are free to perform their intended function of cushioning the load against road shocks.

"That must be SOME truck," you say. Well, it is! It is the ONLY truck at ANY price that gives you 101 important features every truck owner wants and needs. Your Ford dealer will gladly arrange an "on-the-job" test with your own loads, on your own routes, with your own driver at the wheel.



NO TRUCK IN AMERICA IS LOWER IN PRICE OR HIGHER IN QUALITY CONSTRUCTION

The Same Old Demon

Continued from page 32

liquor business you may not be in the bottle business too. Just how is the government going to find out if one doesn't get too careless? The history of business regulation by government doesn't tell us. The new bottle regulations will have a remedial influence upon the ten bottle blowers who never asked questions, but the chances are that there are going to be plenty of bottles for all.

Perhaps a uniform dispensing and selling system wouldn't be the complete answer either, but a quick look at the existing situation won't do you any harm. It may even amuse you. Anyway, twenty-nine states and the District of Columbia are at this moment wet. There may be more by the time you read this. For our immediate purpose it doesn't matter. It is important only in that it means twenty-nine systems of liquor dispensing. And when you have any more than one system, even a poor one, controlling any one industry you are apt to have unadulterated chaos. Ask General Johnson.

What the States Require

Twelve of the wet states have gone into the liquor business for their own profit, setting up liquor monopolies. Some of the twelve take all the profits, being both wholesalers and retailers. Others are wholesalers, only selling to private retailers, who are in a significant number of cases friends of the current political boss or useful to the existing state government. Thus ends the noble determination that liquor be kept out of politics, the advocates of the separation having come to grief over the apparently unsolvable question of which side would suffer most in the union.

But let's hurry on. Indiana's law does everything but pay the bootlegger a bonus. The only hard liquor outlet the law recognizes is the drug store. If you are riding through Connecticut on a train you may drink if you are in the dining car with a meal before you, but only beer and wine. Of course nobody pays much attention to the law but there it is. If you continue on through Massachusetts, however, you may drink anything the train has and you can meanwhile be prostrate on the floor for all the law cares. But—and mark this—the train must be in motion, the rule being that passengers will please refrain from drinking liquor while the train is standing in the station tum-te-tum. But if you reach Rhode Island without mishap, your worries are over.

If an intoxicated person creates any damage in Rhode Island the seller pays. Moreover, you can get as drunk as you please in any place where liquor is sold and the proprietor may not throw you out—not even if you sing The Last Round-up or The Flying Trapeze. He is liable for whatever happens to you if he does hurl you into the street. Rhode Island's law recognizes and permits the saloon but has it that there must not be any "back rooms."

Beer may be sold to minors in Montana and Ohio, the latter however stipulating that the minor must be at least sixteen. I have read the Ohio law twice and get nothing except a dazed feeling. You try it. There are exactly seventeen different kinds of licenses in Ohio. In Wisconsin they license bartenders, calling them operators. One may not buy more than a gallon of hard liquor at a time, but, oddly enough, nobody seems to regard this as a hardship. But you may not sell liquor at public auctions in Wisconsin for the excellent reason that the citizenry doesn't need liquor at an auction to get downright acrimonious—particularly if a mortgagee is being sold out by a bank or life insurance company.

In Montana, where the beer law is not unfair to minors, they do better by the hard-liquor drinker than Wisconsin does. One may buy three and three-quarters gallons at a time. But positively not a drop more. Fortunately you may buy three and three-quarters gallons more the moment you've tossed the first off.

A woman may work in a liquor store in Arizona but no customer may buy her a drink, a flagrant sex discrimination which merits the attention of the League of Women Voters. In Iowa, as in the District of Columbia, they will throw you into the nearest jail if they catch you drinking in the street. But in Iowa it is not everybody who may drink indoors. They have state liquor stores there and at the right hand of the liquor clerk from whom boys buy sits a censor. The censor gives you a piercing look as you step up to the window and decides whether you are the sort of person who might be trusted with a quart. The censor can say you may only have a pint. Or he may say, "Give him all he wants; he'll be better off." Anyway, it is entirely up to the censor whether you get anything at all.

But in Kentucky, the home of bourbon, they took a whole wastebasket full of laws and threw them against the ceiling. *Under the constitution the state is dry.* Nevertheless they adopted what they call a Control Law which permits one to drink in hotels and restaurants. But the receipts from liquor consumed in such places may not exceed those for food. You may also buy liquor by the bottle but only for medicinal purposes. You must have a prescription. But lest Governor Ruby Laffoon's thousands of staff colonels forget the name of their doctor the law permits one to write one's own prescription and to tell the liquor dealer just how he feels and where it hurts most. A great human sympathy prevails. It's a most humane law, holding that when consumed in small and limited quantities with meals, liquors have a fine medicinal value. They may be tonics for nervous or mental fatigue and may otherwise be of great help to the ailing.

Nevada decided to go wet and stop fooling. Nevada has saloons and everything, the only persons barred being minors. Oregon holds a state monopoly on all liquors containing more than fourteen per cent of alcohol. Seventy-five per cent of the profits go to the mothers' old-age pension fund. Pennsylvania, too, has the monopoly system, the profits going to the blind, the halt, the schools, the highways and old-age pensions. In California a distiller pays $61 for his licenses and then may go ahead and make anything he can in such quantity as he can. But in New York a liquor maker must pay $17,500 and Pennsylvania charges him according to his output, $25,000 being the tax limit.

The Bootlegger Isn't Worried

We might go on like this for quite a while. However, these will serve to give you an idea of the dispensing razzle-dazzle the country is riding. In none of the states where liquor is sold has the bootlegger been banished. In fact, he hasn't even been discouraged. He hasn't had so much fun since the year 1637, when Boston decided there was entirely too much "drunkenness, waste of the good creatures of God, mispence of precious time and other disorders." Therefore the "inns and common victualling houses" were forbidden to make or sell anything but the product of one Captaine Sedgwick's brewery, the Captaine being a favorite of the court and a brewer of reliable beverages guaranteed not to incapacitate the partaker for more than a few hours. Of course nobody paid much attention to the law, several wild-cat breweries springing into existence almost instantly, to the understandable indignation of the authorities who were stockholders in the Sedgwick plant.

To irritate today's bootlegger and moonshiner, the government has organized 1,800 men, most of whom were prohibition enforcement agents, under the so-called regulative branch of the Liquor Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. They are commanded by Mr. Arthur J. Mellott, a former federal attorney at Kansas City, as director of the Unit, and directed by Captain William F. Sayles, U. S. N., retired. The other branch of the Unit is the permissive, 1,300 men whose duty it is to see that the legitimate distillers, brewers and rectifiers don't try to cut corners too sharply. The regulators are doing about everything they can to make life unhappy for the enemy, with the odds hugely against them.

A Few Comforting Facts

They have, however, a few solaces. For example, they aren't bothered much by our old friend the beer runner. The beer runner of the Capone days has almost disappeared—or has taken to other nefarious practices; kidnapping for example. The legitimate breweries, you may rejoice to know, are supplying the nation's needs and doing it lawfully as well as expertly.

But the import business is one of those things that does not breed ointment in the federal man's heart. There are in the country today 1,725 alcoholic beverage importers. The greatest number we ever had before prohibition was sixty. Wines, whiskies, rums and cordials—we have imported since repeal something over eight million gallons, which would seem to the casual reader to be close to enough to satisfy our national craving for foreign drinks.

The Liquor Tax Unit isn't old enough yet to have had an opportunity to arrive at a satisfactory estimate of the skullduggery that is going on in the import industry. But they do know that the great American Cocktail Hour is being woefully desecrated. For example, there is Bacardi Rum.

"About how much of the Bacardi Rum we consume is genuine?" I asked.

"Oh, about fifteen or twenty per cent," was the reply.

Nevertheless the outlook is not wholly disheartening. At least half of the liquor business is in legal hands. The drys assure us that conditions are much worse than they were under what, for the want of a more accurate name, we called prohibition. That statement is just about as accurate as some of the things the distillers tell us. Under the rule of Volstead all the liquor business was in the hands of the bootlegger, the moonshiner and the murdering beer baron.

This, according to such simple mathematics as we can muster, means that we're fifty per cent better off than we were before repeal. And repeal is only about eight months old.

Tells "where to buy it"

"Who sells and services Pontiac in my town?"

Just look for "Pontiac" under "Automobiles" in your classified telephone book. You'll find names, addresses, telephone numbers of authorized dealers.

Many advertised products are listed in this convenient way.

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PONTIAC AUTHORIZED SALES & SERVICE
GET A STRAIGHT EIGHT FOR YOUR MONEY
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Anderson Autom
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"WHERE TO BUY IT"

ISN'T IT BIG!
BEAUTIFULLY STYLED
CERTAINLY LOOKS ITS POWER
IT'S THE MOST COMFORTABLE CAR WE HAVE EVER OWNED
AND SO EASY TO HANDLE
THOSE BRAKES WOULD STOP A TRUCK
W 88838

so *much* more for so *little* more

AND OWNERS EVERYWHERE SAY: "16 TO 18 MILES TO THE GALLON"

At its new low price, the big, economical Pontiac Eight is now, more than ever, the greatest value of the low-priced field. Nothing about this great, thrilling car has been omitted to achieve a lower price . . . nothing has been changed. Today's Pontiac has its original 117-inch wheelbase, Knee-Action wheels, True-Course steering, equal-action Bendix brakes, roomy, handsome Fisher bodies and Fisher No Draft ventilation. It is the identical car that has thrilled thousands of owners with its remarkable smoothness, ease of riding and exceptional economy.

NEW PONTIAC 8

now only $675 *and up*

List prices at Pontiac, Michigan. Illustrated, the Four-Door Sedan, list price at Pontiac, Michigan, $765. With standard extra equipment, $32 additional. Pontiac is a General Motors Value. Prices subject to change without notice.

SEE IT . . . DRIVE IT . . . BEFORE YOU BUY ANY CAR

At Twenty Paces

Continued from page 11

He was the only guest. He had to be gay—as if nothing had happened. He managed it triumphantly. He was deeply proud of deceiving Mary so completely.

They walked out together into the box garden after dinner.

"Now," Mary said, "tell me."

"I love you," Dick said, and would have taken her in his arms.

She stepped quickly back.

"If you love me," she said, "tell me what's the matter."

"Nothing's the matter, honey."

She stamped her foot. "Oh," she said, "don't be a fool."

"What have I done?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "That's what I'm asking you."

Dick looked at her. It was too dark to see the expression of her face. He could only guess the expression from the fierceness in her voice.

"I must have done something to make you all think I have something on my mind," he said. "But—"

"You didn't do anything to make anybody think you had anything on your mind—except me," Mary said. "They don't know. But I know. And if you don't tell me instantly I'll never speak to you again."

He told her then. He wanted to tell her. He had to tell her. She had a right to know.

"But, Dick," she said, when he had finished, "don't you see? He was there to pick a quarrel with you. He picked a quarrel on purpose so he could kill you."

MARY didn't know about the claim the lawyers had received. He didn't tell her now but he wondered at her acuteness.

"You can't fight this murderer, Dick," she said.

"I've got to fight him, Mary," he said.

She gave a little quick gasp. He saw that she was tugging at her finger. She held out the ring he'd given her.

"Then," she said, "here's your ring. I shan't marry you."

She held out the ring and he avoided her hand. He couldn't take the ring back.

"Take it," she said.

"I shan't," he said. "You know I have to fight him. You know I can't back out."

"I know you're simple-minded," she said. "I know you're too much of a coward to do the brave thing."

"Mary!" he protested.

"Of course you're a coward. You're so much a coward that you will stand up and let this man shoot you through the heart rather than defy him and his murderous code."

"It doesn't occur to you that I might shoot him through the heart," Dick said.

"And if you did I'd not marry you," she said. "I couldn't marry a murderer."

"Mary," Dick said, "you know as well as I do that I've got to fight him. There isn't any other way."

"There is," she said. "You know there is."

He shook his head. "No, Mary," he said.

"You can refuse," she said.

"And have him post me as a coward," Dick said.

"Post him as a plain murderer," she cried.

"No, Mary," Dick said. "It isn't done."

"You mean," she said, "that you're going through with this?"

"I'm going through with it, Mary," he said stubbornly.

"Then," she said, "I will never speak to you again. Go and get your horse."

She turned and ran into the house. He stood watching after she was gone. She really seemed to mean it. He hadn't thought she could be so cruel.

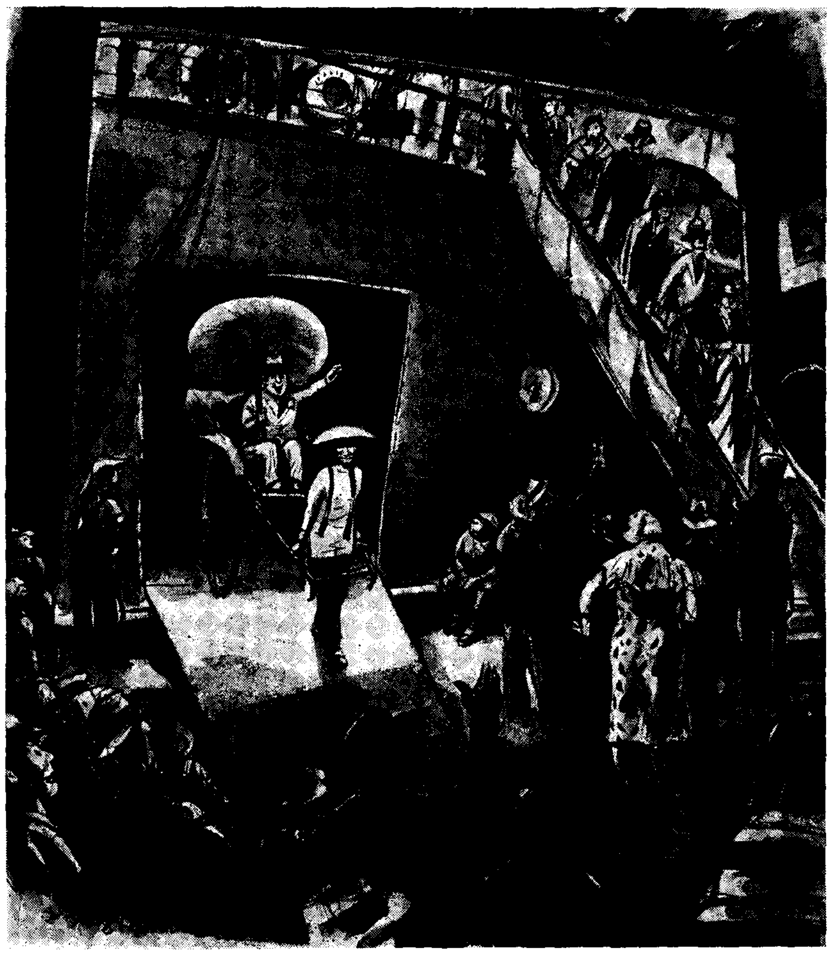
He found a black boy and got his horse and mounted. He couldn't go in the house and say good night to her father and mother. They would know something had happened and he couldn't explain. He pressed his knee against the horse's shoulder. The horse broke obediently into a canter. Dick cantered down the drive toward the gate.

THE horse stopped so suddenly Dick almost went over his head. The horse had heard something he couldn't hear. He listened.

"Oh, Dick," she called.

She came running up, her dress white in the dark. He swung down. He took her in his arms. He kissed her. She clung to him passionately.

"Oh, Dick," she said, "I love you so."



"Here I am, darling!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

"And I love you," he said, remounting.

"And, Dick," she said, "kill him—shoot to kill. No nonsense about firing in the air. Promise me you'll hit him."

"I'll do my best, dear heart," he said.

George Agnew woke him in the morning and gave him a glass of brandy. They had breakfast together in the kitchen. Then they mounted their horses and George rode to town to meet Mr. Ames at the Yankee gunsmith's and get the pistols. Dick rode slowly toward the place up the river where he was to meet Morell, walking his horse because it was only three miles and George had to travel six miles, going to town and back.

It was a cool, fresh summer morning when it is good to be alive. Dick thought he could surely hit Morell. He hadn't missed the coat once at twenty paces yesterday. If he kept cool he could surely disable Morell with his first shot. But Morell could, of course, hit him. Morell had killed a dozen men. Morell was perfectly sure of his man at twenty paces.

Dick knew that he would die within the hour; unless some freak of fate saved him he would die. He said a little childish prayer. He tried to remember the Latin for Richard Cœur de Lion's motto. What was it—"God and my right arm?" Dick lifted his right hand and watched it against the sky. It didn't tremble much.

He heard the sound of galloping hoofs behind him. He turned. George Agnew and Mr. Ames were coming. Dick turned his horse into the little lane that led to the place—to an open space in the forest. He saw Morell waiting.

George Agnew and Mr. Ames paced off the distance and stuck canes in the ground to mark the two places. Dick glanced up at the sun. There was no choice. Neither man would face the sun.

George Agnew and Mr. Ames opened the box of pistols.

"You have first choice, Dick," George said.

Dick took a pistol. Morell took the other pistol.

"I'll take that place," Dick said, pointing to a cane.

George Agnew gripped Dick's arm until it hurt.

"God be with you, Dick," he said, "and shoot quickly—take your time but shoot quickly."

DICK smiled, walking toward his place at George Agnew's words. They sounded funny. But Dick knew what he meant.

He turned and faced Colonel Morell. The man looked big and black in the morning sunlight. He looked too big to miss.

"Attention," Mr. Ames called out.

"Ready," Dick said, careful to keep his finger off the hair trigger.

"Ready," Morell said.

"Fire!" Mr. Ames roared.

Dick raised his pistol and as it came up he pulled the trigger. The pistol went off with a loud bang. He heard something whistle past his head. And then the black powder smoke lifted. Morell was lying on the ground. They all ran toward Morell.

Dick rode toward noon to the Hamiltons'. Mary was waiting for him. She looked pale and drawn. She looked as if she had been crying. He took her in his arms.

"Did you kill him, Dick?" she asked.

"No," Dick said. "His shoulder's badly smashed. But the doctor says he will be out of bed in a week or two."

"Oh," she said, "I wish you'd killed him. I wish I knew that this could never happen again."

"He won't want to fight again," Dick said.

THE Yankee gunsmith was bending over his vise when Colonel Morell came in.

"Where are my pistols?" he asked.

The Yankee glanced up. "They're here," he said.

"Get them," Morell said.

The Yankee took the case down from a shelf and laid it on the bench and opened it so Morell could see that everything was in place. Morell took one of the pistols, cocked it, haired the trigger, and aimed it through the window. He pulled the trigger. The hammer snapped down on the nipple.

"I'll never understand how I missed that fellow," Morell said. "I'd never missed before. But I shan't miss him next time."

"I don't understand how you missed him either," the Yankee said. He had a hammer in his right hand. "I put those pistols in order."

Morell glared at him. "You put them in order?" he said bitterly. "You dared to touch my pistols when I told you they were in order?"

"When I shot them," the Yankee said, "I found—"

"You shot them!" Morell roared.

"I had to certify them," the Yankee said. "Do you suppose I would certify pistols I hadn't shot?"

"Gunsmiths don't shoot the pistols they certify," Morell said. "They have no business to shoot—"

"I shoot the pistols I certify," the Yankee said grimly. "Especially when I have reason to believe the man who owns them intends to do murder with them."

COLONEL MORELL took a step toward the Yankee and raised his cane. The Yankee tapped his hammer lightly on the vise.

"Not so fast," he said. "Stay where you are until I finish or I'll crack your skull as if it were an egg. When I shot your pistols I found they shot three feet high and three feet to the left at twenty paces. I fixed them so they shot where they held."

"If you were a gentleman," Morell said, "I'd call you out."

"Fortunately," the Yankee said, "I'm no gentleman. I'm free to shoot you on sight without waiting for you to shoot at me. And I shall if I see you again hereabouts."

"You're threatening me!" Morell said.

"I am," the Yankee answered. "I'm promising you sudden death if you don't leave town. And in any case, at eight o'clock in the morning I am putting up a card on the courthouse board denouncing you to all and sundry as the foul murderer you are."

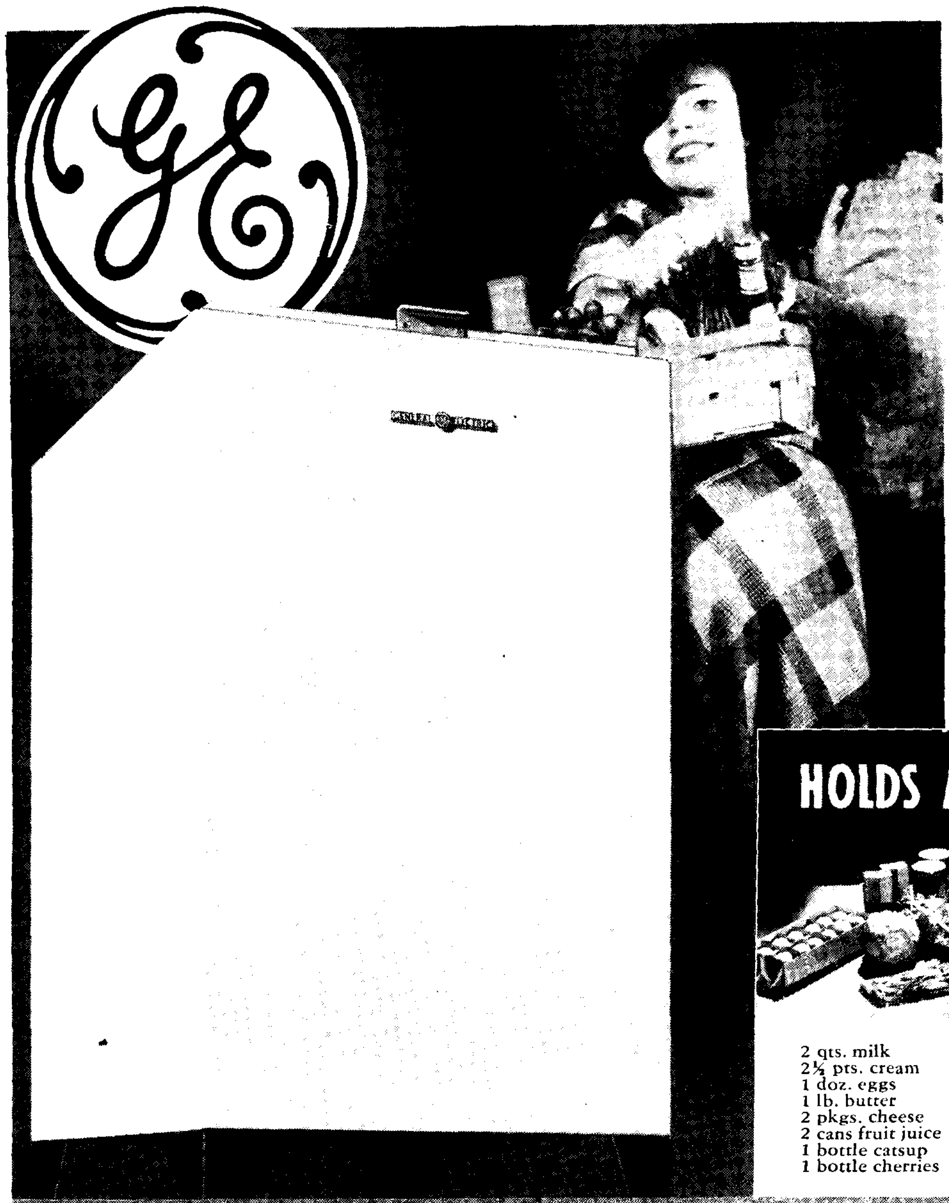
"You don't dare," Morell said.

"I dare," the Yankee said, "and so does the blacksmith yonder, who was with me when I shot your damned lying pistols."

Morell stared at him, and turned, and fled.

New! Revolutionary!

GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR



$77.50

PLUS FREIGHT

A triumph of General Electric research and engineering that brings the convenience and economy of G-E Refrigeration within the reach of every home—every income!

HOLDS ALL THIS FOOD

2 qts. milk
2½ pts. cream
1 doz. eggs
1 lb. butter
2 pkgs. cheese
2 cans fruit juice
1 bottle catsup
1 bottle cherries

2 lbs. bacon
5 lbs. roast
1 head lettuce
1 big cucumber
2 lbs. tomatoes
1 bunch celery
2 grape fruit
2 lemons

½ doz. oranges
1 jar salad dressing
1 lb. lard
2 left-over containers
1 qt. water bottle
2 quick freezing trays
(20 ice cubes—
2 lbs. of ice)

Roomy and convenient, the General Electric Liftop will readily accommodate the perishable food supply of the average home. It is ideal for use as an auxiliary refrigerator in the kitchen, butler's pantry or recreation room—and for summer cottages, business offices, roadside stands or stores.

5 YEARS PROTECTION

In addition to the standard one year warranty you may obtain *four more years* protection on the famous sealed-in-steel mechanism of the Liftop refrigerator for $7—*five years protection for only $1.40 a year!*

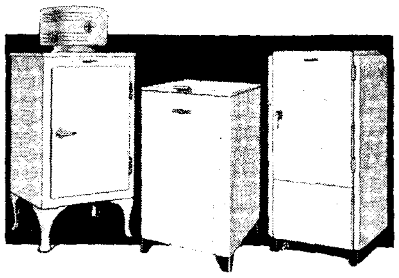
For the General Electric dealer nearest you see "Refrigeration Electric" in classified pages of your phone book. General Electric Company, Section C-81, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Daring in conception, revolutionary in design, the new G-E Liftop refrigerator is as epoch-making as the famous G-E Monitor Top. Now every wired home in America has open door to less costly and more luxurious living.

LOWEST OPERATING COST IN THE WORLD

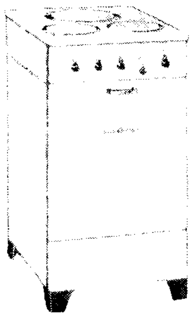
The new G-E Liftop refrigerator has the lowest operating cost of any electric refrigerator in the world. It is powered with the matchless G-E sealed-in-steel mechanism, the same principle as in the famous Monitor Top, and requires no attention—not even oiling. It freezes ice faster—20 cubes at one time—and has more refrigerating capacity for current consumed than any electric refrigerator ever made.

The Liftop cabinet is all-steel with one-piece stainless porcelain interior. Quick-freezing shelf is stainless-steel that cannot chip or rust. Exterior is finished in gleaming white Glyptal-baked enamel.

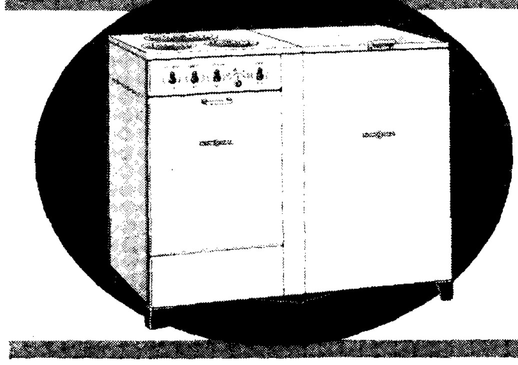


There is a complete line of General Electric all-steel refrigerators—Monitor Top, Flat-top, Liftop—a model, size and price to exactly meet your requirements.

COMPANION RANGE AT $72 PLUS FREIGHT



Companion to the General Electric Liftop refrigerator. 3 surface units, extra large oven (14x18x18). 3 cooking speeds and automatic precision temperature control.

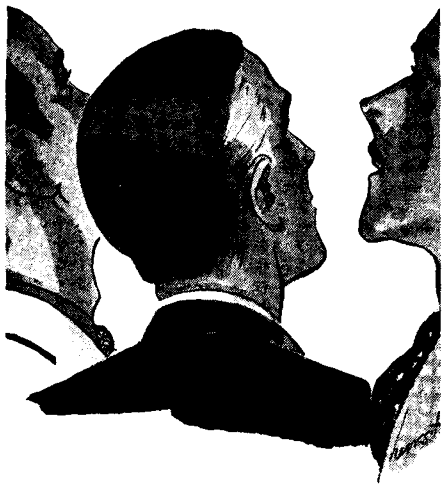


BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

$142.50 PLUS FREIGHT

The G-E Liftop refrigerator and Companion range are designed for use either separately or as one combined unit.

wish we could wish the MUM *habit* on MEN!



"AREN'T MEN FUNNY? The sun would stop in the sky if they couldn't have their morning shower and shave. Having had them, they're ready to face the world, serenely unconscious, poor dears, that by noon they're often not the well-groomed persons they started out to be. Why don't they 'come to' about perspiration odor? If we could only wish the Mum habit on them!"

• • • •

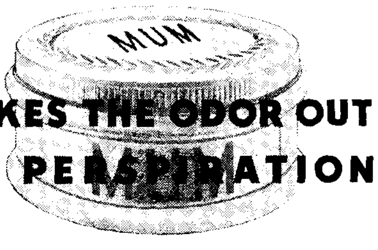
Many men have "come to"—come to to the fact that their morning shower cannot protect them from disagreeable underarm perspiration odor later in the day.

And they have learned what to do about it. Mum!

A quick rub-on of this pleasant cream deodorant under each arm when you dress, and you're safe no matter how strenuous your day. It's harmless to clothing, soothing to skin. Quick, easy, sure.

Mum is a great comfort to take traveling, too. It will not spill or leak.

Get the daily Mum habit. It's pleasant. It's no trouble. And it's a perfect safeguard. All toilet counters have Mum. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N. Y.



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

FOR BURNING, PERSPIRING FEET. Mum is wonderfully soothing, cooling to feet. Destroys all perspiration odor.

NRA

Luck of the G. O. P.

Continued from page 20

They apparently kept him on diplomatic probation because they thought him too impulsive, too romantic, too glittering, to be safe and sound. He may have made the mistake of boasting too publicly about his friendship with Teddy in 1898 and his headstrong attitude of Armageddon.

But Mr. Fletcher possesses luck and persistence. He took the white chips to which the bosses grudgingly staked him, and played presidential poker with them. When they turned down his pleas for political preferment, he took to the cultivation of Presidents and Presidents-elect. He developed an uncanny faculty for being at the right spot at the opportune moment. He resigned as Wilson's Ambassador to Mexico to be foot-loose after Harding's election, and he bobbed up on the houseboat which carried the President-elect to Gulf waters for a pre-inaugural fishing trip.

Always an envious admirer of polished and intelligent people, especially if they played a merry game of poker, Mr. Harding took to Mr. Fletcher at once, and named him to the important office of Under-Secretary of State. Mr. Coolidge also liked his agreeable adviser on foreign affairs, and gave him his European start by promoting him to the Brussels post, and later to Rome.

In November of 1928, however, Mr. Fletcher was once more on hand. When Mr. Hoover looked around for somebody to tutor him on his pre-inaugural trip through South America, Mr. Fletcher again obliged.

Mr. Hoover treated Mr. Fletcher rather coldly, however. He paid no heed to hints that his companion would like to bow at Buckingham Palace or represent the United States at Paris. After an unexplainable delay he made Mr. Fletcher chairman of the Tariff Commission, a stodgy job for which he admitted he had little liking. Although he demonstrated his devotion to high tariff principles, he fell from grace by urging a reduction of duties on such prize California products as cherries and tomato paste. There was wrangling behind the scenes, and Mr. Fletcher quit after little more than a year. So there is a general suspicion that, far from being a Hoover man, the new chairman has little reason to favor any ambitions the titular leader may entertain.

A Yen for Excitement

Mr. Fletcher's relations with other Presidents have also been misunderstood. All advertising to the contrary, he was no closer to Teddy Roosevelt than any buck private is to his commanding officer in war time. Only a boy of twenty-five when the call went out for enlistments in the Rough Riders, he dropped his rural law practice in his home town of Greencastle, Pa., and hopped a train for the capital. When Roosevelt confided that the last man chosen had got in only through a letter from President McKinley: "That's enough for me," answered the would-be soldier, and he ran to Capitol Hill to procure a recommendation from Quay. In taking him, Colonel Roosevelt bowed to Pennsylvania pep and pressure.

Moved by the same adventurous and headstrong spirit which made him suspect with stay-at-home politicians, he enlisted in the Fortieth Cavalry and served in the Philippines for several years. It was to satisfy the same yearning for excitement that he entered the diplomatic service in 1902. Despite his supposed intimacy with Colonel Roosevelt, who was then in the White House, promotion came slowly. During the Roosevelt administration he was shifted from one secretarial post to another, and it was not until Mr. Taft took office that he was named Minister to Chile.

Unlike his companions, he did not submit a resignation upon the election of Woodrow Wilson, and it was one time when he did not think it advisable to visit the United States at the beginning of a new administration. He hung on in Chile, and he was eventually made Ambassador when that post was elevated from the ministerial class. His South American experience resulted in his appointment as Ambassador to Mexico, but he was unable to compose differences between warring factions below the Rio Grande and the Wilson Administration. When he resigned after a few years, close friends blamed his lack of success on the failure of the government to adopt a more definite attitude toward Mexico.

But had Mr. Wilson been a little more decisive, and had Mr. Fletcher been a little more indecisive, the latter might never have played poker with Mr. Harding. Had there been no quarrel over cherries and tomato paste, he might not have slipped off the Hoover label sufficiently early to make him satisfactory to the Old Guard at Chicago. Even setbacks and disappointments seem to work in his favor. The man, according to diplomatic cronies, is "lucky," and if there is one thing the G. O. P. needs right now, it's luck.

Woman in Love

Continued from page 24

crowd here. I don't believe I've ever been up here when you were alone."

"You like oysters, don't you?" Mayne asked, as the men began to serve the dinner. "Come on, Tam, I'm starving. It's almost eight o'clock."

"This is fun!" the girl said, shaking out her napkin. "And I thought this was being one of the saddest—horriblest—days of my life! You see—"

SHE related the whole story, even to the missing ten-dollar bill whose whereabouts she so shrewdly suspected, and the deficiency of groceries in the kitchen.

"We've been running downhill, and that's the truth of it, Mayne. My thirty-five a week's been all we could depend upon, and the rent's almost that. Now Lance has got a job—a vile job," Tamara said, very young and earnest with her reddened cheeks and rounded blue eyes, "but still it's fifty a week. He's a starter, or timer, or something, down at the dog track in South San Francisco—where they race whippets, you know. Coral simply is down and out, and Jesse Straut—that's the man Mamma in a perfectly crazy fit married a few years ago, doesn't send her a cent any more, and consequently we're—well, running down."

"Pretty tough on you, Tam. You could manage on your own salary."

"I could if it ever went on for more than three weeks at a time," she said. "But after that your show closes, and perhaps it's two weeks before another chance comes," the girl ended seriously. "Theatrical people ought to save. But you can't save with Mamma around!"

"It doesn't seem to have embittered you, you good little egg," Mayne said affectionately.

"Oh, well, I'm happy now, anyway. And things will get better. They can't help it, because they can't get worse. Lance says he'll give Mamma twenty-five a week—"

"Why the serious look, Tam?"

"I was going on to say Coral was going to get married, but that's all off," the girl said. "Oh, and a poor girl downstairs killed herself today—they think she'll die, anyway. It was too awful hearing her moaning, 'Let me alone, can't you?' It was horrible."

"Your family doesn't spare you much, Tam."

"But it's all right now. The only thing," Tam said, "that made it hard was not hearing from you. When I'm with you I don't care. This of all things in the world is the one I wanted most to do tonight."

"D'you mean you actually thought you'd like to dine here with me?"

"I didn't think it out. But now that we're doing it I know that it was."

The table was whisked noiselessly away; the big davenport was wheeled about to face the fire. While the waiters were busy Tam wandered to the window, looked down on the spluttering lights of the square under the rain, came back again in great content.

"Still sluicing rain."

"A nice sort of weather to be indoors and snug," Mayne said.

She sat down, a slight, almost childish figure against the tapestry background of the big chair, and clamped both her hands on the arms, and stared into the fire.

"Did your mother go out with a toothache?"

"It stopped. A woman in the house gave her something that stopped it. She felt much better and she went over to Kitty Ulmer's. They play poker and drink beer; she'll stay there all night."

"And where's Coral?"

"Oh, Coral pulled herself together and went out with her new boy—he really is only a boy. I don't think he's more than twenty. Sherwood Spring. He's in Stanford, and he has a nice widowed mother down there who simply dotes on him. Coral goes down and they have dinner and usually she stays overnight. She'll certainly stay overnight tonight. She'll not come back alone in the train in this rain."

"LANCE was having some men in, you said, for poker?"

"Well, he sent a lot of beer home yesterday. But just after you telephoned, *he* did, to say that he might not be back at all, and for me to put the lights out."

"So you would have been all alone."

"I wouldn't have minded. The house is full of people."

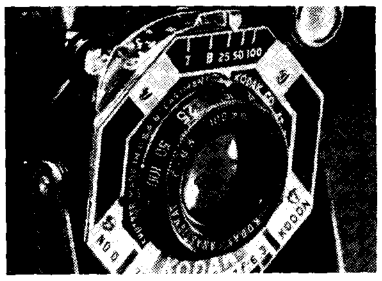
"You don't mind anything, do you, Tam?"

"Yes, I mind your going away. And I like this!"

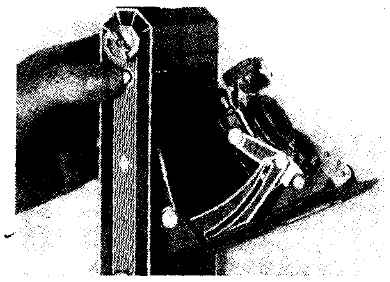
The lights were lowered and they two

(Continued on page 40)

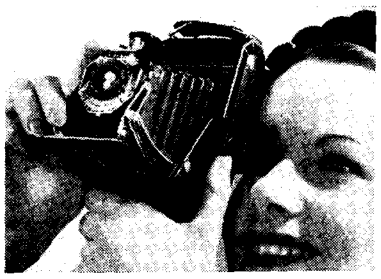
This 1934 Kodak does so much more than older cameras do



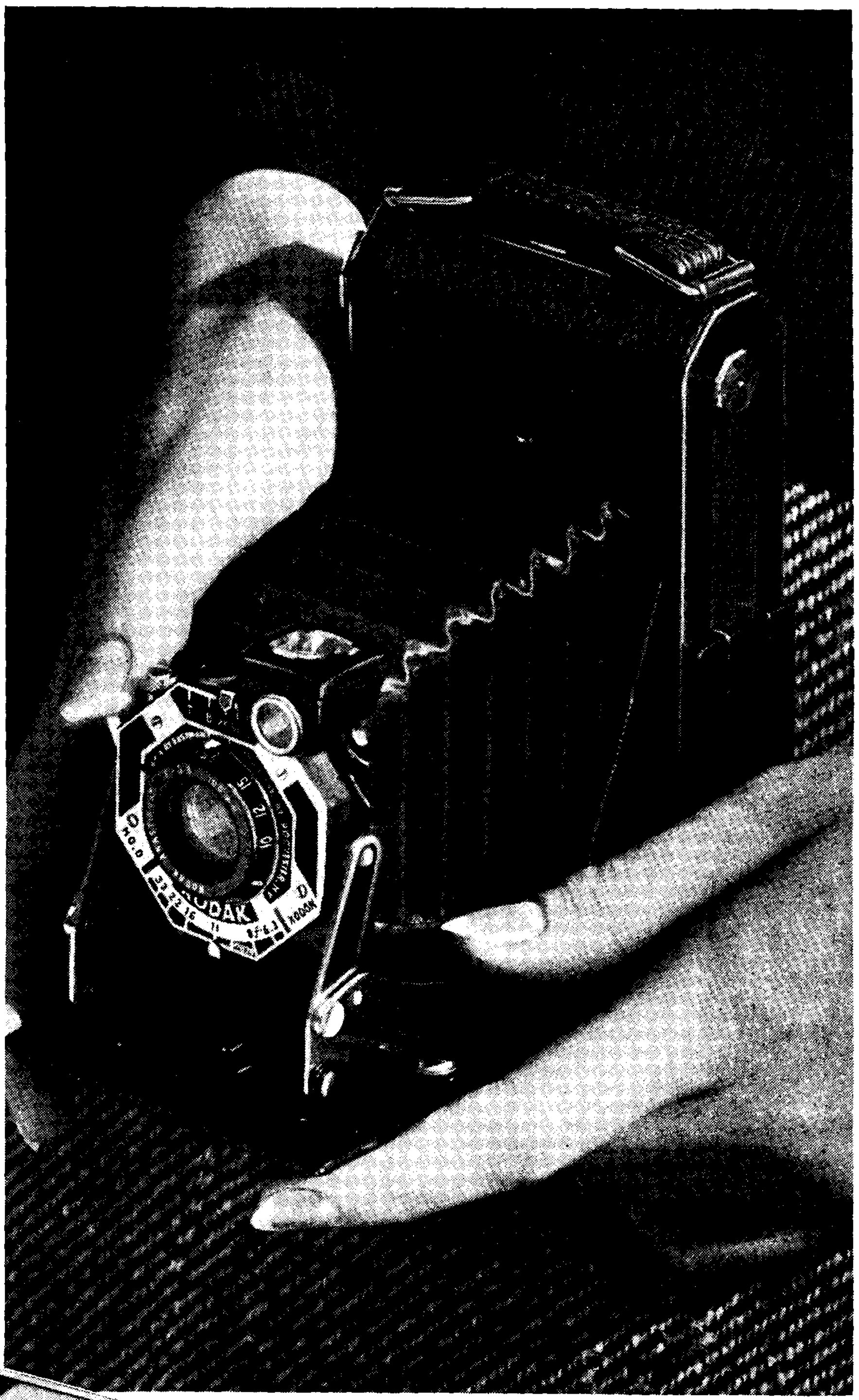
FAST LENS AND SHUTTER
—the keen *f*.6.3 anastigmat lens of the 1934 Six-20 lets you take snapshots on dull days—or even indoors at night—with "SS" Film and Photoflood bulbs. The Kodon shutter has speeds up to 1/100 second—fast enough to stop most action.



ACTION FRONT
—it opens itself. No fussing, no fiddling. Just press a button and out leaps the lens into full picture-taking position.



EYE-LEVEL FINDER
—a real convenience for following moving objects. You'll appreciate it when snapping the children. Springs up at the touch of your finger . . . folds flat when not in use.



The New Kodak Six-20 with *f*.6.3 lens

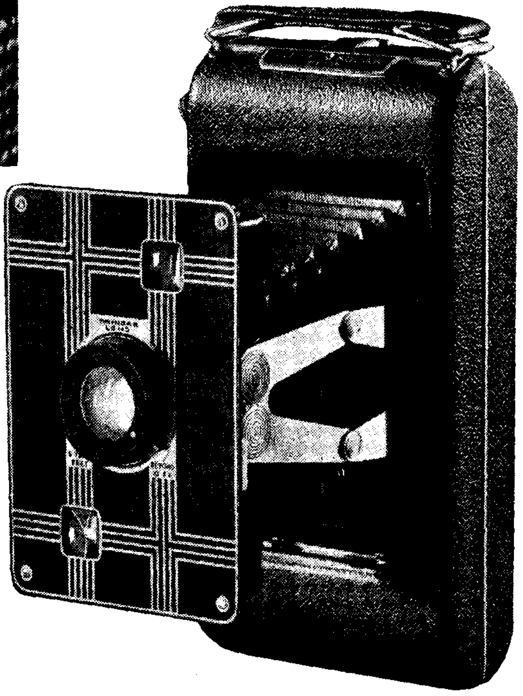
IT'S NEW. From the tip of its brilliant *f*.6.3 lens to its convenient eye-level finder—this trim little Kodak is the latest thing. A marvelous picture maker . . . compact in form . . . dashingly styled . . . It's handy for purse or pocket.

Press a button and this camera springs into full picture-taking position. The fast Kodak Anastigmat *f*.6.3 lens gives new scope to your picture making . . . the eye-level finder makes it easy to follow moving objects . . . and the split-second shutter "stops" them in action. Good snapshots come naturally to the Kodak Six-20.

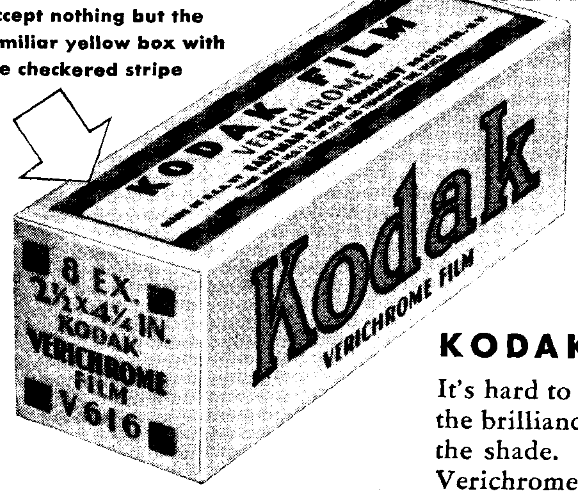
Covered with fine leather-like material . . . richly fitted. For 2¼x3¼-inch pictures, Kodak Six-20 with *f*.6.3 lens costs $17.50. Kodak Six-16 with *f*.6.3 lens, for 2½x4¼-inch pictures, $20. Other models from $14 up.

Snapshots at Night

The fast *f*.6.3 lens lets you in on the latest indoor sport—snapshots at night. Two or three inexpensive Photoflood bulbs, a roll of Kodak "SS" Film, and you're ready to make snapshots—indoors—at NIGHT. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe



JIFFY KODAK

Simplest folding camera ever devised. Press a button—"Pop," it opens . . . Press another—"Click," it gets the picture. As easy to use as a Brownie. Smart in appearance . . . trim as a lady's compact . . . for 2½x4¼-inch pictures, $9; for 2¼x3¼-inch pictures, $8.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

It's hard to outguess this remarkable film . . . It soaks up the brilliance of the sun . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade. Coated with *two* layers of sensitive silver—Verichrome gets the picture when ordinary films fail.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

Woman in Love

Continued from page 38

were on the great velvet davenport, with their feet stretched toward the fire. Mayne had his arm about her, and Tam's head rested on his shoulder.

"I'll tell you where you'll sleep tonight," Mayne said. "Right on this couch. I'll not have you going back to wake up, perhaps, and think of that girl who killed herself, and get yourself frightened to death."

Tam laughed unalarmedly.

"Don't say that, Mayne, or I really will."

"Really will stay here?"

"No-o-o. Really will wake up in cold *terror* of that awful voice. 'Let me alone, can't you?'"

"I'll move some pillows and blankets out here," Mayne said. "You don't have to undress if you don't want to."

Tamara laughed scornfully, softly, said nothing. For a long while they sat still, with his arm about her, and her head on his shoulder, and their eyes upon the dying fire. The big hotel room was softly lighted and very quiet; outside the windows rain battered and splashed, and the wind whined softly.

"It's so comfortable here with you, Mayne," Tamara said in weary content.

SHE came into the house quietly; at nine o'clock in the morning all of the members of the family might be, and some of them certainly would be, asleep. Tiptoeing noiselessly, she put her bags down in the foyer, and opened the kitchen door without a creak. Coral and her mother, in spotted old kimonos, were sitting there, breakfasting; they welcomed her smilingly.

"Well, what are you doing back so soon?" Coral asked, as Tamara laid a cold, fresh cheek against her mother's for a kiss.

"We folded in Stockton yesterday. We were losing money all the way along." Tamara threw her coat and hat aside and rumpled her hair with a quick gesture of her hands. She got herself a cup, drew to the table a low-backed, cheap little wooden chair painted a bright yellow and stenciled with red and black poppies.

"I hope you got paid, darling," the mother said.

"Half salary this last week," Tamara said. "We have Feeney's notes for what he owes us, and that's all."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Mrs. Todhunter said mildly, disappointed but resigned. She put the cream bottle nearer her daughter. Tamara sipped her coffee wearily. To her it seemed that she never had left this slovenly kitchen, and yet everything was changed too; strangely different.

"Where's Mayne?" the older sister remembered to ask suddenly.

"Back in Hollywood now, I imagine. He left us in Sacramento on Sunday. Berman telegraphed for him and Feeney let him go. Kent Carroway played his part two nights; it didn't matter," Tam said, "because there weren't twenty people in the house anyway."

"Anything else in sight, Tam?"

"I beg pardon, Mamma?"

"Feeney talking any other show?"

"Not for me," Tam said quietly, looking into her cup.

"What's Mayne doing?"

"He didn't know, exactly. He may go to New York."

"Why don't you get him to work you into pictures, Tam?" Coral asked, scraping half-melted butter on a crust, dipping it in her cooling coffee. "He certainly worked Feeney to take you on this tour. Cotter said he did."

"He says it's terribly crowded down there," Tam answered listlessly. "He says there are thousands of girls hanging around all the studios."

"There's a letter for you," Coral remembered to say. Color rushed into Tam's face and light into her eyes.

"From Mayne?" she asked.

"No; I think it's from one of the nuns at Saint Bride's."

"Oh," Tamara said dully. She took it; saw the pale blue ink of the "A. M. D. G." at the head, under the engraved little familiar photograph of the new dormitory and the gym. Mother Laurence. Mother Laurence saying *that she would be down at the Menlo* Park convent for a week and would love to see Tamara and any other of the dear "old girls." Tamara crushed the cleanly written brief message in her hand, dropped it among the broken eggshells and tumbled hot coffee grounds in the bucket at the sink.

She set about cleaning the kitchen. Was there any news? Coral had retired to bed again with the newspaper; Mrs. Todhunter said that no, there was no news. Lance was out of a job again, but on the wagon. He had a good chance of a position with Miller. The only news was that it had been horribly cold for a week.

"There's Philbert, passing us on the wrong side again!" FRANK OWEN

In the ice box were driblets and crusted remnants of food; some of them furred with pale mold. Tamara whistled.

"Hasn't Liss been here this week?"

"She hasn't been here for a month; she got so fresh Mamma fired her!" Coral called.

SAVAGELY Tamara clanked hot cups and plates into place, wrung out dishtowels, unpacked her bags and put her clothes away.

"We've let things run down while you've been away," her mother said more than once. "But the truth is I've been a little short of cash. It's an awful season. Poor Coral is getting really blue about it."

Tam went out in mid-afternoon, walked gray streets under a gray, unfriendly sky. She went to Felton's office, Markisohn's, Jergen's. Everyone said that the season was dead. Just dead. A girl Tam knew only by her first name of Lita told her that she was just back from Hollywood; nothing doing down there, half the studios closed.

"Mayne Mallory's down there again," Tam said, to say his name.

"Yes, so I hear. Berman had something for him, they said." Lita evidently knew no more; she went her way and Tam walked on.

SHE took the way she and Mayne had *so often taken, up the steep hill of* Taylor Street, on in irresolute starts and stoppings to Telegraph Hill and the Holloways'. Persis was there, but somehow today Persis seemed lifeless and apathetic, too. Persis had some plan, some engagement in which Tam had no share; she was cordial enough, but her suggestion of dinner was undated; Tam must come up to dinner some time, any time.

Tam walked home in the dusk. Back of Chinatown was the flat face of the old Spanish church. Tam went in and knelt, with her mind vague and empty, her heart cold. Nothing to say—nothing about which she could pray now. It was too late for prayer.

That day and the next and the next and the next went by; they were all alike. The thoughts she thought in them were all alike. The nights that followed them were filled with the same wakefulness, the same light, restless sleep and fevered dreams.

"Nobody ever will know, it wasn't important, girls are being just as big fools as you are all the time. But you *fool!*" she said in her soul, over and over again.

"Well, you've found out that *you* know, and *you* care, and you're going to know and care for the rest of your life!"

Angry shame hammered at her day and night. She tried to ignore it, to dismiss it, to laugh at it. She had been a fool, admitted. Well, then she must go on to the next thing to do, whatever it was, and never be a fool again. But there was no next thing. Interest had gone out of everything.

"Why can't you stop thinking about it!" Tam would scream in her soul. "It wasn't so important. It's happened before! No matter how much you think of it you'll never be able to go back!"

Writhing with the smoldering, insistent presence of it, Tam would lie awake in the night, hour after hour. She hated men, all men: hated the inexorable law of life that decreed that there should be no going back. No going back to that wet afternoon with the rain streaming down, and a happy, flattered, perfumed Tam joyously exploring Mayne's beautiful rooms, laughing through the dramatically perfect little meal, with the man she loved sitting opposite her and watching her with the appreciative look she knew so well in his narrowed eyes.

Insanity—that had been a little time of insanity—so terribly short, and to be paid for by so many of these endless, insufferable hours. And why, why, why? What had she thought to gain by it? Why hadn't some moment of courage, of wisdom saved her?

"But what's the difference? No one knows. What's the *difference!*" she would mutter, twisting and turning on the hard, untidy bed. Coral might stir impatiently. "For heaven's sake get to sleep, Tam!" the older sister would groan in her sleep.

There *was* a difference. Life before this had been an adventure, hard sometimes, but always exciting. Little Tamara Todhunter, fresh from the convent, had found it all fun, the meeting of queer persons and doing queer things; herself remote from the sordidness and wrongness, strong against weakness, straight against what was crooked. Now everything was changed. The laxness and dirtiness and weakness had found her just as easy a prey as any poor little girl like Lita ever had been—Lita, who had never known decent influence, fine women, fine codes.

And the smarting, insufferable crown of it all was to realize that Mayne had escaped free into the southern sunshine, was working hard, eating hard, sleeping deeply; that other girls were smiling at Mayne.

SHE wrote him once. In the seven weeks after they parted she heard from him twice, but in neither letter did he say one word of what she was sick with hunger to hear. He did not surprise her with his brief mention of health and weather, his safe, general endearments, his charge to her to be a good kid, and not to forget that just as soon as an opening showed up he was going to wire her to come down to Culver City.

All this she expected. She had known about this since that heavy, sultry Sunday in Sacramento when he had had Berman's wire summoning him back to the movie studio, and had left the cast of Five Sons. Instantly the change that by glimpses and moods had already frightened her in his manner had become confirmed; he had become Maynard Mallory of Hollywood again, confident, laughing, unreachable. Or at least she had not been able to reach him.

Every hour of that horrible Sunday was stamped on her mind. Mayne and Feeney had had a quarrel about his abbreviated engagement; Mayne was failing them for the last two performances and Feeney had resented it.

"I've hurt myself in the movies enough now, coming out with your damned little picayune company!" Mayne had shouted in the course of the argument. "Now Berman wants me, and I'm damned lucky he does, and you can go sit on a tack!"

He had been flushed and angry as he and Tam had started out for a walk, but quickly his gratification at the prospect of this new contract had calmed him.

Tam had walked at his side, sympa-

(Continued on page 42)

You can feel it... you can see it... and so can others

Have you ever really tried a true Film-removing Tooth Paste?

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● *Film must be removed from teeth . . . for beauty and for health.*

Film is that slippery coating on your teeth. Film contains the germs associated with tooth decay. Film invites tooth and gum disorders. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film—make teeth look yellow when they're really not.

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Pepsodent's unique power to remove film from teeth is due to the formula. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. This material is far safer than any leading tooth powder — far softer than polishing materials used in any other leading tooth paste. Yet it removes film with striking effectiveness.

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That is why thousands of dentists have told us that they make Pepsodent their personal tooth paste.

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This coupon is not good after November 11, 1934. *Only one tube to a family.*

thetic and congratulatory. But her heart within her had been sick. There had been no talk of her going south with him; she had known for days that there would not be. Only once, some days earlier than this, had she dared to suggest it.

"If Berman really sends for you, Mayne, why shouldn't I go down and have a look?"

"Oh, hell, no, darling," he had answered easily. "That would throw the monkey wrench into everything! This part I'm to play is a sort of miracle man, fixing everyone up. I couldn't—I wouldn't have time—old Sam would get onto everything like a shot."

Humiliated beyond anything she had ever dreamed of humiliation, Tam had been silent. But she was only twenty, and in spite of herself hope would rise in her heart over and over again. Something would straighten it all out, and make him love her in that trembling, exquisite, breath-taking way again; somehow she would get back to the old happy feeling of confidence in him and herself and life.

In Sacramento, with warm, sunless skies untimely over the strange city, and the cast of Five Sons angry and ashamed over an unsuccessful tour, cut salaries, empty houses, canceled dates, Mayne alone had been exultant. Berman had wired him; he had to get out right away. He would take the late train; meanwhile he and Tam had had a last walk, and a last long talk, and a wretched dinner together.

"You look like a little ghost, Tam."

"I feel horribly about your going away."

"Oh, well—Lord, I'll be back. Look at the fruit blossoms in February, will you—over in that yard!"

"I know. But not for ever so long."

"It'll go fast. You'll have to get another job now, and get busy. I don't think Feeney's going to amount to much, as a manager, I mean. Here's the thing about Feeney—and I like Frank Feeney too—"

"MAYNE is making talk!" Tamara's thoughts had run. What was Feeney to them, or what were they to Feeney? She had tramped along in silence, listening, her face not brightening.

"I'll miss you so horribly, Mayne," she had said thickly, keeping her voice down. "I feel—I feel so badly about—about everything."

"Why, that's not like you, Tam," Mayne had reproached her kindly, as she had stopped, unable to go on. "Let's just be glad that we had this happy time, and before we know it we'll be having another!"

"I can't see it—just like that." How like a crying, miserable girl the words had sounded! Walking with your beau on Sunday afternoon and crying. Horrible dull streets with dirty sidewalks and people looking bloated and breathless in the sticky heat, and one more girl trying to keep up with the long steps of her man and crying. Think of anything—think of anything—do anything but begin to cry here in the street.

How safe to be fat and married with a voile dress on, engineering little boys to the movies! How safe to be wheeling a perambulator! How horrible to feel cold and excited and frightened and not to have anyone to whom one could talk—

"But it couldn't be that he really loved me two weeks ago and doesn't even like me now!" Tam's sick heart had reiterated. And even as her thoughts framed the phrase she had known that even less than that was true. He had much more than loved her once; he much less than liked her now.

Yet there had been nothing else to do on that dreadful Sunday except drag on somehow. She must only live through

Woman in Love

Continued from page 40

these next hours, let him go off triumphantly healthy and strong and pleased with himself, and then drag her shamed self into a dark corner somewhere, and let her heart break, and let the tears come at last.

So she had walked beside him gallantly as long as he wanted to walk, and then had agreed that they had better get back to the hotel, as he of course had had packing to do.

THEY had separated; she to go to the room she shared with Mildred Mhoon, a small, simple married woman who really did not like the stage, but who was eternally being cast by managers for reasons Tam never had been able to divine. Mildred had been snuggled down on one of the beds sound asleep on the dull Sunday afternoon; Tam had moved about cautiously for fear of waking her.

"What fun this could have been," Tam had thought, frowning a little over her dressing, as if her head ached. "It could have been such fun, these dreadful one-night stands, this rushing about, this ridiculous cast packing its bags and telling itself how good it is—Mayne and I could have laughed at it so! Only it's all been spoiled. It's all been spoiled by worrying and being ashamed."

"Now the wife's startin' to holler for an oil heater!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Dressed, she had descended to the hateful lobby again to meet Mayne. He and Tam had gone to dinner in just the old way; it might have been any one of their old happy times together—only it wasn't. Tam could hardly speak; she had tried to smile, but the April tears had glistened in her eyes instead.

"Mayne, I feel so stupid, spoiling our last dinner this way. But it seems as if everything is over, and I'm going to be so lonely."

"Everything isn't over at all, my dear. Are those fresh eastern oysters?" Mayne had said, conferring with the waiter. "No, you mustn't feel like that, Tam," he had continued. "You'll come down to Hollywood, and I'll show you the sights."

"Yes, but when?"

"Oh, we'll arrange that. I have to see Berman first, and find out what the old boy wants me to do, and then I'll know where I am. You know you'll only get yourself nervous worrying about things, Tam. There's nothing to worry about!"

The girl had looked down at her oysters without seeing them, had spoken in a shaken, low voice: "Are you being quite fair to me, Mayne?"

Mayne had answered quickly, lightly, with the maddening air of the untouched male arguing with the eternally weak and wailing woman.

"I—kinder—hate that—kinder—talk! Forget it, Tam. Only remember," he had said, with a change to a practical and bracing tone, "only remember that I'm terribly fond of you, and that we've had a wonderful time together, and that we're always going to be good friends!"

"Easy for you," she had muttered thickly. She had despised herself, but even through her self-contempt her troubled words had gone on: "I feel—I feel so badly, Mayne. I'm so sorry we didn't—didn't just stop with liking each other—"

"Forget it!" he had said again hardily, as she had hesitated, not knowing how to go on. "In another month you'll be rehearsing a new show, and it'll all be different in your mind. Cheer up, baby. Look at your apple pie. Isn't that enough to cheer anyone?"

AND this was the man, she had thought, plunging her fork into the ice cream that was melting over the pie—this was the man who had murmured to her over so many happy luncheons, over so many memorable tea-tables: "I adore you because you're such a little puritan, Tam. There's something sacred about you, to me."

"Time," he had said to her now, "time does everything, my dear. After a little while all these things will fall into their right proportions, and you'll find yourself thinking kindly of me again."

And it had been on that note that they had parted, the man serene and affectionate and admonitory, the girl silent, preserving in her humiliation and helplessness what dignity she could.

Perhaps time would help. Tam clung to that one hope as the weeks went by, and the letters that were worse than no letters came so sparingly from the south. Perhaps in time she might awaken some morning to a less bitter consciousness of shame; perhaps in time she might go to sleep some night not wishing that she might never wake.

"If it had been really love," Tam would say to herself, as she restlessly tramped the streets of the city, turning corners, climbing hills, looking blindly into Chinatown windows and slipping into dark churches to sit apathetic and vague, not praying, not thinking, only dully conscious of being alive at all. "If it really had been a great passion, if he and I had decided to risk the talk, risk the consequences, as Persis and Joe did! But he never pretended it was that—he talked of our being together, but he never said 'marriage,' and I never thought at all! There was no reason—there's no reason now why we shouldn't have been married—"

WHEN she reached this point there was a stinging memory she had to try to forget. She must forget herself shyly smiling at him and saying, "You're marrying into a funny family, Mayne. You'll have to make up your mind to like Mamma and Coral and Lance," and his quick, startled look, and his ready, "Well, all that can wait until we get to town again, can't it?"

"Yes, but I'll have to tell them, tell them we're going to be married," the girl had stammered, a first finger-tip of ice at her heart. And Mayne had said earnestly, warningly: "Don't tell them anything, for heaven's sake! It may be a couple of years before we can even think of marriage, and it won't do us any good to get everyone talking."

"A couple of years!" Tam had echoed, feeling the blood leave her heart. "But—but—"

"But nothing," Mayne had said, with a good-natured kiss. "Let's leave all that until we get back to San Francisco!" And then Berman's telegram had come, and Mayne had never returned to San Francisco at all. But long before he had left her Tam had known that not in San Francisco or in any other city would she ever be married to Mayne.

SHE haunted the agencies; work as well as money was needed now. Only in work could she save herself, and unless financial matters improved the Todhunter family was threatened with ruin. But even the smallest regular salary seemed as far away from Tam's reach as Mars.

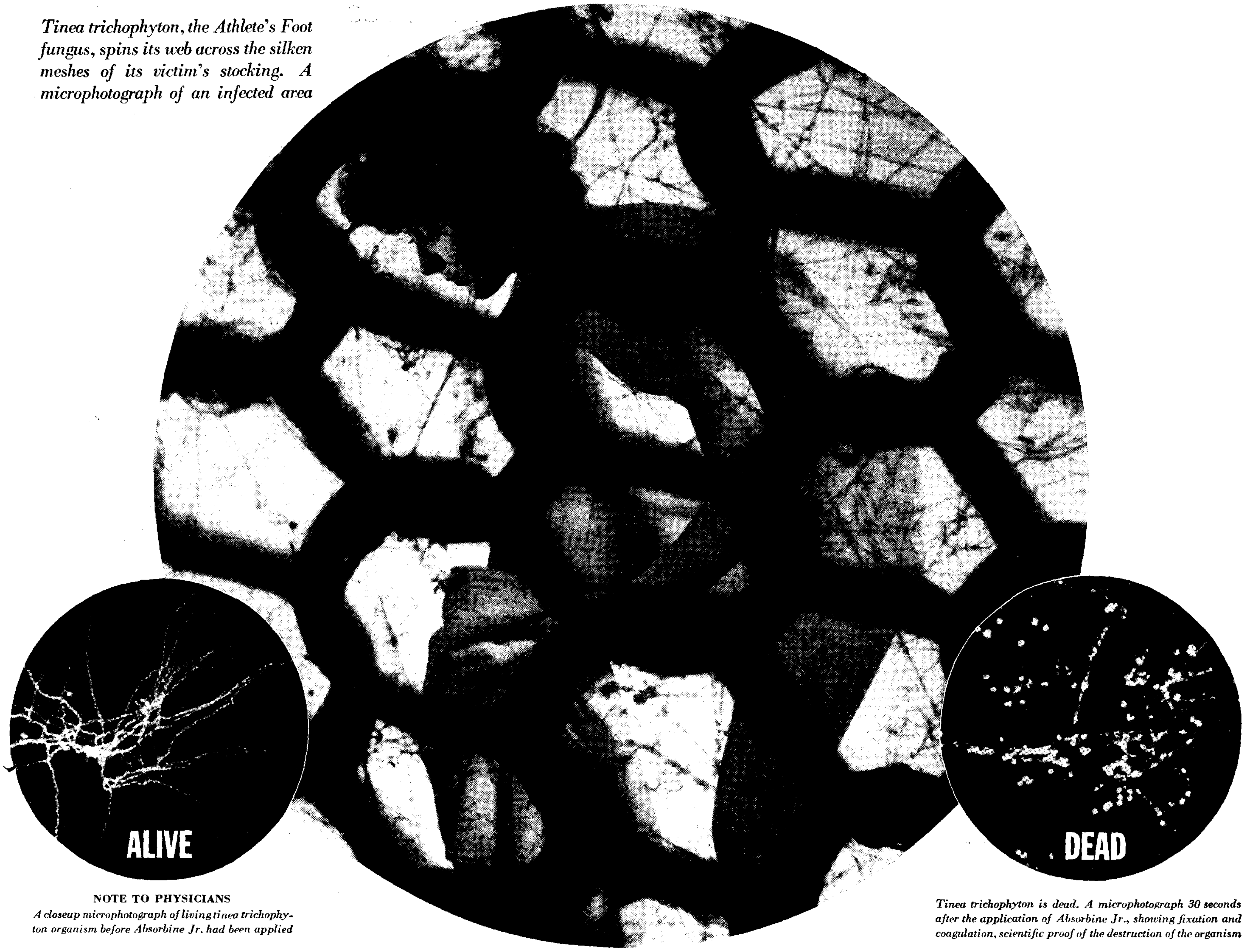
It was almost three months after the closing of Five Sons that she took a trolley car out to the Cliff House one morning, and sat in the shade on the great rocks, listening to the barking of seals and the crying of gulls, and watching the blue, soft June sunshine glitter on the surface of the ocean. The broad, eternally breathing ocean, that could not feel and suffer and be afraid and be ashamed.

Tam knew now. She could deny it no longer. She knew. There was no philosophy, no courage, no hope, in dealing with this. There was no escape.

"So it's that, too, is it?" she said half aloud, after long, long thought. "It's everything, is it? I'm not going to be let off very much, it seems. Where—where do I go from here?"

The seals barked in the hot sunshine and the gulls screamed; the ocean's wide, opal levels breathed on. Surf made half-circles on the long strand and slid away again in a glitter of bubbles, and there was no reply.

(To be continued next week)



Tinea trichophyton, the Athlete's Foot fungus, spins its web across the silken meshes of its victim's stocking. A microphotograph of an infected area

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS
A closeup microphotograph of living tinea trichophyton organism before Absorbine Jr. had been applied

Tinea trichophyton is dead. A microphotograph 30 seconds after the application of Absorbine Jr., showing fixation and coagulation, scientific proof of the destruction of the organism

SHE WALKED IN HER BARE FEET ACROSS THE LOCKER ROOM

And next week the microscope showed an Athlete's Foot web woven across the tiny meshes of her stocking

One day this attractive young lady experienced an uncomfortable, itching sensation between her toes.

On closer investigation she discovered that the skin about her right big toe was broken and inflamed.

Not until then did she suspect the truth: that finally she, too, had been added to the long list of Athlete's Foot victims because a week before she had been so indiscreet as to walk in her birthday clothes across the locker room at the country club.

Absorbine Jr. kills the fungi

Being a young lady of action, she went straightway to the drug store and bought a bottle of Absorbine Jr.

Impatiently she waved aside the offer of "something just as good at less money" and went home to start the Absorbine Jr. treatment for Athlete's Foot at once.

Since she was such a sensible young lady she got results in a hurry. In a surprisingly short time the itching stopped, the redness disappeared and her Athlete's Foot was gone.

Don't experiment with tinea trichophyton

Athlete's Foot can cause you plenty of trouble if you neglect the first symptoms of this disagreeable ailment. It spreads rapidly unless you take proper steps to check its growth. So don't experiment. Get Absorbine Jr. quick.

The microphotographs above were made by one of the most renowned scientific laboratories in the country.

They prove scientifically and conclusively that Absorbine Jr. really kills the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot.

More than this, after killing the vicious fungi, Absorbine Jr. clears the way to rapid mending. It soothes the raw tissues of the toes and feet and aids them to heal quickly. Absorbine Jr. is also the most effective liniment you can buy for aches and sprains. Keep a bottle of it always on your bathroom shelf. At all druggists', $1.25.

ABSORBINE JR.

relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, abrasions, sleeplessness, SUNBURN

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts

That's Pictures

Continued from page 8

Jimmy,' she said. 'I got a job now, and, believe you me, I'm going to work at it.'

"'A job?' I says. 'What doing?'

"'Taking care of my daughter,' she says. 'Giving her what I didn't get—education, a chance. That's a long-term contract, Jimmy, and no vacations.'

"'You still no go home?' I asked.

"She shook her head. 'I can't, Jimmy. Somehow or other this is more than home ever was. As long as I'm around with picture people, even if I'm only waiting on tables—I don't know—I'm sort of satisfied somehow. I feel like I belong even if I don't amount to much.' She smiled at me. 'You know, don't you?' she said.

"I used to bump into her working extra now and again, but that was only when she wasn't handing out rations. That was her regular act. Waiting on tables in studio commissaries or some restaurant patronized by studio people. They tip well—picture people. So she didn't do bad.

"ABOUT thirteen or fourteen years ago when the kid was four or five—somewhere in there—she hooked on here at Ed's place and here she stuck. Year after year—year after year. She'd been here a couple, three years when one afternoon I asked her about the kid.

"'She's doing swell," she said. 'I don't see much of her any more. Just Sundays, sometimes—for a little while.'

"'What's the gag?' I asked.

"'I—I want things to go right for her,' she said. 'I found a family—lovely people they are, too. They used to be well-to-do, but they got mixed up in a bank failure and lost most of their money. She lives with them now. They make a little on it and, aside from that, they really are very fond of her. It's a swell break for her because now, you see, she's with the right kind of people.'

"'Yeh,' I said. 'How about you?'

"'Me?' she said. 'Oh, I'm all right.'

"'You're a sucker, Anne,' I told her, 'but you're an awful swell sucker. You'll peddle your life away year by year to do so well by that gal that by the time she's old enough to be of some use and comfort to you, she's liable to be out of step with your procession.'

"'That's the way I want her to be,' Anne told me. 'I didn't get where I wanted to, Jimmy. All I care about now is seeing that she gets there. If I do that, that's enough. The more she grows away from me, the more I'll like it. Oh, I don't mean I'll like it. I'll hate it, of course, but I want it that way because that's best for her. She's going to be a beauty, Jimmy, when she grows up. And she's going to have everything I missed.'

"You haven't been out here long enough to know how fast time passes when you're grinding away steadily at this silly business. What seems like a couple of years go by and I sign for a picture over on this lot, and one afternoon I duck out of conference for a few minutes and pop over here to Ed's for a cup of coffee. Anne's on the job same as always. She brings me my coffee, and gives me that regular business of 'What are you doing now?' and thus and so. I told her.

"'When are you shooting?' she asked.

"'Supposed to start Monday,' I said, 'but we won't. We got casting ache. Looking for a gal that don't look like Hollywood. And there aren't any.'

"'What kind of a gal?' she asked.

"'The kind there ain't,' I told her. 'Young and pretty. Has to be able to sing and dance and at the same time seem to be the sort of girl who wouldn't know how to sing and dance as well as she'd have to know how to get by with us. Know what I mean? One of those spots where the boys have written us a swell character who has the unspoiled wholesome quality of a middle-class home girl in some nice New England small town. Manners and poise of this year's honor graduate of whatever the hoop-de-da-da finishing school in the East happens to be right now. Then, of course, she has to be able to sing pretty near as good as Jeanette MacDonald, dance a little like Fred Astaire's sister, and act. See anybody like that knocking around looking for work, send 'em over, will you?'

"'Listen, Jimmy,' she said. 'Give my kid a break, will you?'

"'Your daughter, you mean?' I asked.

"'Yes,' she said.

"'Oh, say now, wait a minute,' I said. 'This gal I'm talking about is maybe—oh, eighteen, nineteen years old, say.'

"'Well,' she said, 'my daughter's nineteen next month.'

"'Hey, wait a minute,' I said, grabbing hold of my seat. I felt all of a sudden like someone was trying to shove me off the edge of the universe in a hurry. 'Why, Anne,' I said, 'it's only three—four—five years since—' Then I started to think. Yeh, she was right!

"'You've always been swell to me, Jimmy,' Anne said. 'Now, listen. My kid's had two seasons in the East. Stock. She's not altogether lacking in experience, and she can sing and dance,' she said.

"'Yeh?' I said. 'Been playing in stock?'

"'I thought it was the best thing for her to begin with,' Anne said. 'She's lovely, Jimmy. Really she is. She's back in town now. Will you—will you just give her a test? Please!'

"'Listen, Anne,' I said. 'I've known you for a long time now. Remember when you first came to town? I had to tell you some bad news. I didn't like to do that. If I give this kid of yours a test, you know and I know that the chances are nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to one I'm going to have to tell her the same thing.'

"ANNE shook her head. 'You won't, Jimmy. She's got it. She's got what I didn't have. Everything I didn't have. Listen, Jimmy, you know all I've done to put the kid across. Will you give me a break?'

"'Okay, sister,' I said. 'Send her in tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. If she looks anything like it at all, I'll give her a test and a good one.'

"When the kid blew in the next morning, she had me out on my feet for the first few minutes. You know how it is out here. She was an eyeful all right. Yeh, and she was a lady, too. Whatever that is. I mean by that she had poise without being uppity or stiff. She had charm without any apparent attempt to be cute. She had good diction without sounding as though she were imitating somebody. And she used good English without giving you the idea she was putting on a temporary act.

"I give her a couple of scenes of the piece to study, and the next day I shot a test of her. She wasn't a bad little trouper. Pretty good, in fact. Knew what it was all about. And she could take direction. But still and all nothing to start the sun arcs waving. You know what I mean? Adequate. And then the next day I went in the projection-room with the supervisor handling the picture and a bunch from the front office. And oh, baby! Two oh's and a couple of babies! I knew she was doing pretty good when I shot the test, but when I saw her on the screen—! Woof! She just happens to be one of these people who are ten times more effective on the screen than they are in person. Some kind of magic happens in the camera when it photographs that type.

"Well, we sat there and looked at that test and ooh-ed and ah-ed. And, me, was I glad that projection-room was dark! I was blubbering like a school kid.

"When the lights came on I just stuck around long enough to put in my 'yes' to the glee chorus they were all singing at having picked one right out of the air, and lit out across the street for Ed's place.

"ANNE came over to see me same as ever, bringing me a cup of coffee, a grin on her face.

"'I've just come from the projection-room, Anne,' I told her. 'We ran the test.'

"The grin flickered and went out. She set down the coffee quick, for if she hadn't it would've spilled. She was shaking all over and she leaned against the edge of the booth. I choked all up.

"'You win,' I said. "She's all you told me she was and more. She's in, Anne. They're going to sign her for the part and you can take my word for it—she'll be a rave right from the beginning.'

"She shut her eyes for a second then, and a couple of tears squeezed out between the lids. Then she stood straight and wiped 'em away.

"'I knew she'd click if she ever got the break,' she said. 'What are you going to have?'

"'Aw, can that "What-are-you-going-to-have" stuff, Anne,' I said. 'Listen—that kid of yours is all set. She's in. Now what about you?' I said.

"'Me?' she said.

"'Yeh,' I said. 'You. The gravy train's coming a mile a minute, Anne. Are you going to get some of it for yourself, or just stand and watch it go by?'

"'Sure I'm going to get some of it,' Anne said. 'If she wants to support me in the style to which I've never succeeded in becoming accustomed, who am I to kick? Only one thing though—I will not have people know that I'm her mother.'

"'That's silly, Anne,' I said.

"She shook her head. 'I'm willing to ease up by taking some of the excess money that she's going to make; but the other thing is out.'

"So that was that. It was out. Out as far as I was concerned anyhow, but I had to have a showdown talk with the kid when she came in to see me that afternoon after she'd signed up. Good people, that kid. Here she was with the way to stardom fresh open ahead of her, and she was more interested in worrying about her mother than thinking about herself.

"'Oh, Mr. Duncan,' she said to me, 'can't you—can't you do something about Mother? I want to do things for her.'

"'Do what?' I asked her.

"'I want her to be with me,' the kid said. 'I want her to be part of my life, and she absolutely insists in staying on there as a waitress in that restaurant and keeping it a secret that she's my mother. It—it makes me so miserable. I'm—I—Mr. Duncan, tell me something.'

"'What?' I said.

(Continued on page 46)

FURRY TONGUE

Eat 3 Cakes a Day

"But she wasn't ill *very long*"

says **DR. BELOUX,** *noted stomach expert of Paris, France*

WHAT can *you* do about troubles like those that Miss L— —, described above, had? Well, let us see what the noted Dr. Jules Beloux, famous consultant on internal disorders at the great Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris, did for them:

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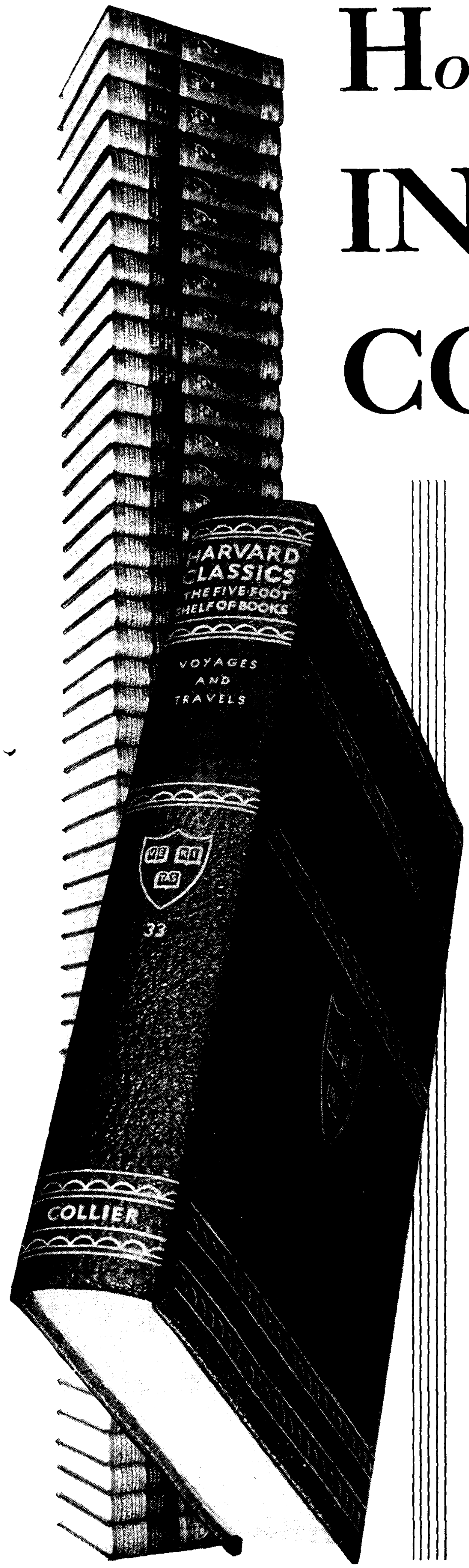

How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

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His case is by no means unusual. He is one of the many who have learned the simple secret that good reading opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. It is this broader view that inspires self-confidence. In one word it's *culture*.

There are thousands of men today who lack a classical knowledge and who don't know where to turn for it. The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" they ask.

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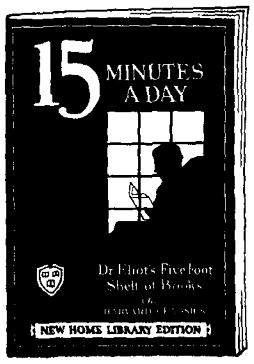

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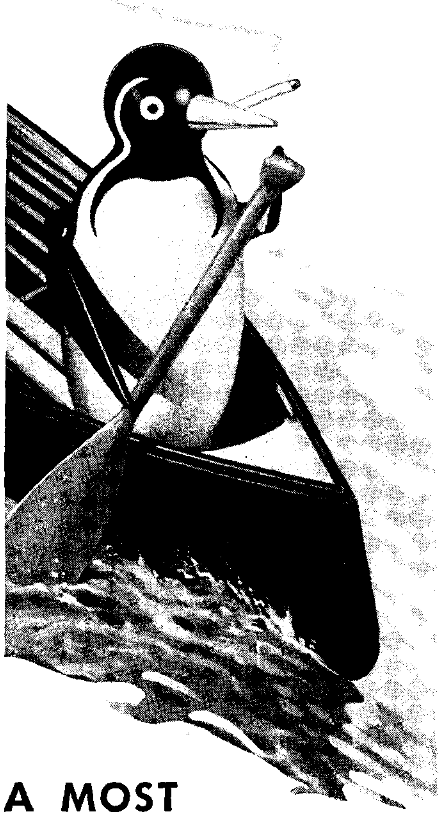

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like a shower on a dusty day . . .
like a tall, tinkling drink . . .

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That's Pictures

Continued from page 44

“‘Everything's happening so fast,’ she said. ‘I don't exactly know where I am. But from all I can gather, I'm going to be quite a success, aren't I?’

“‘Tops, kid,’ I told her. ‘Tops right away and for many a year to come if you don't go haywire.’

“‘I won't do that,’ she assured me. ‘I know what it's cost Mother to give me this chance, and for that reason, if for no other, I walk chalk. But, Mr. Duncan,’ she went on, ‘I want—I want to pay Mother back for all she's done. I want her to be with me. I want people to know that she's my mother. I—’

“‘Listen, kid,’ I told her. ‘I been telling your mother what not to do ever since she came to this town. She always went ahead and did it anyhow. She came to do what you're doing. Well, she didn't do it. You did. So maybe she did it after all. If she did it, she did it in her own way. So let's—you know—kind of play along with her and see what she's got in her mind.’

“‘All right, Mr. Duncan,’ she said, drying her eyes. ‘Whatever you say. But—oh, I feel so mean about it all. I want to—I want to do something for her.’ ”

JIMMY lit a cigarette and leaned back, looking off thoughtfully for a moment at our waitress hurrying between tables some distance away with a loaded tray held aloft.

“Well,” he said, “of course you know what happened when old John J. Public got his first peek at Lucey.”

“Lucey!” I said.

“Sure. Clare Lucey.”

“Is that the girl you're talking about?” I asked.

“Who else?” said Jimmy.

Clare Lucey! The current ingénue sensation! An adorable little star-eyed sprite who had burst into pictures the previous year in a sensational hit and rocketed to stardom in less than a twelvemonth.

I looked again at the waitress now distributing dishes from her tray at a distant table. “You mean—you mean that's Clare Lucey's mother?” I asked.

Jimmy grinned. “Figure it out, boy,” he dared me.

“Now wait a minute,” I said. “There's something screwy about this. Why, if the papers ever got hold of this—”

“No chance,” Jimmy assured me. “There's too much of the back trail covered up and none of the few people who know the whole story will crack.”

I shook my head. “I don't get it.”

“Okay,” said Jimmy. “I'll give it to you. As soon as Clare clicked and started picking off those ripe-cherry checks each week, Anne blew the joint here and took a big apartment for herself over at the Château Marmola. Gave the gang around here the business that an uncle or cousin or somebody back East had thrown sixes shooting craps with old age, and left her a ton or more of what it takes to get your mail at the Marmola. She went for a car and a chauffeur and a lot of personal scenery, and started going places and doing things. Nobody gave it a tumble when she began to be seen around with Clare here and there. What of it? A star like Clare can pick her own pals and no questions asked. I used to see 'em together now and then. They seemed to be hitting it off fine.

“The thing goes on like this for—oh, I don't know—couple, three months—something like that. Then one Sunday I drop in at the Beverly Hills Derby for breakfast and find Anne there alone. So I sit down and start cutting up old touches with her while I take on the toast and Java.

“‘Well, Anne,’ I says to her ‘you're okey-doke at last, eh?’

“She looked kind of funny. ‘Yes,’ she said as though she didn't mean it. ‘Okey-doke at last. I don't know though, Jimmy. I feel kind of funny about it all.’

“‘Well,’ I said, ‘you're having a good time, aren't you?’

“She lifted her head and looked me straight in the eye. ‘No,’ she said, ‘I'm not.’

“‘Well,’ I said, ‘what's the trouble?’

“‘I'm not having a good time,’ she said. ‘That's the trouble. I feel all out of place. Look, Jimmy—here's a funny thing. You know, all the time I was taking care of Clare and seeing her through and all that, and when I first came out here and did extra, and then when I was first married—I don't know—I was having a tough time of it.

“‘You were,’ I said.

“She nodded. ‘Yes, I was. Tough time. But, Jimmy, I want to tell you something. I'm just beginning to find it out. I was having a good time in those days. I was doing something. I was—look now. Don't laugh at me, will you? I was waiting on table and all that, Jimmy, but I was part of pictures. I was waiting on picture people. I knew picture talk. I knew what was going on. It was fun, Jimmy, and I was part of it. And now I'm—’

“‘Now you're sitting on top of the world and don't know it,’ I told her. ‘Come on. Snap out of it, Anne, and enjoy yourself.’

“‘How?’ she asked.

“‘Well,’ I said, ‘I don't know how. Figure it out any way you want to. Your time's your own now. You got some money. You're still a comparatively young woman. Go on—enjoy yourself.’

“She looked at me for a minute and then she nodded her head. ‘Yeah,’ she said. ‘I think I will, Jimmy. I think I'll do that. I think I got that coming to me. My own way, huh?’

“‘Sure,’ I said. ‘Figure out what you want to do, and go on and do it.’

“Well, we chinned around for a while and then I beat it. Couple, three days later I popped over to Ed's and here she was. Waiting on table. Ed came before I had a chance to talk to her and stopped. He grinned.

“‘Well,’ he said, ‘maybe you noticed the canary come back.’

“‘Yeh,’ I said. ‘What's the idea?’

“‘Oh, she went and speculated with that money that was left to her and lost a wad. I knew she would. People like that hadn't ought to have money.’

“He went on about his business then and Anne came over, grinning, bringing me a cup of coffee.

“‘Jimmy,’ she said, ‘you—you mustn't kick because after all these years I finally took your advice. For the first time since I came out here I took your advice. You told me to enjoy myself in my own way and I'm doing it. I'm happy here, Jimmy. This is what I like. Long as I'm working here I'm part of the picture business same as’—her voice dropped—‘same as Clare is. She's big and I'm little. We're both in the business and both working at it. So now don't scold me.’

“So I didn't scold her and that's that.”

THE woman who was Clare Lucey's mother came hustling up to us.

“Anything else?” she asked.

I shook my head, watching her closely.

“Check,” Jimmy said.

She took out her pad and began figuring it up.

“I hear that new South Sea thing with Lupe and Powell looks pretty good,” she said as she figured.

“They finished?” Jimmy asked.

“No,” she said. “They're ten days behind. They were supposed to finish last Monday, but they ran into a lot of fog over in Catalina, and it held them up. Did you hear about Mr. Carson?”

“No,” said Jimmy. “Now don't tell me he made a good picture. Everything else I'll believe, but not that.”

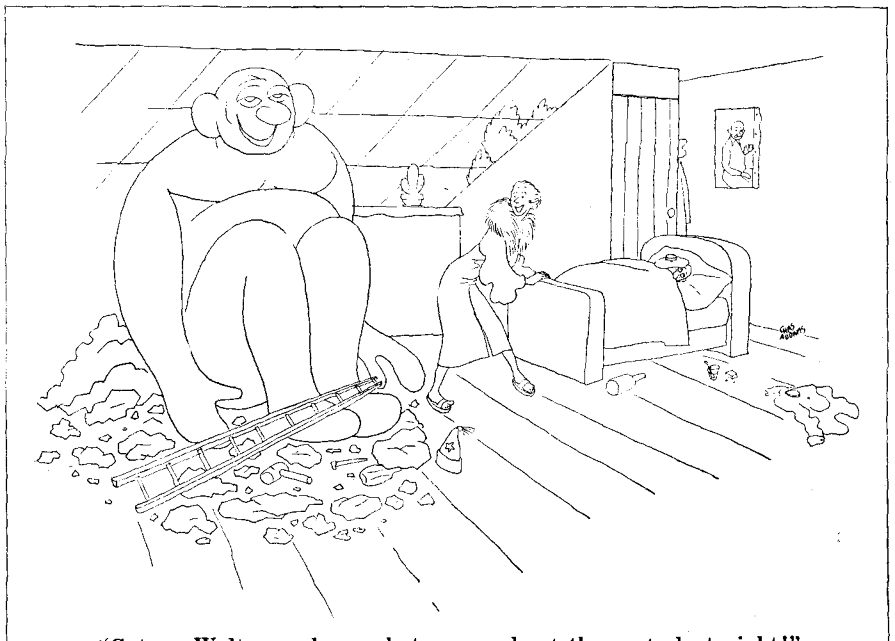
Anne giggled. “No,” she said, “but I hear he's got a new contract now to produce and direct both.”

“Yes?” said Jimmy. “He can't do either one, so they figure maybe he can do both. Well—that's pictures.”

“You should knock pictures,” she said. “They've kept your two hands free of a pick and shovel for a long time.”

Jimmy sighed. “Ain't it the truth?” he said fervently as he rose. “A pretty good racket after all, hey, Anne?”

She met his eyes and laughed. “I'll say!” she said whole-heartedly, and fell to dusting the crumbs from the table top as we moved away. She was humming as she worked.



“Get up, Walter, and see what you made at the party last night!”

GUS ADDAMS

The Little Black Horse

Continued from page 9

murmur, "The foal will bring you luck, Rosa." Then one day his smile became fixed and Rosa knew that he was dead.

Despair gripped her and the future looked black. All she had was the aging Useeit and her expected foal. Then the youngster was born, a tiny black mite of horseflesh with spindly legs, and the heart of Rosa must have been heavy. This looked to be a sorry luck piece. But still it was a lovable thing which lacked the shyness of most foals and it seemed sturdy enough despite the thin stems on which it stood. Rosa wondered what to name it.

Then a kindly fate, thinking perhaps that Rosa Hoots had known enough poverty, enough heartaches, enough misfortune, decided to take a hand in the game. An oil prospector appeared from nowhere, did mysterious things with mysterious instruments to the land which was owned by Rosa Hoots, and then stepped back as a roaring black cascade gushed forth from the dark red loam of the Oklahoma earth.

The Foal That Brought Luck

They call oil black gold in Oklahoma. As Rosa Hoots watched the gusher springing forth, she wasn't seeing oil, she was seeing gold. This was in 1920 and it was easy to translate oil into gold. There was so little of the former and so much of the latter. Rosa Hoots watched them harness this stream of oil, tame it so that it flowed more gently into tanks, and she remembered the dying words of her husband, "The foal will bring you luck."

She named it Black Gold.

Mrs. Hoots was wealthy now and she bedecked herself with jewels and she sent to Paris for her frocks. Mrs. Hoots was wealthy now and she could have hired the best-known horse trainers in the land to care for the spindly foal. But she was the wife of Al Hoots and she hired, instead, Harry Webb, an old friend of Al's, who, like him, was part Indian. Now Harry knew horses as only Indians and gypsies and the Irish know horses. Harry didn't believe in coddling a horse. A horse, Harry thought, was like a child. First you've got to make a horse (or a child) obey you. Then it respects you and if you have been wise in its rearing it finally gets to love you.

Black Gold grew up in the Oklahoma pastures just as the Indian horses did. Black Gold shuddered in the cold and the rain of winter nights and Black Gold thrived under the burning sun of summer days. Even as a youngster the little black horse galloped long miles over rough pasture land and over uneven country roads.

In 1923 Black Gold was two years old and it was time for him to enter the lists. His first start in fast company was the Bashford Manor Stakes at Churchill Downs and it was fitting that he win that one, for later he was to write his name indelibly in the history of that lovely old Louisville track. Yes, he won that one all right and the experts were a bit surprised. You see, Black Gold then didn't look so much. He was so small and he didn't have that well-groomed, sleek appearance which characterized the youngsters which ran for the Whitneys, for Colonel Bradley, for Widener or the Vanderbilts. But they pay off on speed once that barrier is sprung—not on looks.

Black Gold did all right as a two-year-old but of course the test didn't come until a year later. Then Webb shipped him to the Louisiana Derby. It was a rainy day and the mud was fetlock deep as the horses went to the post. The rain slanted into the eyes of the horses and the high-strung thoroughbreds were jittery. The wind was cold and it sent sharp chills up their legs and the chills made them the more nervous. Black Gold just stood there. This sort of weather was an old story to him. He'd slept in open pastures many a night when the weather was worse than this. He stood there—and then the barrier was sprung and he was a black phantom. He won as a great horse should win—going away.

Harry Webb was now satisfied that he had a great race horse in his care. The greatness of the little black horse began to be bruited about the land. Wherever horsemen gathered they discussed Black Gold and his chances of winning the Kentucky Derby, but most of all they discussed the little black horse in the Osage country.

Now in many respects the Kentucky Derby is the world's greatest horse race. There are others which pay the winner more but none has the color, the tradition and the carnival air of America's greatest classic. The race is as American as the bourbon whisky they put in the mint juleps which Colonel Matt Winn and Colonel Phil Chinn serve to favored visitors at a Derby breakfast. There are those who say that it is only an imitation of the English Derby, but that is nonsense. It isn't even pronounced "Darby," as is the English classic, except by a few teacup-balancing, racing dilettantes who attend just because they know that the photographers from the Sunday papers will be on hand. To your Kentuckian it's the Derby and it's called Derby, and two years ago when Lord Derby, sponsor of the English event, attended they taught him to call it Derby—just like that, just as it's spelled. But it doesn't matter—we're talking of a little black horse and of a bright sunny day—May 15, 1924.

Turfdom's Greatest Moment

White clouds hang lazily in a deep blue sky. Hardly a wisp of breeze ruffles the big American flag that hangs atop the gabled tower over the grandstand at Churchill Downs. Ninety-five thousand people have come to pay homage to the thoroughbreds and to help Kentucky celebrate the golden anniversary of its great race.

Mrs. Rosa Hoots, bedecked with jewels and with orchids on her shoulder, sits in her box and not a sign of emotion shows on her face.

Nineteen beautiful bundles of nerves and sinews prance out to the track and the crowd roars a welcome. Garner, Fator, Sande, A. Johnson, Pony McAtee, McDermott, Mooney—the best jockeys in the land—are crouching over the necks of their horses, whispering into the ears of their horses, calming the nerves of their horses.

The crowd has been roaring but now a band leader lifts his baton and an overpowering silence settles over the stands. Then the almost unbearably sweet strains of My Old Kentucky Home hang in the still air and you find that your hands are trembling and you feel a lump in your throat. This lovely lament should never be played anywhere but in Kentucky, and it should be borne to you only on a blue-grass-scented Kentucky breeze. It is more than a song—it is a prayer and an expression of pride by Kentuckians who love their native soil.

(Continued on page 48)

Gene Sarazen

"Trainers know that OLIVE OIL soothes, prevents skin irritation" W. E. Cleveland

TRAINER OF GENE SARAZEN, WINNER BRITISH AND AMERICAN OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1932

SHAVE WITHOUT THAT AFTER-IRRITATION

Start using Palmolive . . . the Shave Cream made with Olive Oil!

YOU can't beat olive oil for taking the sting out of a raw, irritated skin!—That's the way Dr. Cleveland sums up the opinion of thousands of famous athletes, trainers, barbers and skin specialists!

For this very reason, olive oil in just the right amount goes into the making of Palmolive Shave Cream.

Note how fine your face feels after a Palmolive shave. No sting. No burn. No irritation. That's due to Palmolive's unique *lotion-effect.* You'll find, too, that this same soothing action tends to produce a permanent improvement in the condition of your skin.

And it's the unique Palmolive formula, including olive oil, that explains Palmolive's full, creamy lather. (One inch of cream from the tube makes 1 quart of lather!) This lather *stands up* for a full 10 minutes—never dries or wilts while it gives you a closer, cleaner, *easier* shave.

New Low Price!

The large tube, formerly 35¢, is now only 25¢. Only 25¢ for Palmolive—the largest selling and most popular shave cream in the world—four shaves for a penny!

Get a tube today. Shave with it. You'll know then why we say: Just as alcohol makes repeal beer different, it's the olive oil that makes Palmolive different from any other shave cream you can buy!

• • •

For the perfect finish to the perfect shave—Palmolive After-Shave Lotion and Palmolive After-Shave Talc.

PALMOLIVE shave cream
PALMOLIVE shave cream

Only 25¢ (FOUR SHAVES FOR 1¢)

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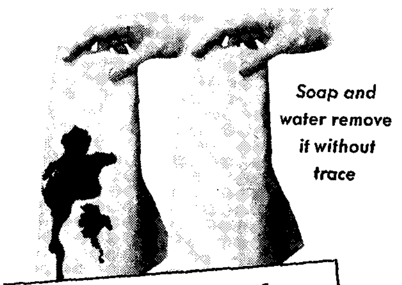
Soap and water remove it without trace

Mail Coupon for BOTTLE FREE and make this test

Spill it on Cloth—Then see it wash out

Quink is a new discovery in writing ink that cost The Parker Pen Co. $68,000 to create—costs you nothing to try. It's a quick-starting, quick-drying, pen-cleaning ink. It dries 31% faster than other inks on paper, yet does not dry in your pen. And Parker Quink contains a secret, *harmless* solvent that dissolves sediment left in your pen by other inks—a Parker Pen or any other. You never have to shake a pen to get it to write. Your pen won't clog—it cleans itself.

But don't forget—Quink is made two ways. (1) WASHABLE. (2) PERMANENT. So to get the kind that soap and water will wash right out of silk, wool, linen, cotton—*any fabric*—be sure to specify WASHABLE Quink.

Ask any store for Quink, or mail free coupon below for 20,000-word bottle to try.

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Send demonstration bottle of Quink—
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zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

(Continued from page 47)

The horses prance a bit nervously. The crowd hums, then softly sings the song. Many a tear is trembling on quivering eyelids. It's a song that creeps into your blood; that twists your heart but that withal makes you feel proud somehow. You can only understand when you've seen a Derby and heard the Derby crowd sing the song with soft voices.

Black Gold is on the rail and, strange to say, he's nervous. Jockey Mooney growls, "Easy, easy, boy." Altawood, Klondike, Baffling, Mr. Mutt, Transmute, Bracadale, Thorndale, the light-footed Chilhowee, the well-thought-of Beau Butler, and nine others are finally ready.

Then, "Now—come on," Starter Billy Snyder roars and his cry is echoed by a mighty "They're off" from the packed stands and the infield crowd. As though by prearrangement a brisk wind springs out of the east and whips the flag over the grandstand into a dancing frenzy. It is a good start but the astute Sande has Bracadale of the Rancocas Stable out in front. We know his strategy. He wants to kill off the field so that Mad Play, the No. 1 Rancocas entry, can breeze in. They pass the stand and Albert Johnson on Chilhowee goes after Bracadale. Black Gold is fifth, well placed inside, ready for anything but not making his bid yet.

The Horse of Destiny

They're around the turn now and running in the far stretch opposite the stands. Through your glasses you see Sande going to his whip. Bracadale is feeling the pace. Through your glasses you see the old rose silks which Useeit once raced under moving up as Jockey Mooney gives Black Gold his head. He's outside where he won't be interfered with but Mooney isn't making his real bid even yet.

They reach the far turn and Sande looks back for a moment out of desperate eyes hoping to see the brown nose of Mad Play. Instead he sees Chilhowee and Beau Butler. Now they're half-way around the turn and through your glasses you see Jockey Mooney raise his whip, then bring it down smartly. That's no ordinary whip. Black Gold wouldn't feel the lash of an ordinary whip. This is a leather thong weighted heavily with buckshot—an Indian whip which calls to the blood of the Indian horse Useeit, and that blood is coursing through the veins of this little black horse.

Mrs. Rosa Hoots, bedecked with jewels and with orchids on her shoulder, sits in her box—and now her face is white.

They're in the stretch and again Mooney raises his whip. That whip sends the little black horse a message. It's a message from the dead Al Hoots and from Useeit. It says to Black Gold: "This is the destiny toward which you have been advancing. This is the moment for which you were born. Are you equal to your destiny?"

Does Black Gold answer the question?

Good Lord, how he answers it! He surges past Chilhowee and now you could put a blanket over the first four horses. He lunges in front of Altawood and he's even with Bracadale and destiny is just one furlong away. He must be tired but you'd never know it—he's running truly, steadily, as a great horse should run. His heart is pounding, for the pace has been fast, but it's a heart that can stand plenty of pounding. "Black Gold!" the roar comes from ninety-five thousand throats and it tempers the thunder of the pounding hoofs.

Mrs. Rosa Hoots, bedecked with jewels and with orchids on her shoulder, sits in her box. She sits in her box and her right hand is clenched and perhaps she's clasping the ghostly hand of Al Hoots. And tears are rolling unashamed down the white face of Rosa Hoots and perhaps it's because she and she alone is hearing a celestial murmur, faint but proud, calling "Black Gold," and the voice is the voice of the man in whose mind this little black horse was conceived nearly four years before.

Then the black phantom flashes across the line with the other horses chasing him. Al's baby has pounded home in front. He trots back to the stewards' stand; Mooney twirls his whip and tosses it to Harry Weber; the crowd is still roaring its adulation of the little horse. They lead the little black horse into that sacred green-blanketed enclosure in front of the stands—the enclosure that is entered only by Derby winners.

Maybe Black Gold is thinking: "So you ruled my mother off the track, hey? You stewards, with your high and mighty airs. She was an Indian pony, was she? Well, what's wrong with being an Indian pony? There's cold blood in me, is there? Well, I've licked all your hot-blooded horses. I've . . ."

Rosa Hoots has her right arm around the neck of the little black horse. Rosa Hoots kisses the soft sheen of the neck of the little horse. Black Gold turns his head and rests it on her shoulder. Is he whispering, "Wouldn't Al be proud of us if he were here now?"

But Rosa Hoots is weeping and something is clutching at the hearts of those who watch. You feel as though you have lived through a perfect moment—that one matchless note has emerged from the usually discordant symphony of life. Then they lead Black Gold away. They lead him away still wearing that horseshoe of roses around his neck.

Shortly after the Kentucky race Black Gold went on further to establish his greatness by winning both the Ohio and Chicago Derbies. Then Mrs. Hoots retired him and again he roamed in the open pastures of Oklahoma. It was as though his retirement was a signal for fate to withdraw the kindly hand which had guided the Hoots destinies since the death of Al. The roses of that horseshoe had hardly turned to dust when the blow fell. The details are unimportant. Perhaps the magic spring of black gold that had been gushing forth from the red loam in a seemingly inexhaustible stream spent itself. Bad investments, bad luck, helped and Mrs. Hoots no longer wore orchids on her shoulder. With the same miraculous swiftness that her fortune had come it was swept away. Black Gold and Rosa Hoots were alone now and the friends of the glorious days were nowhere to be found.

Black Gold Returns

It was 1927 and Black Gold was almost seven years old. He was still sturdy, steel-sinewed. Rosa Hoots looked at him prancing in the pasture, looked at the sturdiness of him and looked into the honest eyes of him. She made her decision. Black Gold had brought her luck once. Perhaps he would do it again.

Faithful Harry Webb was again called for. He shipped the little horse to New Orleans, scene of his first great triumph. There was great interest in the comeback of Black Gold. Webb, pointing for the rich Coffroth Handicap, intended starting Black Gold in a few tune-up races. The public was dubious. It was shown when Black Gold was quoted at 200 to 1 for the Coffroth event in the winter books.

Black Gold was to open his campaign in the fifth race at the New Orleans Fair Grounds on January 18, 1928. There was much shaking of heads among the horsemen at the track. "Black Gold doesn't work right. . . . The black horse limps a bit. . . . Seems to have a sore left foreleg. . . ."

Nine horses were at the barrier that day ready to race for the Salome Purse. Black Gold would have run this field dizzy four years before—but now? He was seven years old, middle age on the track.

Then they were off. The crowd arose instinctively as Black Gold flung himself from the barrier a stride ahead of the field. He still had his early speed, anyway. But they had to go a mile. Jockey Emory steadied him. Around the track they went, closely bunched, with Black Gold running easily. They rounded the far turn and then they were at the post which told the jockeys they had one more furlong to go.

A Tragic Last Act

Jockey Emory went to his whip. A single lash of that same heavily weighted whip and Black Gold trembled. He was being asked the question again just as he had been asked before, in the Kentucky Derby. Polygamia was leading and the little black horse was in sixth place only a length behind the leader.

He plunged forward as the field passed the grandstand. Every nerve and sinew and muscle of him was being urged ahead by the heart of him. More speed. Another lash of that whip. Then—there was a shocked cry from the crowd. Black Gold had stumbled, had almost gone down, had recovered himself. His left foreleg had seemed to buckle for a moment. It had thrown him off stride, but now he was after the leaders again.

From the grandstand you only saw that his stride was uncertain. You couldn't see the agonized look in his eyes, nor could you hear the mighty beat of the greatest heart they ever put in the body of a horse. You couldn't see him quiver under Jockey Emory—you couldn't see him surge forward, stumbling a bit now, swaying a bit now, but surging forward none the less. He would finish. That was his destiny, to finish as best he could. The crowd, sensing tragedy, was silent. Black Gold faltered across the line and for the moment no one knew that he had gained immortality.

Then he swayed. His left foreleg slowly gave way. He fell and then as the heart of him screamed to his nerves and his muscles to rise he tried to struggle to his feet. Harry Webb rushed to him, looked at the left foreleg and his face went white and in his eyes there was a look of disbelief. Black Gold had run that last furlong with a broken leg. The crowd realized it now. It knew it had seen such courage as it is the privilege of few to see.

Harry Webb looked into the eyes of the little black horse. There was a faint bewilderment in them. They were asking Harry, "I tried but I failed you. Why? What has happened to me?"

Webb had to steel himself. Webb couldn't break down now. He had a duty toward this horse which he had seen as a foal, had raised as a yearling, had trained to greatness. A single shot rang out.

The racing papers carry the results of the races in simple, terse language. The racing papers of May 18, 1928, told the story of the fifth race at New Orleans. The last paragraph read, "Black Gold showed early speed. Was in fifth place when broke left foreleg in final furlong. Was destroyed."

That was his epitaph. They buried Black Gold there in the infield of the track at the Fair Grounds. That's a long way from Oklahoma.

Well, that's the story of the little black horse.

A TRUE STORY

By A PHILADELPHIAN

"MANY times," writes Howard J. Crawford, 3401 Wallace Street, West Philadelphia, Penna., "I have been prompted to write about my experience with Nujol, in the hope that your advertising stressing its help might reach the large numbers of people suffering from hemorrhoids.

"For years I had suffered with the unending agony of hemorrhoids, buying all kinds of salves, pills and ointment. Two physicians had advised a surgical operation, but partly in fear and partly due to the cost I continued on as before.

"One day, in discouragement, I purchased a pint bottle of Nujol. I began taking a tablespoonful each night at bedtime and I was grateful a few days later to experience a restfulness and peace I had not known for a long time. This one bottle was my cue. If one bottle helped a little, the large can would be better. I continued without interruption taking one tablespoonful each night until the can was empty. What a change it made in me. In six months' time I felt strong, and while I don't mean to say any magic was employed, I have had no suggestion of pain or disturbance since. It has been past two years, now, and I discontinued the treatment, but I know positively that it was Nujol that did the work.

"Any poor devil who has this affliction should give Nujol a six months' faithful test and he will wonder why he endured such agonizing distress with such a simple economical remedy obtainable anywhere.

"This letter is sent you with the hope some other suffering human may learn of the good Nujol will do in similar circumstances."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork" now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Dept. 2-R, New York City.

The Listening Leopard

Continued from page 17

"'He has some secret,' said Van Bierrens.

"'I think it is just the desire to live,' I told him.

"'But that is a secret!' he snapped. 'A great secret! You should have found out what he is living for! What is the desire?'

"He was so mad with me that he stamped out of the Hotel der Nederlanden, where I was staying. He made me laugh. You are wondering what has all this got to do with the Grand Duchess Thalia of Sonderburg-Walstadt? Now I am coming to her. Coming to her very quick indeed.

"That Professor Van Bierrens was back at my hotel first thing in the morning. He grabbed me by the arm and he took me up to the Hotel des Indes. He sent up his card and in a few minutes I was bowing to an old German woman, all painted and powdered, who looked as old as the Sacred Cannon that the natives pray to at the Penang Gateway. She was your grand duchess. *Ja!* She was Thalia of Sonderburg-Walstadt on her way back from German New Guinea.

"She made me tell her about that 'Old One' in the hills. Quick and sharp were her questions. How old did I think he was? Was I sure? What did I think he had in the calabash? I had told Van Bierrens that I had watched that native rubbing himself with something that he poured from a calabash, and Van Bierrens had repeated it to her.

"'Do you think, Mynheer Kromhout, that he could make a person of a certain age young again?' she snapped.

"'I do not know,' I answered. 'I have never asked him.'

"'Would he sell his secret?' she demanded.

"I shrugged my shoulders. What did I know? Nothing.

"'Everything in the world is for sale,' cried that old woman. 'Everything! Tomorrow we start for this place Kediri.'

"On the next day I met the niece of the duchess, who was traveling with her. And I met a young man who was the secretary of the old lady. The niece was nineteen, and the secretary was twenty-one, and they loved each other.

"NOW I will tell you something. Something that startled me. That old woman, the Grand Duchess Thalia, was also in love with that boy who was working as her secretary! He did not know it! The girl did not know it! They were too much wrapped up in each other to think such a thing possible. If someone had told them they would not have believed.

"The duchess was seventy-four! Three and a half times the age of the boy who could only see one woman in the world, and that was the little fräulein who blushed so prettily when he looked at her! . . .

"With the servants there were eleven of us.

"On the train I had pains in my head because I had mixed myself up in that business. It did not seem nice to me. There was money—*Ja*, a lot of money, but when I looked at the duchess I felt that I was helping someone to play tricks with the Almighty. I felt ashamed. That woman was so old."

Some odor came in on the wind and startled the leopard. He sprang to his feet and sniffed hungrily at the breeze. Kromhout watched him with interest. For a full five minutes the animal stood without moving a muscle, then, with a little whimper, he slipped back to his former position and stared at the naturalist.

"That puff of wind came from his home," said Kromhout. "He knows it. Where was I in my story? *Ach*, I know! We had tents and beds and everything. That woman had millions of gulden. Millions and millions! We made a camp in the mouth of a valley, then I went to look for the 'Old One.'

"I found him sitting on the ledge in front of the temple. I spoke to him about the grand duchess. How old she was and how she had an idea that he might make her young. I said she would pay anything that he asked.

"'I have everything that I want,' he said. 'Tell the old buffalo cow that it cannot be done.'

"I WAS mad with him. I grabbed his skinny ankle and pulled him to his feet. 'Put something round your nakedness and come with me!' I yelled. 'You must speak to her yourself!' I was sick with that business. Sick that I had spoken to Van Bierrens at Batavia.

"The 'Old One' tied a strip of dirty cloth about his middle and we went down to the camp. Just as we got to the tents someone started the big phonograph that the grand duchess carried with her on her travels. The 'Old One' stopped and looked at me. 'What is that?' he asked. I tried to tell him that it was a machine, then I led him to the big tent that was used as a sitting-room and showed it to him.

"When he saw the machine and heard the music that was coming from it that native threw himself on his knees and covered his face. He thought the thing a god! *Ja!* A god that would get up and kick him to death if he didn't crawl to it. I tried to get him to his feet, but he wouldn't move. I had to ask the young secretary to stop the thing before he would get up. That machine had him scared good and plenty.

"When it was quiet he tiptoed all around it. He thought the god was inside. When it started again he dropped, covered his face and lay still, and he was there on the mat lying full length when the Grand Duchess Thalia came into the tent.

"The 'Old One' had no interest in the grand duchess. No interest at all. He was watching that machine. He could not take his eyes from it when it was silent. He was crawling on his belly and muttering prayers to it.

"I told the grand duchess that he would do nothing. 'He does not want money,' I said. 'He has everything he wants.' Then, as I looked at him, I said: 'This machine seems to stir him a lot.'

"'Offer it to him if he will help me to become young!' cried the duchess. 'Offer it to him now! Quick!'

"It took a lot of talking to explain to the 'Old One.' His mind could not grip what I said. Two dozen times I made the offer in the Sundanese dialect.

"When he got that offer into his head he was like a wild man. He went crazy with the thought of owning that talking box. He made noises like a hungry dog that has found a big bone. He spluttered promises. He wanted me to tell the old woman that he would make her as nimble as a deer. I had a job to stop him from starting that minute on that duchess. She was not an old buffalo cow to him then; she was a goddess."

Again the leopard rose and sniffed the night. His eyes were red coals as he wheeled.

"It is the change in the monsoon that

(Continued on page 50)

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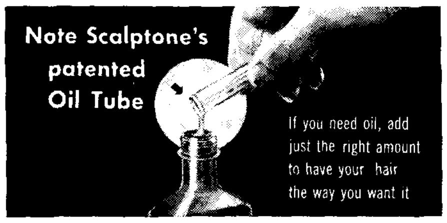
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MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

(Continued from page 49)

is rousing him," said Kromhout. "It brings smells from his home. Watch him! He is getting news on that wind. *Ja!* Big news. It is his mail! It is possible that his wife has sent him a letter. She is not pleased with his being away so long and has put her temper into an odor that the wind has brought him. She might think he has found another wife. She must know that he is beautiful."

We waited in silence while the leopard "read" his wind letters, then, when he quieted down, Kromhout took up his story.

"Now, years after that business, I am much puzzled," he said slowly. "Much puzzled over the work of the 'Old One.' Often I think of the weeks that followed his visit to the camp. I have made myself go back and look at each day, and it is still a mystery to me. A great mystery.

"But I saw! I, Jan Kromhout, who has lived in the East for half a century! What did I see? I saw the years being peeled off that old Grand Duchess Thalia like you would peel the husk from a coconut! Peeled off by that native. . . .

"Each day he would work on that old woman. He would rub her arms and her face and her legs with that stuff he had in the calabash. And he would massage her till she squealed with the pain. He was not gentle. Not a bit. That phonograph was in his head, and when the grand duchess cried out with the agony he would curse her and tell me to ask her to keep quiet.

"And he would try to throw into her mind the will to get young. That was hypnotic. He would hold her eyes with his eyes as he massaged her. Hold her so that she thought she was young. He drove her back over the years. That was it! Drove her back, day after day, till her brain was fooled, and then her brain acted on her heart and her liver and her muscles. It said, 'What is wrong with you? I know that you are only thirty, so why are you sluggish and old?'

"YOU have seen Faust? Yes? Well, I saw something as big and bigger happen under my eyes. Not done quick like it is done in the opera. Slow, slow like the budding of a tree. . . . It was not easy, that business, but the grand duchess had an incentive. *Ja*, she had a big incentive.

"You wonder what the young secretary and the niece thought? I mean, what they thought of the change in the looks of the grand duchess? I will tell you. Those two youngsters were so much in love with each other, and so busy looking at each other, that they did not notice any change. It is a fact. They were blind. Blind to what was happening to the old woman. I know. Once or twice I made a remark about the grand duchess, just a little word to say that the climate was improving her health and looks, but they did not see anything. I do not think they would have noticed any change if Her Highness had become a little baby and started to crawl around the floor of the tent.

"I thought that old lady had a job on her hands. A big job. She would need all the tricks the 'Old One' could show her. She was getting younger! *Ja, ja!* At times she did not look half her age! It was strange. If you met her you would think that she was a woman of thirty, but what was the good of tearing off all those years if the man she wanted did not see the change? I wondered what would happen when she would put her cards on the table and say, 'Look at me! I have become young so that you will love me!' I wondered."

The leopard whined softly. There was a world of pain in the tense protest against imprisonment. The sound went out into the night, a concrete thing, floating away to the surrounding jungle, rousing animal hate against Man. Man, the trapper, the torturer, the builder of prisons called Zoölogical Gardens. . . . *Gardens!*

After a long pause Jan Kromhout resumed his story. "At the end of July the 'Old One' got his phonograph," he said slowly. "I helped him to get it up to the ruins where he lived. He had done all that he could. He had earned that talking machine.

"That evening I went down to the camp of the Grand Duchess Thalia. It was a fine night. There was a moon, and the winds were soft and perfumed. It was a night for lovers. A night for whispered words and white arms. I thought of days when I was young, and when I talked with girls in the Vondel Park at Amsterdam.

"I was going through a little grove of trees toward the tent when I heard voices. I stopped in the shadows and listened. The Grand Duchess Thalia of Sonderburg-Walstadt was speaking. I tried to get back, but she and the man who was with her moved onto the cleared patch and blocked me. I had to drop on my knees and pray that they would go away. I did not want to hear what that woman was saying. I wish I had never heard it. It wakes me now in the nights. *Ja!* Nearly twenty years after, those words wake me! I can hear the pain in her voice.

"She was telling that young man what she had done. What she had done for his sake! For his sake! How she had made herself young so that he would love her! It was terrible to listen to. Then, in the moonlight, she wheeled on her toes to show him that youth had come back to her. Wheeled like a dancer and flung out her arms to him. . . .

"He was facing me, that secretary. Facing me with his mouth open and his face plastered with foolishness brought by her words. Never have I seen a man look so astonished as that youngster. Never! He tried to shut his mouth so that he could speak, but he couldn't. *Neen!* He couldn't! His jaws were clamped with horror, then, when she moved toward him, he let out a mad laugh, a laugh that gave you shivers, and he turned and ran into the trees. . . .

"I saw another bit of magic then. I saw that woman growing old! Growing as old as she was when the 'Old One' first started on her! Growing old as she stood there in the moonlight! Those years that he had peeled from her were coming back as I watched. Coming back like crows, angry because she had tried to shake them off! She staggered past me toward the tent. She was older than she was when I had first seen her. Twenty, thirty years older! She was a hundred! *Ja!* A hundred! . . .

"Next morning, while the grand duchess was in bed sick, a runner came from Blitar with the news that Germany had gone to war. That was the finishing stroke for the Grand Duchess Thalia. She was dead in three days. It was her wish that she should be buried in that place. There is a stone with her name. That is all."

"And the young secretary and the niece?" I asked.

"They were married in Batavia," answered Kromhout. "I knew that the girl was the one that was to inherit the fortune of the grand duchess. Van Bierrens had told me that. But I think that fool business made them wish to do without the money. I think so. They had love and youth, and they wanted nothing else. Where they are I do not know, but I think they would be happy. *Ja.* I think they would be very happy. Love is the one great thing in this foolish world."

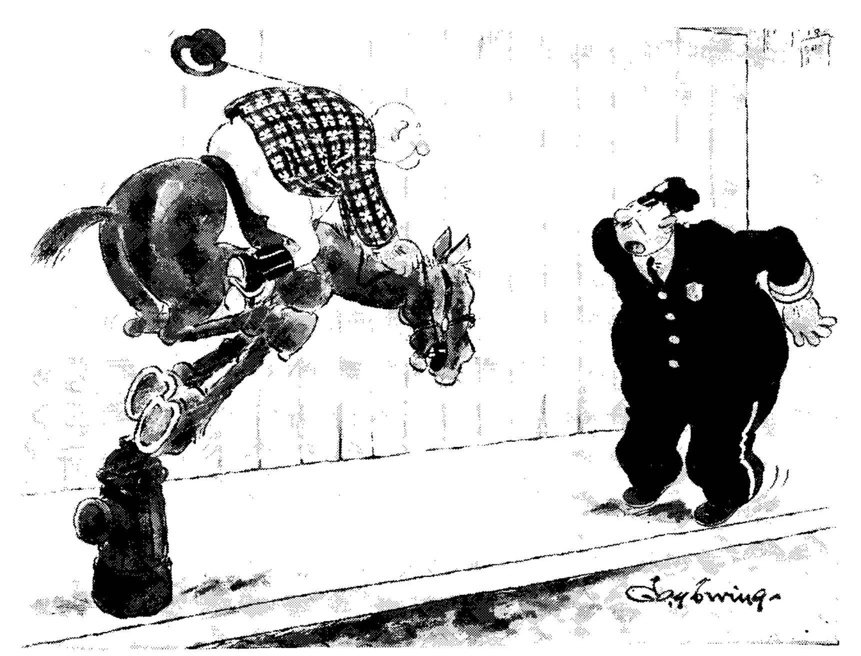
JAN KROMHOUT remained a long while without speaking. Slumped in his big chair, he watched the leopard. The beast had walked to the end of his cage that was nearest to the open door, and there, nose pressed against the bars, he was reading the messages that came on the veering wind. A strange, statuesque figure. A little weird.

Kromhout rose suddenly. Something about the leopard had stirred him. "Would you mind standing behind that wire netting?" he said. "So! Just in case of accidents. You see—you see I am going to let that fellow free. He has memories of something. He would die if I kept him. Now, look out!"

The big naturalist pulled a lever that locked the bars against which the nose of the leopard was thrust. The flat iron slats fell away. The beast was free to spring through the open door of the bungalow.

For an instant he turned, his golden eyes upon Jan Kromhout. For just an instant. Then he sprang for the doorway. In the silence we heard the crackle of the dry bamboos before the bungalow, then a cry, tense and thrilling, came back to us.

Jan Kromhout dropped the lever. "There is someone somewhere that loves him," he said softly. "She will be glad to get him home. I will have another glass of schnapps and go to bed."



"Leap frog—what can I do? He just won't grow up!" JAY IRVING

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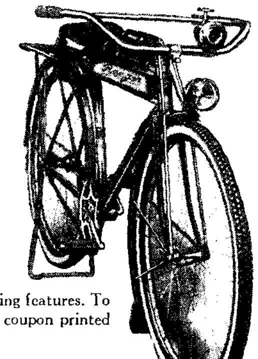

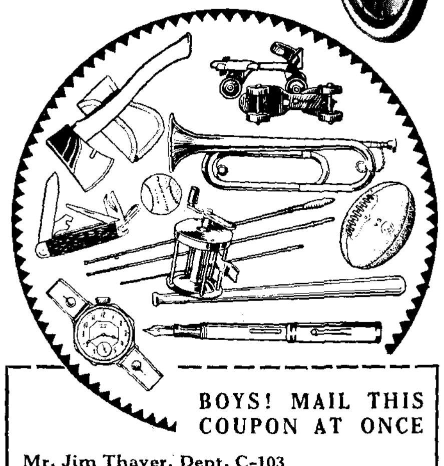

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How do I Look?

Continued from page 18

"And how many women can be Garbos? Hollywood is knee-deep with the failures. Garbo, of course, is the most exciting person in Hollywood to dress because for her I let go all moorings and set sail on an uncharted sea. Garbo knows nothing about fashion and cares less. It's doubtful if she ever bought a Paris model. What is being worn, what Paris is showing, means less to her than to a Hawaiian surf-rider. So I design purely for a personality, with no reference to the mode.

"You spoke of the Frenchwoman not fearing to be ugly, preferring distinction to mere prettiness. That's perfectly true—and Garbo has that same attitude toward clothes. I've never heard her say, even of the most outlandish things I've designed for her, 'That's not becoming,' except to add, 'but it's right. It suits me.' If only more women would take that point of view. Instead of eternally thinking, 'Do I look pretty? Does this flatter me?' if they would only ask themselves, 'Does this hat, which certainly is not flattering, give me an air, a certain style?' there'd be a lot fewer dowdy women in the world. Why ape the pretty women? You can never beat them at their own game, but you can have something they don't have.

"The type I think most American women would succeed best in following is Norma Shearer. She looks the way most American women would really like to look—and the way their husbands and sons would like them to look. How do I dress Norma? That is to ask how I would dress the average good-looking young American matron.

"Well, for one thing, Norma is at her best in tailored things—as what typical American woman isn't? She's perfect (as they are) in clothes that are restrained, yet have enough flair and individuality not to be dull. She wears lovely soft woolens and tweeds with a little flash of plaid or a brilliant accent of suède or an unusual buckle which snaps it up, as no one else can wear them.

"Her hats must have action. By action I mean the hat should look as though it were going places even when off the head—a flip to one side, a dashing line at the back, a twist, a turn quite unexpected even to me. A hat that looks at peace with the world is no hat for Norma—and no hat for you if you are the Norma type.

Enlivening the Mouse

"The mousy type of person has as much difficulty expressing her personality as Lupe Velez has restraining hers. These timid souls scamper into an inconspicuous sports suit and a vagabond hat as a squirrel scurries into its hole for safety. They must learn to wear stimulating colors, to dare a line that makes them gasp, to pull a rakish hat over one eye—and the deuce with what their husbands may say.

"Oh, I thoroughly believe that every woman can do a lot with herself if she only has courage and determination."

"I know a woman who never made a dent in anybody's consciousness until she was fifty," I said. "At that age she was a gaunt old maid with dyed hair which made her look hard and commonplace. Suddenly she decided to throw up a perfectly good job and see if life was really as dull as it had always seemed. She went to Paris. A year later I met her here in town. I didn't know her. She was a very distinguished-looking person, striking chiefly because of the combination of beautiful white hair, charmingly dressed, and big, black eyes. She was tall—and that helped—and she wore decidedly unusual clothes with an air of assurance. She had, in Paris, simply turned herself over to a celebrated coiffeur and dressmaker—and had the sense to follow their advice. Often that is the solution.

"I've seen a number of cases where simply letting the hair go gray, instead of dyeing it, has worked a complete transformation. I know one woman, frequently referred to in the society columns as 'one of the most beautiful women in Palm Beach,' who never was anything of a beauty, I assure you, until she quit using dyes, let her hair go white, used a blue rinse to emphasize the white, and wore blue clothes or gray clothes with royal blue jewelry. There's many a plain woman who could do the same."

"Funny thing about women and colors," smiled Adrian. "They get an idea about colors into their heads—what colors they can wear and what colors they can't—and nothing short of a major operation could get it out. Someone once told a red-headed girl that blue was the color for her, and ever since all red-headed girls have worn blue, whereas there's nothing like a good, determined pink to bring out the best in them. Mrs. Leslie Carter was no beauty—but she stopped the show when she came on in DuBarry pink."

Hold It

"So does Mrs. Adrien Iselin," I added. "She has copper hair and green eyes and is never without a pink dress. Of course she wears green—every redhead knows that—but what they don't know is that a deep yellow and also copper color, accented with emerald green, are swell colors for them, too—and brown tweeds with orange accents in the country. . . . Are we getting away from personality—types?"

"We may be rambling a bit," he agreed, "but I think we're doing a swell job. Modern art has introduced new color combinations and women should learn to use them. Take the honey blondes, for instance. How many honey blondes know enough to wear yellow? Yet it's their predestined color. And how did blondes ever have it put over on them that red was exclusively the property of brunettes? It's preëminently the color for blondes."

"There's one point on this personality business we should make clear before we leave it," said Adrian. "The woman who says to herself, 'I'm a type—I'm going to dress the part,' is in a dangerous frame of mind—unless she adds, 'with restraint—with knowledge and restraint.' The most important thing to be said on the whole subject is, 'Don't overdo it.' Women of the fluffy, baby-doll type must learn, if they wish to have any distinction, to subdue their almost irrepressible desire to look like French pin-cushions and candy boxes. They must, however bitter the dose, control their curls, banish baby blue and pink from their lives forever, sneer at ruffles, grow nauseated at sight of a bow, refrain from wrinkling their adorable noses and never, oh, never lisp!

"Dressing a personality! Even when dealing with personalities that are practically dynamite, that almost blow the cork out, I try to keep the percentage that gets into clothes down to normal. Even for Lupe Velez we don't use tiger skins and sharks' teeth."

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Water Wings

Continued from page 15

The Runt skipped from the car and met him halfway.

"Oh, Chirp," she said, "what a glorious morning I've had! When are you free?"

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm tied up all day."

"Oh, how too bad!" said The Runt with genuine sincerity. "But then, we *do* have a date tonight for the ball, haven't we?"

She could say those things in such a sweet fashion that you almost liked having to do things like sail under an Admiral's son.

"Yes," said Chirp feelingly, "and that one won't go wrong. I suppose," he added, cocking a cold eye at Joe Navy, "that you'll find something to do without any trouble?"

"Well . . . Lieutenant Layton *has* been asking me to go with him this afternoon. I've been saying no. But now—"

"WHERE does he want to take you?" Chirp asked. "That is, if it's my business."

"Sailing," The Runt answered brightly. "He has the promise of the most marvelous boat. It's called The Curlew and it's supposed to be the smartest craft in the harbor"—her hand touched his arm in light pressure. "I think I'll accept. Goodby, pet. See you tonight."

She smiled and ran. Oh, barb upon barb!

"Hey!" called Chirp in a muffled and dismayed voice.

The answer was a wave from The Runt and a casual "So long" from Lieutenant Layton.

Chirp went down at two and rowed out to The Curlew a full hour before Layton and The Runt were due. He busied himself aboard hoisting the mainsail and making ready.

At quarter of three he was back on the landing and sat there, moodily, smoking a cigarette. A voice from above hailed him. He looked up and saw another Navy man.

Chirp neglected to smile.

"H'ya?" he said vaguely in answer.

"You're Dennis, aren't you?" asked the officer.

"That's it."

"Asked for you at the desk; they said I might find you down here. My name's Henderson."

SUDDENLY Chirp recognized the chap who had been with Elissa the previous evening. He stood up. "How do you do?" he said with a little more courtesy.

"I met a friend of yours," Henderson went on. "Elissa Varden. Know her?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, we were talking about you . . . a little. You see, Elissa is the older sister of my fiancée . . . or, er . . . the girl who *was* my fiancée."

"Oh," said Chirp noncommittally.

"Layton sort of went to my girl's head," Henderson continued. "That was out San Pedro way last winter."

Chirp's interest came alive.

"And so"—the other chap was obviously a bit embarrassed—"Elissa suggested that I drop around and tell you about it."

Chirp remained silent.

"Because," Henderson concluded, "it doesn't take."

"What doesn't take?" asked Chirp.

"Layton. The reason I know is because Carolyn—that's my girl—has started writing to me again."

"Oh!" said Chirp. "Well, thanks."

"Not at all." Henderson, obviously relieved at the completion of his mission, dropped into small talk.

"Going out sailing?" he asked.

"Yes," said Chirp. "Fact is, I'm taking *them* out, or, rather, they're taking me. I'm going along as a sort of Johnny-jump-up."

"Who's them?" asked Henderson.

"Layton and my girl, er . . . that is, Miss Bloodgood."

"Oh!" said Henderson in surprise; and added: "That's rubbing it in a bit, I'd say."

"Purely coincidence," said Chirp. "She doesn't even know I'm to be along yet."

Henderson's eyes went out over the harbor. He changed the subject suddenly.

"I ran these waters on submarine trials a couple years ago. Know the harbor pretty well, too. Out there by the buoy is a tricky spot."

"Right," Chirp agreed.

"What's she draw?" Henderson indicated The Curlew.

"Eight feet."

"H-m-m! Have to go around the buoy, won't you?"

"On this tide, yes."

"Thought so. Still, if you did cut the buoy you'd have nothing to worry about except soft sand."

"And a long wait for the next tide," Chirp added.

"That's right. Well, I'll be going along."

"Thanks," said Chirp, "for dropping by and telling me about things. Layton, I mean."

"Quite all right," Henderson said.

CHIRP sat on the gunwale of The Curlew and idly flicked cigarette ashes into the water. On the port side a gentle thumping was in progress: soon The Curlew would lie on her beams. Chirp sighed. It was too bad about running on to the sandbar; especially right where no one seemed to come along, or anything. Twice he had said to Layton: "I'd better take her outside the buoy, sir." The first time Layton had replied shortly: "Cut the buoy." The second time, even more shortly: "I'm in command here!"

So he was. But even a man in command has a time of it being consistently entertaining for three hours. They had sailed at three, grounded at three-thirty, and it was now quarter to seven.

Yes, sir; a long, *long* wait. Chirp had avoided successfully any and all attempts made by The Runt to draw him into the conversation. When they came aft he drifted forward; when they came forward Chirp retreated to the cabin; if they came down to the cabin Chirp asked solicitously if he could shake up a drink for them and then went out on deck again. It was their afternoon; let them have it. Him? He was just the crew, wasn't he?

Twice he had seen The Runt silently mouth the words:

"Talk—to—me!"

And twice in reply he had pointed to the hatchway and said: "Down there, lady"—a remark that The Runt hadn't seemed to appreciate.

Lieutenant Layton had taken The Runt from San Pedro down through the Canal and out into the West Indies. Just now he had her somewhere off the Jersey Capes in the middle of the Presidential review. Perhaps he sought to distract her mind from the annoying plight they were in. Chirp thought by The Runt's manner that *she* was slightly distracted even if her mind was not.

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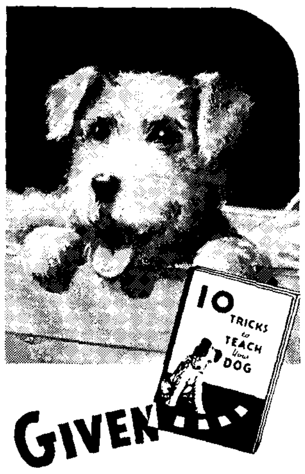
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Chirp looked at his watch; it was now eight o'clock. He stood up and walked forward.

"Er . . . beg pardon," he said.

They both looked at him: The Runt in pleased surprise; Layton as if he were a dummy come unexpectedly to life.

Chirp addressed himself to The Runt.

"I'm sorry about tonight," he said. "I'm afraid we can't keep that date after all."

"Can't keep it!" The Runt exclaimed in an alarmed voice; then she laughed nervously and turned to Layton. "He's being whimsical," she said. "We have a date to go to the ball tonight and now he says he can't keep it. Isn't he funny, though?"

"Ball?" repeated Layton vaguely. "What ball?"

"Er . . . your organization, sir," said Chirp ingeniously. "The Navy, you know; they're having a ball tonight."

"My Gosh!" said Layton, "that's right. I'd clean forgotten it, what with our little accident and being out here with Miss Bloodgood." He inclined his head gallantly to her. She, however, wasn't exactly noticing gallantry. Her eyes were on Chirp.

"Well, anyway," she said brightly, "it was nice of you to apologize about the date even though we are actually going to be together."

"But," said Chirp very sorrowfully, "we aren't, you see."

"Aren't! What do you mean—aren't?" asked The Runt.

"I'm going ashore," said Chirp quietly.

"Ashore!"—this from Layton. "How are you going to make it?"

"Swim," Chirp informed him.

Layton looked out toward Long Point.

"That's a quarter mile against a fast-running ebb tide," he warned.

"Yes," cried The Runt. "Absolutely too far; especially on an empty stomach."

Chirp's reply was to retreat aft and loosen his slacks and shirt.

"See here," said Layton, coming down, "there's no need of your leaving us, Dennis. We'll rustle up a supper—there must be some tinned stuff below. It won't be as much fun as the ball, perhaps, but we'll have a moon tonight and all that. Stick around, old boy."

"Sorry, sir," said Chirp, walking to the gunwale, where he turned. "It isn't the ball I'm thinking of; it's Mr. Sibley's boat. He's going to be anxious if we don't come in at dusk—not knowing, of course, that The Curlew is all nice and snug on the bar here. I've got to get in and tell him that everything's safe. Flood tide's at midnight and there's power below. You know how to handle that, I guess, so you'll be all right. We'll be looking for you to come in around one. Good luck."

WITH that he dove over and came to the surface a few feet away.

"So long," he called.

"Chirp! Stop! Wait! Please!" The voice that implored him was fraught with pleading. He turned. One last argument, eh? Well, it served her right. He'd listen, though. Yes, he would! For about a second.

Suddenly she appeared at the gunwale, shoeless and hatless, and assumed the posture of one who is about to dive.

"Hey!" said Chirp warningly.

"Miss Bloodgood!" protested Lieutenant Layton.

For answer she said: "You've never broken a date with me yet, Chirp Dennis, and you aren't going to start tonight." She turned her head to Layton much as if she were saying farewell at a tea: "Thank you," she said. "For the sail, I mean. Goodby."

"See here," he said anxiously, "you'll never make it. Please don't, Miss Bloodgood."

But The Runt cleaved the air and the water with a leap and her head came up beside Chirp.

"Can I?" she asked a bit anxiously.

"Can you what?"

"Make it?"

"Well," said Chirp, still thrusting against the tide, "they went down that way"—pointing west—"so you see what you can do. Go along, now. I'll catch up in a minute."

He looked at The Curlew once more. Layton, he saw, was removing his jacket.

"Where away, Lieutenant?" called Chirp.

"I'm coming with you, by Jove!"

There may have been gentle irony in Chirp's reply.

"You're in command, you know."

No matter how Layton felt, and no matter how badly he may have wanted to come along, Chirp had to give him credit. He ran true to the Navy tradition. "Right you are," he replied. And he stayed with his ship.

TWO hundred yards from Long Point Chirp could see that The Runt was weakening. Her slim arms rose in slower rhythm and the face next to his seemed a little drawn.

"Chirp," she said.

"Yes?"

"I'm tired, Chirp."

He took two more strokes; then he swung about and grinned.

"All right," he said. "I guess you've had enough. Stand up!"

"Stand up?"

"Yeah. You know, on your feet? Like this!" He came out of water to his waist.

"Oh, you're mean!" said The Runt, following his example. "How long has it been this shallow?"

"For the last hundred yards. We've been following the bar."

"Oh!" said The Runt, her eyes blazing fury in the dusk. "And you made me swim it. You *are* mean!"

"You didn't ask any questions," Chirp reminded her.

"I don't care; you're still mean. You've been mean ever since I arrived; even before I arrived. Oh, don't think I didn't see you, because I did. Talking to that blonde in the green car all the while we were circling the field. Trying to work your charm on her."

Chirp dove under to hide a chuckle; he came out on her other side.

"How can I help it," he asked, "if blondes in big cars go for me?"

The Runt made an unintelligible sound, but it had about it much of disdain.

Chirp paddled around her, looking up at her sweet little face.

"Say,' he asked, "is that the reason you let the Navy take charge?"

"How could you know?" said The Runt. "You haven't asked any questions, either."

Chirp suddenly felt contrite; and suddenly something else, as well. He came out of the water with a rush to break in a glow of phosphorus and stand before her. He took her hands in his and all banter left his eyes.

"Well," he said, anxious to say it before his courage left him. "I'll ask you one now: Do *you* love *me?*"

She gasped. Why shouldn't she? He'd asked her many things and taken a lot for granted for a good many years. This was a new one. A wonderfully new one! Still, she was a woman, so she said: "A great deal of that depends upon the way that *you* feel about *me.*"

Chirp guessed that The Runt was practically the only girl in the world you could kiss dripping wet and still get such a tremendous thump out of it.

"I told you no! Don't bother me again!"
"Dear . . . you're terribly cross. You must relax!"
"If I'd had this bottle of Blue Ribbon before, I wouldn't have been so irritable."

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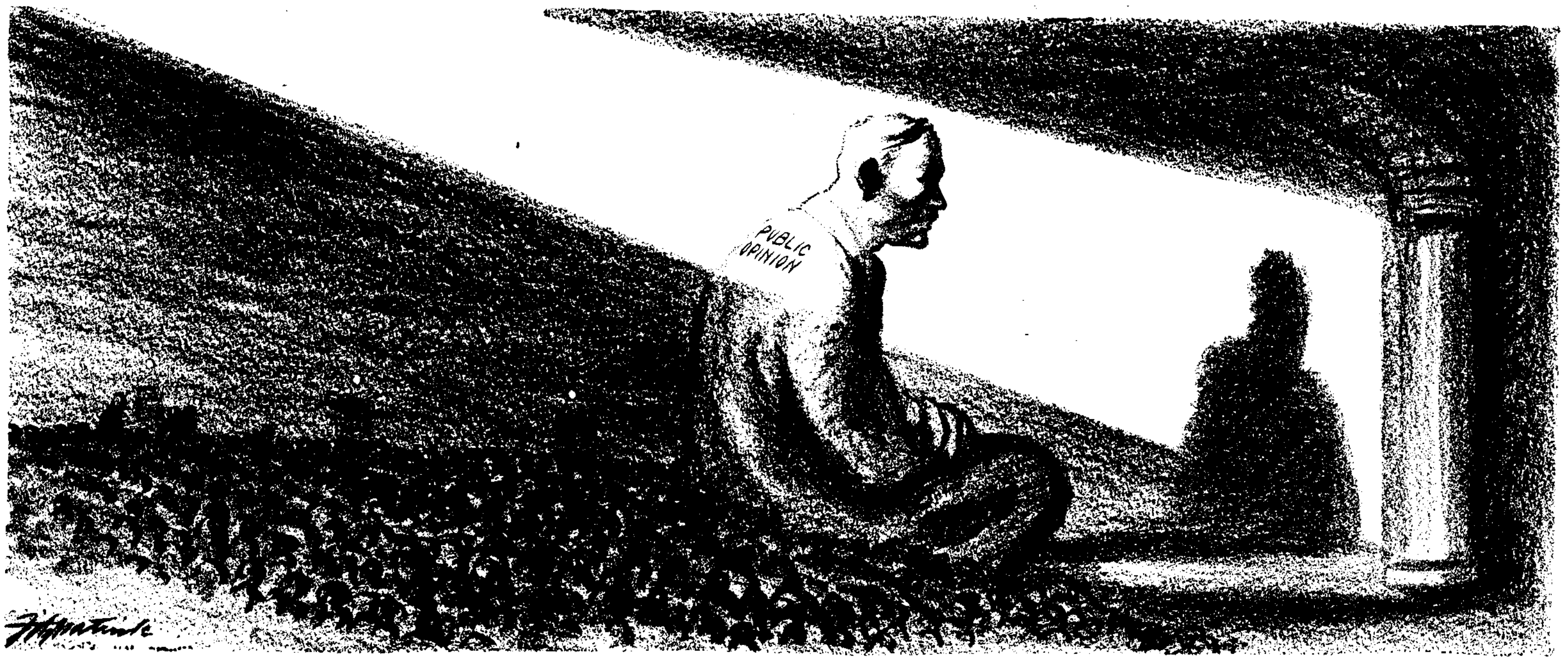


Battle at the Box Office

IT IS conservatively estimated that 30,000,000 people in this country attend motion-picture shows every week. Of this vast number more than one third are under twenty years. Many millions of children under fourteen years of age see motion pictures every week.

Religious organizations and others are profoundly concerned over the lessons taught incidentally by some of the pictures. Catholic, Protestant and Jewish organizations have separately adopted resolutions calling on their fellow followers to boycott pictures found offensive by the religious leaders.

The New York Board of State Regents refused to license a new Mae West picture and the producer decided to "launder" this bit of entertainment before offering it to other state boards which license pictures. Other producers have voluntarily modified their plans.

Motion pictures are intrinsically a powerful educational force. Most of us learn through our eyes. What we see vividly we remember. Unquestionably picture shows play an important part in the education of these numerous millions of children who every week seek entertainment in the screen theaters.

Nobody can seriously question the fact that the movies are a powerful influence in forming standards of taste and of conduct. The public unquestionably has the right to ask what kind of standards are being set up in the minds of impressionable children. Education is in this country an acknowledged public responsibility.

It would be hard, however, to find intelligent scientific support for many of the extreme charges made against the movies. Motion pictures do not make criminals of innocent children. Out of the hundreds of thousands who see a particular picture, a few may have criminal tendencies and later commit crimes. But it would be impossible to prove any causal connection between the motion-picture show and the later crime.

The valid charge made by the religious leaders and other critics is that too many motion pictures portray base standards of taste and of morality. Sex is crudely interpreted. Romantic love is made cheap and tawdry.

Many honorable men and women employed in the movies resent this degradation of their industry. In part they are victims of competition. They feel the necessity of meeting less scrupulous competitors on any profitable level.

Movie producers are business men in a new industry without historical traditions. The box office is their obvious measure of success or failure. If millions of people push dimes and quarters into the ticket windows, the picture is good, as the producers see it. If the customers stay away, the picture is bad. The bookkeeper's count tells the story.

The producers can make a strong argument to defend their contention. It is true that any business venture survives only if it is supported by customers. Deficits produce nothing.

But the box office is not actually the only test of the success or failure of a movie or a magazine or any other business venture. Some speakeasies succeeded from a purely financial point of view. But public opinion outlawed speakeasies in spite of the profits made.

Motion pictures, like magazines and newspapers, are preëminently affected with the public interest. The producer is primarily concerned with his financial return but the public takes account of other important considerations.

We go to the movies for entertainment but we get information as well. The behavior of actors, the motives set forth in the play, the kind of character held up for praise or blame—all these things and many others powerfully influence the standards, the ideas and the aspirations of the people. The effect is subtle and unintended but not less potent for that reason.

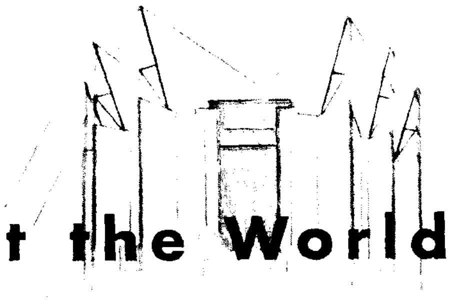
The chief present objection of the critics of the movies arises from the treatment of marriage and divorce. Acts which religion defines as sins are made glamorous and attractive. Thoughtful parents, and others responsible for the training of the young, resent the possible degradation of the minds of children by such displays.

Public opinion will ultimately insist that this great agency be used constructively and not destructively. Public opinion sometimes seems to move slowly but it moves and as it moves it gathers force. Witness the fury with which prohibition was finally repealed. The responsible leaders of the industry can do themselves no greater injury than to neglect to heed the rising demand for betterment. In the long run nothing is more highly regarded than our common ideals of good conduct. Any man or any group which treats these ideals with contempt is headed for trouble.

Those demanding reform will be truly effective if they are able actually to influence attendance at the movie theaters. Just as soon as producers discover that honest pictures attract larger audiences and pay better profits than pictures which glorify prostitution or hold decent standards of life up to ridicule, the box office argument will be won.

Many men and women in the industry itself hope that the reformers will succeed. It is hard for high-minded producers to uphold standards of decency when the ticket buyers seem to prefer other forms of entertainment. In the movies, or elsewhere, competition sometimes makes the worse prevail.

The decent forces in the movies are entitled to all the help an aroused public can give them. In the long run we can have what we want. But we must prove by action what we want. What we do at the box office is more convincing than what we say. There the battle must be fought and won.



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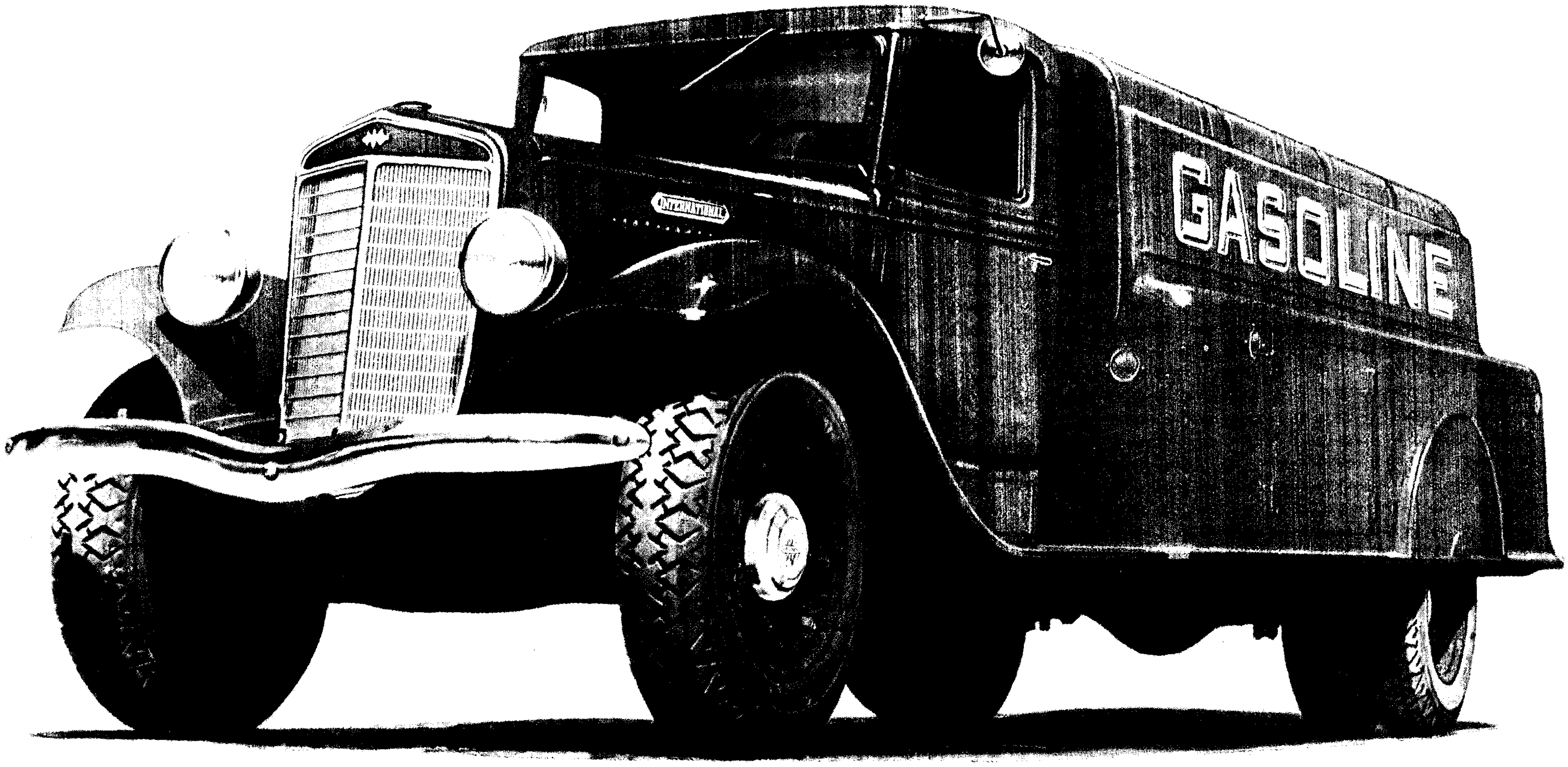

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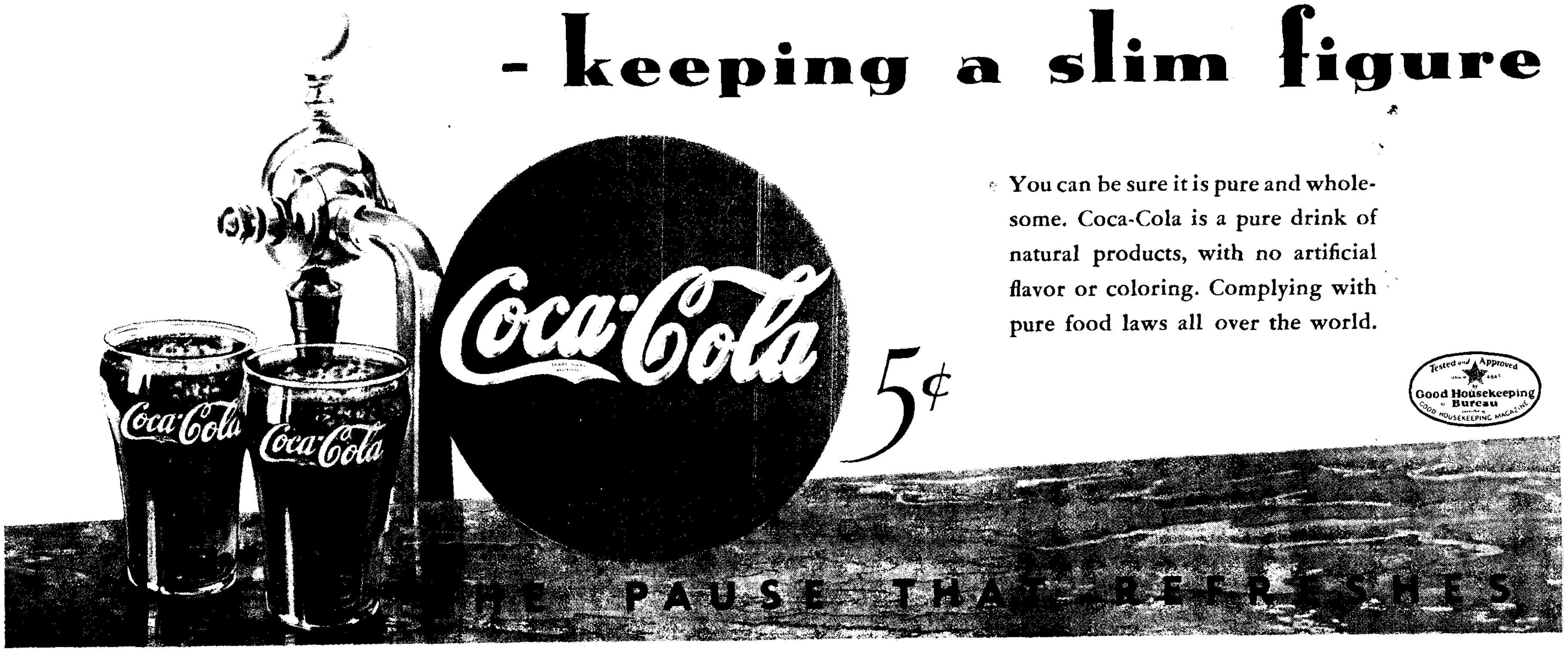
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